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THE EROTIC LOVE GAMES OF MRS. PORTER

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"SHOCKER"

WATCH 7 LIONS TEAR THEIR TRAINER APART

Lost Island Ordeal Of 10 WHO REFUSED TO DIE

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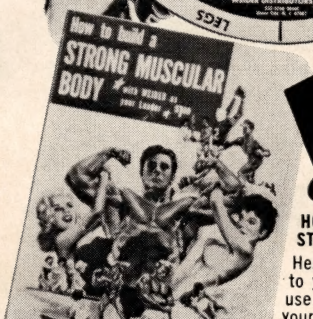

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This year alone, my Triple Progressive Muscle-Building System has developed winners of "Mr. America," "Mr. World," "Mr. Universe," "Mr. Europe," "Mr. Canada" and hundreds of other top "perfect man" titles . . . and I've been doing this year after year since 1936. That's a fact—I don't offer you lies, promises, isometric gadgets and useless exercisers but proven fitness and muscle-building techniques that have stood the test of time . . . and that have been successfully turning out champs for over 30 years. **NOW!—I'm ready to send you 2 FREE GIFTS** — to prove to you that in just 15-minutes-a-day you will be fit, get into athletic shape or build a powerful, champion-muscled body! In the privacy of your own home you can quickly slap 4" on your chest, 3" on each arm, muscularize your waist, build speedy legs—using the exact same secrets I gave to the champs! I don't care if today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, funniest body—whether you're short or tall, young or not-so-young, I guarantee you that virtually overnight with my championship-proven methods you'll experience a muscle-building miracle! And for the first time in your life men will envy you, women admire you because at last, your body will bring you fame instead of shame!

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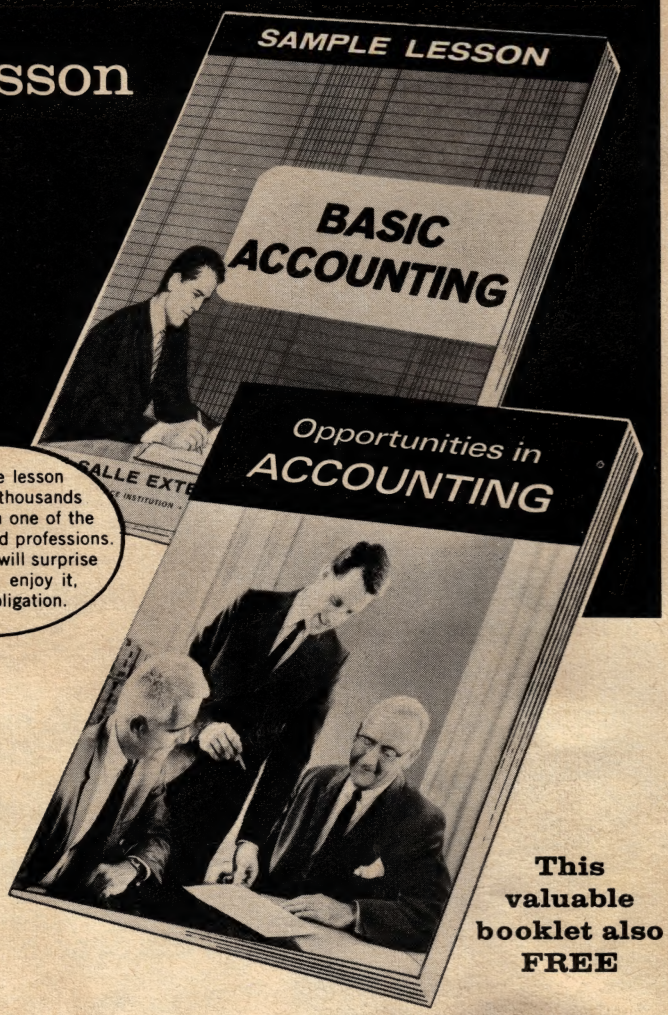

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COVER BY EARL NOREM

$40,000 First Year

"In our first calendar year we did a gross of $40,000. Without constant help from the Duraclean home office such growth never would have been possible."

M. L. Illinois

Security-Prestige- and Profits

"National Advertising and Duraclean prestige are very important. This year I will double last year's gross. For the first time in 20 years I've got security—without fear of losing my factory job. I gross about $8.50 an hour on the job."

H. P. Ohio

$2,880 in One Month

"I took in $2,880 in April. I worked from my home. My wife handles all telephone calls. We both enjoy our new found independence and the compliments we get from satisfied customers."

J. F. A. Texas

$360 Job Finished in one day

"I did the Sorority House in one day for $360. This business is in its infancy."

H. L. B. Texas

$116 for 6 Hours Work

"I have done hotels, studios, restaurants and churches. That is where the big money is. Example: One Saturday, $210 in 11 hours. Monday, $116 in 6 hours. I have also contracted to clean 80,000 square feet of carpet for a store for $4,000."

G. F. Wisconsin

FREE BOOK tells how these people—and hundreds of others—got started in this Big Money business. Send for your copy now.

Let me give *you* the same start I gave these men!

In one way, the big earnings reported here might be called exceptional. In another way, there is nothing exceptional about them. That's because any man who will follow instructions and is willing to work at his own Duraclean business should be able to do as well under similar conditions.

Each of the men quoted here had talents and abilities different from those of all the rest. *But each had one thing in common*—a desire to win personal independence in a business of his own. And each man took five identical steps to reach his goal.

1. Each one read an announcement such as you are reading now. 2. He wrote for complete information. 3. He read the literature we sent him. 4. He gained new confidence in himself and the belief that he could succeed with Duraclean. 5. He accepted our offer to help him get started. Later, he wrote to tell us about his success.

In each case, remember, *the first step was to write to Duraclean for information*. If you would like to own a business of your own, why don't you do as these men did—*right now*.

When I hear from you, I will send you facts about the Duraclean Franchise that will open your eyes. You will see why a Franchise business such as ours makes success for the individual the rule rather than the exception.

The Duraclean home service business has been tried and tested. The market for Duraclean Service is tremendous—and growing. The methods that lead to success have been clearly charted. When an ambitious man follows these methods, success is the logical result.

Some Franchise businesses require investments as high as $50,000. With ours, you can get started for a few hundred dollars and we finance the balance. Monthly payments are so small that the profits on less than one day's service can cover your payment for the entire month. Even with this small investment and operating as a one man business, your potential is $250.00 a week net profit. With two men working for you 35 hours a week, you should gross a profit of $420.00. Allowing 20% for advertising and incidentals, the net would amount to $336.00.

The most important part of Duraclean home service is cleaning rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture by a revolutionary modern process known as the "Absorption Method." You do the work right in the customer's premises. No harsh scrubbing with motor-driven brushes. No soaking. Instead, an aerated foam loosens the dirt and holds it in suspension until removed. A test conducted by an impartial laboratory showed that the modern Absorption Method removed twice as much dirt as was removed by old fashioned machine scrubbing.

If you are tired of working for others or of jumping from one proposition to another—if you have a real yearning for independence in a business of your own—then send for "The Duraclean Route to Success." There is no obligation—no charge. No salesmen will call to high pressure you. Send for the book now. Read it. Then if you want to take the next step toward independence, you can write to me and let me give *you* the same help I've given so many other successful men.

PRESIDENT

DURACLEAN COMPANY

8-318 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Mr. Ford Marsh, President
8-318 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Please mail a copy of your Free Book that tells how I can get a Duraclean Franchise started in spare time without giving up my present income. No charge. No obligation. And no salesman is to call on me.

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THE LOW BLOW

MEN IN UNIFORM

TOUGHEST MORTAR BARRAGE FOR U.S. TROOPS IN VIETNAM TO COPE WITH IS THE FLAT-TRAJECTORY ROCKET MISSILES THE VC TOSS AGAINST OUR BASES. AT PRESENT, OUR RADAR DETECTORS CAN'T TRACK THE LOW ANGLES FROM WHICH THE MISSILES COME IN . . .

With Iwo Jima now signed back to Japanese hands, the Stars and Stripes no longer flies over this bloody-to-take Pacific Island of World War II fame. As a compromise, the Japanese permitted a bronze model of the flag to be installed as a permanent memorial . . .

Battery-powered probe sticks now make it almost impossible for rifles, grenades and ammo to be smuggled into Vietcong strongholds aboard innocent-looking junks. One man, swinging his probe over the burlap bags holding cargo, can immediately pinpoint anything that shouldn't be there . . .

LATEST PROPAGANDA BID BY VIETCONG IS TO SCATTER LEAFLETS WITH PICTURE OF A GI DEFECTOR, DETAILING THE GREAT LIFE HE'S LEADING UP NORTH. While their real purpose is to appeal to the Negro troops, the photo on the leaflet is of a white P.O.W.-defector. To date, no one has taken the Reds up on their offer . . .

If you can speak Polish, Czech, Bulgarian serbo-Croatian or Korean, there's a good opportunity for you in the Foreign Area Specialist Training Program. If you're a GI with the qualifications, get in touch with FAST headquarters . . .

Saigon watchers, who look for things to happen in cycles, are holding their breaths --waiting for the next terrorist outbreak in that city. GIs are being warned about watching their step with the bars and girls they frequent, both likely targets for Cong guerrillas . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

PARIS PROSTITUTES ARE BEING DRIVEN OUT OF THE RAT-HOLE HOTELS THEY INFEST IN THE LES HALLES DISTRICT. The central market place for Paris, Les Halles' second largest income comes from the 400 or so hotels that serve as love nests for the girls and their dates. Cop crackdown has scattered the girls to the suburbs, Belgium and Germany, or to patrolling in their own cars. More than half the hotels are now shut down . . .

By the late 1970s science will be able to control your brain--producing better memories, higher level of brightness, improved ability to learn . . .

CRASH PROGRAM TO ELIMINATE MID-AIR CRASHES WILL BE IN EFFECT BY 1970. New system called "Eros" provides each plane with a collision-avoidance gadget that gives off a personal signal when over key areas--signals picked up by ground radar and automatically fed into computers at the airport control tower . . .

KEEP ABREAST OF THE GOVERNMENT'S LATEST POLICIES IN ALL FIELDS BY DIALING SPECIAL NUMBERS ON YOUR TELEPHONE. AREA CODE 202-382-4196 WILL GET YOU THE LATEST FROM SECRETARY OF DEPARTMENT OF HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT; OX-5-6004 will tune you into the hottest press releases on the Vietnam War; 296-7630 will hook you up to the Office of Economic Opportunity for a pre-recorded pitch. Big Brother is taking care of keeping the citizens up on the news . . .

SOME THINGS THAT BUG MARRIED PEOPLE ABOUT SEXUAL RELATIONS: 1. THEY FEEL THEY MUST HAVE FREQUENT INTERCOURSE, OR ELSE THEY ARE NOT MAN OR WOMAN ENOUGH; 2. THEY INSIST ON SEX, EVEN WHEN A DOCTOR ADVISES

Continued on page 42

BED-BUGGED

SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC

You can learn any instrument in your home . . . in spare time

TEACH *yourself* music? Yes, you can – and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone – any popular instrument – you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

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This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so *quickly* and *easily*.

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Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how *convenient* and *economical* this wonderful Course is. You learn at home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

Start Enjoying a New Way of Life

Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it *well*. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits . . . classical pieces . . . folk and country music . . . dance tunes – any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win *new* friends and *new* popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm, deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and really doing something you've always wanted to do!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Mail the coupon below right now for our FREE booklet that tells you all about the Course and shows you how *fast* and *easy* this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a FREE Piano "Notefinder." No obligation. Just mail the coupon TODAY to:

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PLAYS FOLK MUSIC – "I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead guitarist and accompanist guitarist."

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FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED – "Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget all the fun I've had."

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☐ Accordion	☐ Tenor Banjo	☐ Ukulele
☐ Organ	☐ Mandolin	☐ Trombone
☐ Steel Guitar	☐ Trumpet	

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No

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TURNS YOUR HANDS INTO BATTERING RAMS OF DESTRUCTION—TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

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Someone that may look just like you, walking beside you, could be your unknown enemy ready to attack you with lightning-speed, when you least expect it — even in broad daylight! IF YOU ARE AN AVERAGE MAN, HOW CAN YOU SWIFTLY DEFEND YOURSELF AND YOUR LOVED ONES AGAINST THESE UNMERCIFUL ATTACKS? **YOUR LIFE IS IN YOUR OWN HANDS!** At Last — I am ready to reveal to you — A GUARANTEED NEW SYSTEM — A COMPLETELY NEW WAY — based on secret "Know-How" closely guarded by Japanese Centuries Old Killer-Fighting Cults, on how you can, within 24 hours, in the secrecy and privacy of your own home, start you becoming a "Walking Arsenal of Terror-Fighting Power", meeting if necessary these brutalizing attacks in complete safety. So Sure am I that this can happen to you, I HURL THIS CHALLENGE TO YOU . . .

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"YOU'LL OWN A FEROCIOUS, FEARSOME, CRIPPLING ARSENAL OF HAND POWER AND BECOME A "TERROR-FIGHTER" ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF—ANYTIME—ANYWHERE—IN ALL SITUATIONS—NEVER AGAIN—AS LONG AS YOU LIVE FEAR ANY MAN OR TURN FROM ANY CHALLENGE—THIS IN 30 DAYS . . . OR EVERY PENNY OF YOUR MONEY BACK!"

This is the only quick way to save yourself and your loved ones — NOW — with this once-in-a-lifetime offer. Rush in your order for my "Killer Karate Krusher" and receive FREE, my bonus "Killer Karate Secrets' — while this offer is still available to you. Put aside your fears—become an "Arsenal of Terror-fighting Power and FROM THIS DAY ON AS LONG AS YOU LIVE — **FEAR NO MAN!**

Slowly drawing your fingers together, you'll instantly feel incredible new Strength — New Power surging into every MUSCLE, TENDON, LIGAMENT of your hand — building Ferocious, Fearsome, Hand-Krushing Power for "1001" uses — **WITH YOUR VERY FIRST KARATE SQUEEZE!**

Patent Pending
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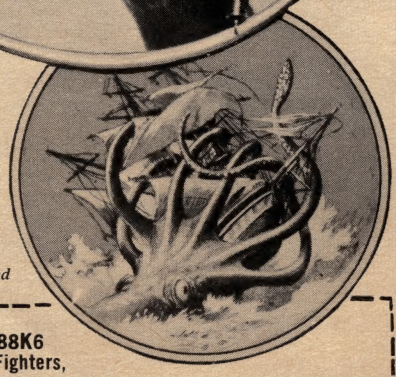

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CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....

(Please Print Clearly)

LAST LAUGHS

"I hope you have a good explanation for this. Pearl."

Sauntering across the hot desert, the grimy cowpoke encountered an attractive young woman, completely naked, tied to the ground by four stakes. Leaning forward in his saddle, he inquired: "What's going on here, ma'am?"

"Oh, thank heavens you've come," she gasped. "A terrible thing has happened! Six Indians intercepted our wagon, killed my husband, tied me to this hot sand like this and raped me, and then rode off with our children, leaving me here to die."

Slowly dismounting and unbuckling his gun belt, the cowboy said: "Well, ma'am, it looks like today just ain't gonna be your day."

◆◆◆

As the two little girls walked hand in hand to kindergarten, one confided: "I found a contraceptive on the patio yesterday."

Asked her friend, "What's a patio?"

◆◆◆

Before going on a motorcycle ride the young girl put her jacket on backwards and had her boy friend zip it up, thinking it would be warmer this way. After they had driven about an hour, their machine went out of control and hit a tree.

A small crowd had gathered when the policeman drove up and asked one of the bystanders if anyone was badly hurt.

"Well," said the bystander, "they were both unconscious when we got here, but the girl died instantly when we turned her head around."

The admiral had made himself very unpopular and when he fell ill and had to go to the base hospital, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. The hospital did not improve his temper, however, and he made life miserable for the staff. One day, one of the orderlies put on a surgeon's mask and went into the admiral's room, picked up his chart and examined it very professionally. Then he advised the admiral that he would have to take his temperature and told him to roll over onto his stomach. On no account was the admiral to turn over and he promised to return to read the thermometer as quickly as possible. The admiral did as he was told.

About an hour later, the floor nurse looked in to check on the admiral and found him still on his stomach. "What on earth are you doing, sir," she cried.

"What's the matter with you?" growled the admiral. "You've seen people having their temperatures taken before."

"But Admiral," she cried, "with a Daffodil?"

◆◆◆

A small family of skunks, pursued by a wolf, were finally cornered by a big tree near the edge of the forest.

"Mama, what do we do now?" asked one of the baby skunks.

The mother skunk replied: "Let us spray."

A man owned a male parrot whom he'd become exceedingly fond of. The parrot had become despondent and after all sorts of experiments to snap him out of it, he deduced that his feathered friend needed a mate.

A beautiful female parrot was located in a pet shop and a deal was made to have his bird serviced for $50.00.

The female was delivered to his apartment and placed in the male parrot's cage. Instantly, the male let out a terrifying scream and tore at the female's feathers.

"What are you doing?" screeched the female.

"For fifty bucks, honey," shouted the male, "I want you nude."

◆◆◆

"You've helped me a great deal," the patient told his psychiatrist. And then he pointed a gun at him. "But now you know too much."

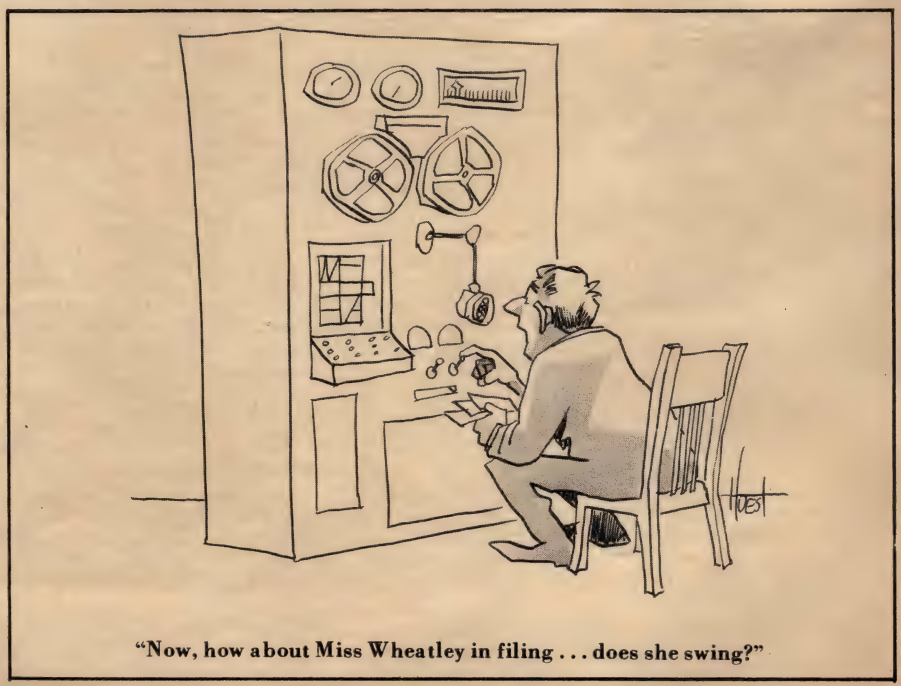
◆◆◆

Two girls were discussing their psychiatrists.

"My doctor is wonderful," said one. "I used to have these horrible dreams about men going to bed with me, and then offering two dollars for my services."

"And now you don't have these dreams?" said the other girl.

"No, I still have the same dreams, but now the men offer me two *hundred* dollars."



"Now, how about Miss Wheatley in filing . . . does she swing?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Ave., New York 10022, N.Y. No limit on number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

A DOCTOR DEBUNKS SEX MYTHS THAT BUG MANY MALES

Do younger women make better lovers? Is there really a sure-fire virility diet? Is excessive intercourse dangerous? Should you tell your wife or girl friend all about your past conquests? Are there certain exercises that will increase your potency? If any of these and other sexual doubts have ever haunted you, you'll want to read what an expert has to say about them. It may very well open the door to a richer, more rewarding love life.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

SEX MYTHS

by CONRAD PARKSON, PhD

THE young, lush-bodied brunette sat nervously on the edge of the chair in my office and talked of a deteriorating sex life with her husband.

"Ted is only 26, and for the first couple of years of our marriage he was perfect in bed," she said. "But lately he seldom wants to sleep with me, and when he does it's obvious he's not satisfied. And neither am I."

The next week Ted came in to see me, and after discussing his problem for less than an hour, the cause of his troubles became readily apparent.

Ted mentioned that in the past few months he had been reading a large number of paperback books, mostly of the lurid variety that used to be sold only beneath the counter, but are now available on racks in every supermarket, drugstore and magazine shop throughout the country.

"I began to realize that I wasn't really satisfying Joan," he said. "All those guys in the books are such studs, and I'm nothing like that. And those girls they're always making love to, those stacked sex bombs. Hell, they go wild in bed because of those guys. Joan seldom acted like that when I made love to her."

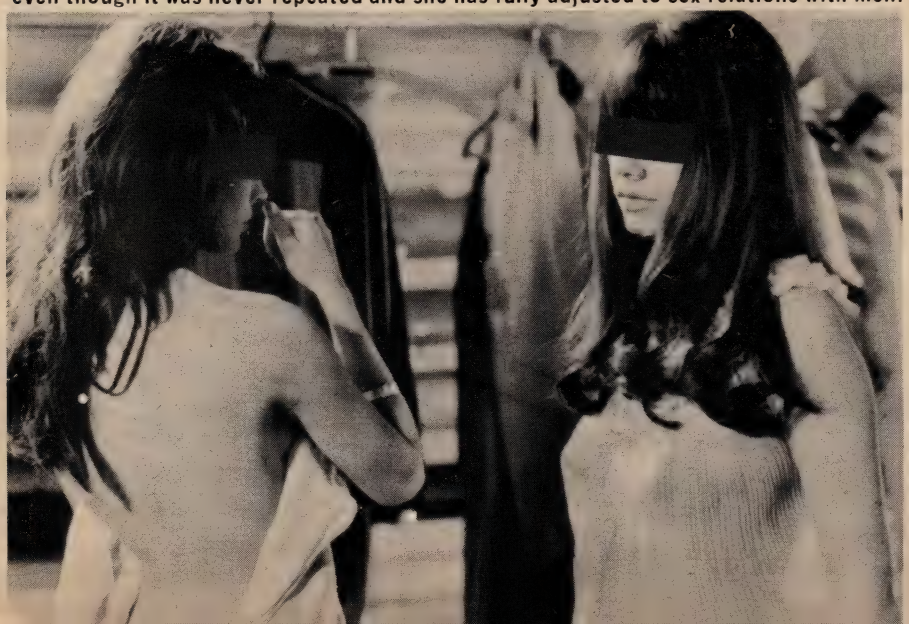
Ted was the victim of some of the most common myths that flourish in the sex-ridden world of paperback books. Like thousands of American males, his sexual life had been impaired because he compared his exploits and successes with those of characters in the books.

After several long sessions I was able to convince Ted his fears were groundless, and show him how naive he had been to believe that characters in paperback books are anything more than the greatly exaggerated creations of the books' authors. *(Continued on page 54)*

Myth No. 6: The average housewife, particularly in the suburbs, is so bored that the only way she can become sexually excited is to actively take part in wife-swapping activities.

Myth No. 41: The most ideal sexual partner for a man, young or old, is a nymphomaniac.

Myth No. 32: A woman who has had even one lesbian experience should always be avoided, even though it was never repeated and she has fully adjusted to sex relations with men.



Myth No. 29: Consuming alcoholic beverages will make any woman eager to hop into bed.

Myth No. 34: Your wife is not interested in the kind of all-out, anything-goes sex you've experienced with "loose" women or prostitutes.

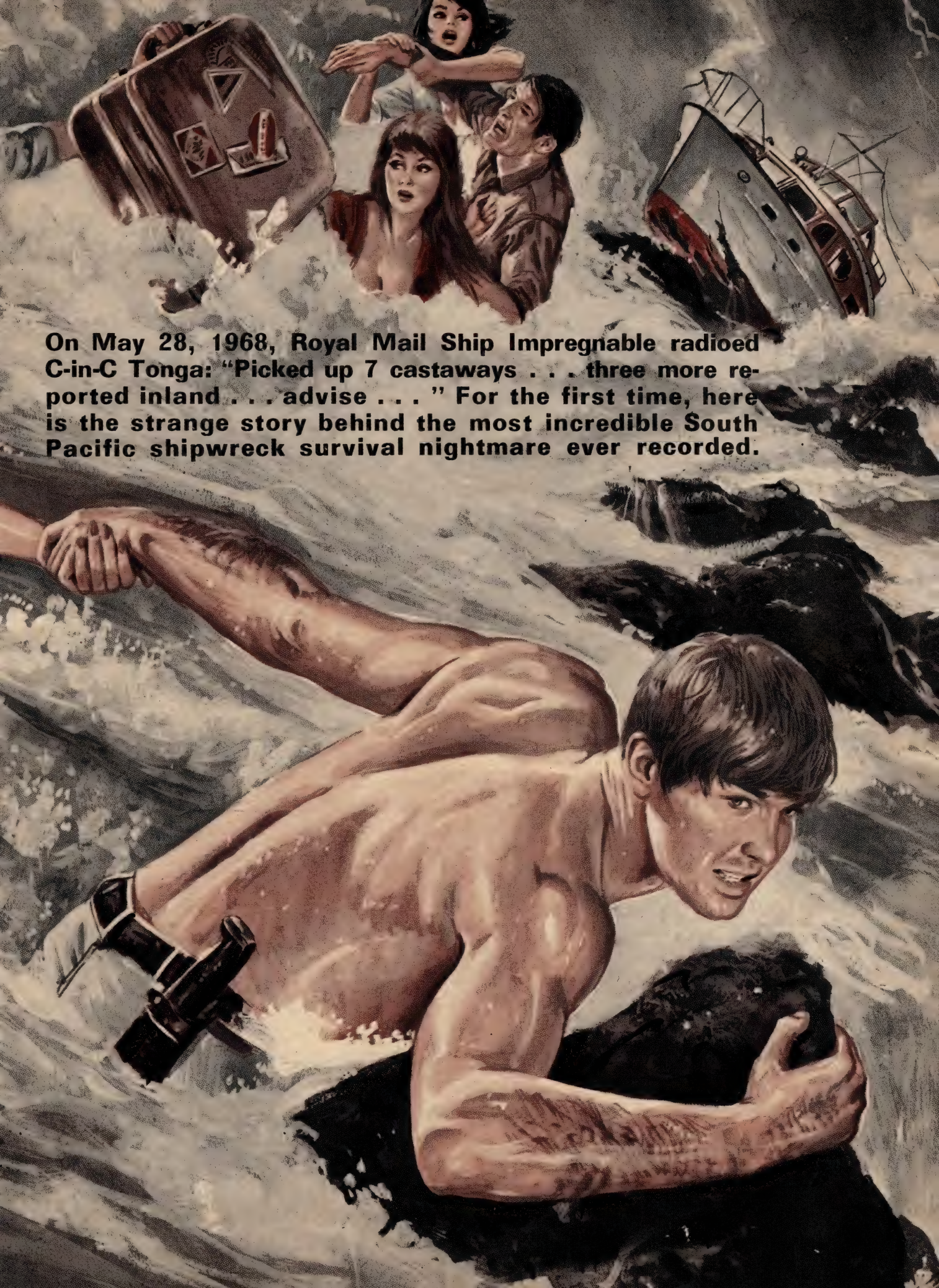
Myth No. 40: No matter how satisfactory a sex life a husband and wife have at the start, in a few years it will inevitably become stale.

Lost Island Ordeal Of 10 Who REFUSED TO DIE

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 18

Art by Bruce Minney

I led them across the reef toward the beach; some slipped or got knocked down by waves, but the human chain held.



On May 28, 1968, Royal Mail Ship Impregnable radioed C-in-C Tonga: "Picked up 7 castaways . . . three more reported inland . . . advise . . . " For the first time, here is the strange story behind the most incredible South Pacific shipwreck survival nightmare ever recorded.

LOST ISLAND ORDEAL

by MIKE HOPKINS
as told to John Godfrey

ON October 28, 1967, Coast Guard stations on the outer islands of Hawaii radioed warnings to all ships in the area that a typhoon was expected within 48 hours. The storm had been last reported in the vicinity of the Marquesas Islands, 2800 miles to the southeast. French naval vessels, operating out of Papeete, on Tahiti in the Society Islands group, signaled that the storm had caused "considerable damage" in their zone of operation, "including the possibility that one or more ships might have been caught in it . . ."

The door of my cabin burst open, "On deck, *tuan* Hopkins! On deck!" The ship's bell clanged and her siren, partly muffled by the thunder of the sea, began to wail.

A powerful beam from a searchlight on the bridge of the *SS Nyanga* swept the deck as waves pounded the little interisland freighter and sent her rolling heavily to port, then to starboard. I could see the Kanaka crew rushing to the two lifeboats in their davits even as my foot touched the wheelhouse ladder.

Captain Piet Lorenzo was clinging to the bridge railing.

"Clear the boats, Mr. Hopkins," he yelled over the sound of the storm raging around us. "Bring the passengers up to number two boat. Make sure some of the crew get in with them. Get the rest into number one. I'll join you there."

Perhaps it was a nightmare. Perhaps I was still sleeping, safe and warm, in my bunk. I rubbed the saltwater spray out of my eyes and stared into the darkness. *What the hell was going on!*

Sure there was a storm—waves were crashing down on the deck of the ship. A gale-force wind was blowing and rain or hail (or both) made keeping one's eyes open almost impossible. And it was night. But why in God's name was the captain ordering *Abandon Ship?* If I was still aware of anything—and that was open to doubt—the ship I was standing on *wasn't sinking.*

"Captain—" I started to shout. But he cut me off. "Over there, Mr. Hopkins," he bellowed, pointing into the darkness.

I looked where he was pointing, saw a thin line of white churning water, visible even in the dark. A reef! There was no mistaking it. Less than 500 yards to port lay the deadliest boobytrap the sea has to offer. An underwater mountain of coral, monster stone razor blades sharp enough to slice through the hull of any ship ever built. A coral reef—and we were drifting directly into it. Now I knew why the captain was abandoning ship.

I leaped from the bridge ladder. A sudden heave of the ship and I was off the bridge, hurtling down onto the deck. At the last minute I managed to grab one of the boom cables, almost wrenching off my arm. But it broke the fall. As I scrambled to my feet, still dazed, I saw two Kanaka deckhands caught by a wave that came racing behind them and swept them toward the rail. When the wave withdrew, the men were gone.

Behind me someone screamed. I turned and saw a man, one of the older passengers, herding a small knot of people toward the first of the lifeboats swinging out on its davits. It was the No. 2 boat, the safer of the pair we carried, so at least that was making things easier for me. I hadn't looked forward to facing a mob of frightened passengers, explaining to them why they had to abandon ship in the middle of a raging storm. I guess one of the Kanaka boys must have told them.

They were almost at my side before I realized they weren't wearing lifejackets. "Where the hell are your lifejackets?" I shouted at the old codger leading them along the deck. "Go back and get your jackets!"

They paid no attention to me. I gripped a girl near me by the arm and tried to get her back into the passenger hatchway. She wrestled free. Her face was frozen in hysteria. I looked at the others. They, too, were walking in blind terror. I don't know what the Kanaka boy said to them, but he must have scared them out of their wits.

I counted them; there were nine. That's all the passengers we were carrying. The Kanaka deckhands helped them into the boat, trying to steady it against the side of the ship. I staggered over and told the Kanakas to keep the winch ropes tight. They weren't listening to me, either.

The hell with the lifejackets, I thought. Better to get the passengers away from the ship while there was still time. It would only be a matter of minutes now before the *SS Nyanga* crashed into the reef. She'd sink like a bomb.

"Get into the boat and sheer off," I shouted to the two men at the davit winches. "Captain says you're to stay with this lot, not let them go by themselves."

They both grinned and started to climb into the swaying lifeboat.

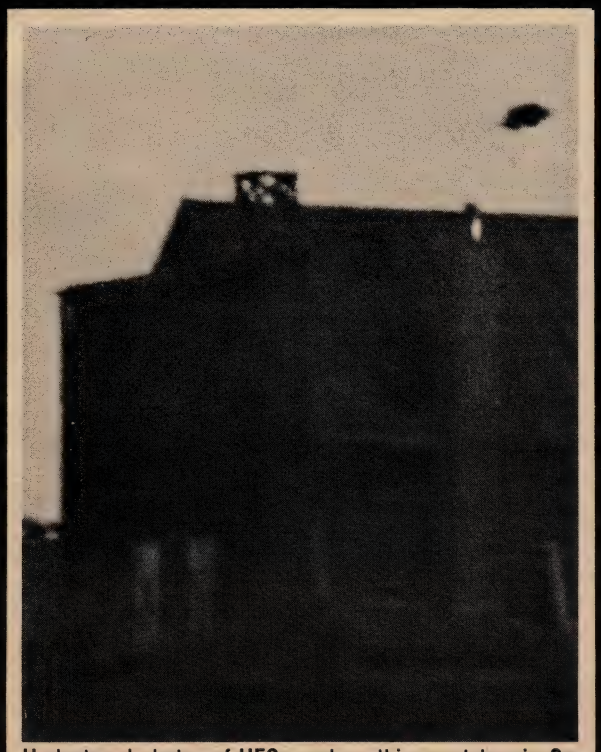
I moved to grab the lever that would release it, but I never made it. Suddenly, out of the night, a mountain had risen from the seabed and hovered above the ship. It was a gigantic wave, towering maybe 30 or 40 feet above our decks. The next moment it crashed down. I felt the ship heal over on her starboard side. In a second I was dangling in the air above the water, hanging onto the rail with one hand. The crowded lifeboat had vanished.

The sea closed in on me. A wave tore my hand from the rail, and I was swept away into the night. A hand grabbed mine. I hung onto it. Something slammed into my stomach and groin. For a minute I almost passed out from the pain, but I held onto that hand. I guess I just didn't want to die alone . . .

The British Royal Navy base at Nulcualofa, Capital of the Tonga Islands, received word early in the evening of October 28 *(Continued on page 62)*

UFO photographed over Salisbury, Rhodesia, fits the description of object observed by scientists near Koktal.

SOVIET SCIENTISTS CLAIM UFOs ARE REAL



Undoctored photos of UFOs such as this one taken in Copenhagen back up the Russian claim that they are real.

"Do flying saucers actually exist?" is no longer a question in the minds of Russia's leading space technologists. What they want to know now is: what are they, where are they from and—more important—why are they here?

by FELIX ZIGEL

Doctor of Science, Assistant Professor
Moscow Aviation Institute

THE place of observation is Kazakhstan, the field camp of a geophysical expedition from a Leningrad research institute. The nearest populated locality, Koktal, is 11 miles away. The time of observation is August 16, 1960, about 11 P.M. local time.

According to Master of Geology and Minerology Nikolai Sochevanov, the camp chief, a strange, luminous body suddenly appeared over the mountains on the eastern slope of the valley. It was moving from north to south, and its visible diameter was one and a half times longer than the Moon's.

A few seconds later the body disappeared behind a mountain top, reappeared and headed southeast, keeping constant speed and height above the Earth. The mysterious object was lens-

(Continued on page 72)

From SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY

The
SUBWAY
SAVAGES

STAG'S

BOMBSHELL BOOK BONUS

The passengers were silent, silent with fear and shame. They were adults, grown people, but they were being held captive by two sadistic, wine-high, knife-happy punks. And none of them dared to do anything—until a lanky soldier with one arm in a sling got up and showed them what having guts is all about.

by MICHAEL AVALLONE

TONY Goya approached the foul line like a lithe young tiger. He uncoiled and released the big round black ball with a deftness of movement that made Alice Keenan, who was standing behind him, quiver appreciatively. Straight and true, the bowling ball rocketed down the polished alley. In seconds, it rammed into the shapely pyramid of white pins, scattering them relentlessly in a perfect strike. The bowling alley under the Bedford Park Boulevard subway station was alive with the sounds of pins falling and black balls rolling.

Tony turned his cocksure back on the alley. He grinned at Alice, his jaws working on a stick of gum. He was magnificently built, rough and crude. A fierce twenty, with sleek black hair, long sideburns, tapered pants, and tons of sexual bra- *(Continued on page 86)*

Art by Emmett Kaye

Teflinger swung the cast, sent Connors sprawling, then turned to defend himself against the switchblade knife of Joe Ferrone.

Based on the story and screenplay, THE INCIDENT, by Nicholas E. Baeh © Copyright 1968 by Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Described by a top New York cop as "one of the sharpest underworld characters I've ever met," Vincent "The Cat" Siciliano can say he comes by it naturally. His father was an Astoria, Queens, N.Y. racketeer known as "The King of Ravenswood," but unlike the son, when the King got in trouble with the Cosa Nostra, he wound up buried in a New Jersey golf course. So far, Vincent has been luckier—in a lot of ways. Arrested ten times, he's been convicted only once—of an armed robbery he swears he had nothing to do with. But out of that conviction came his present troubles: he was double-crossed and turned in for violating parole by a fellow racketeer. When Siciliano came out of prison, he went to the cops with what he knew about the guy who ratted on him. Since that happened to be quite a lot, he has been marked for execution ever since. This is his incredible account—in his own words—of what it's like to live, knowing you're marked for murder . . .*

6 Times The "Boys" Tried To Kill Me

"BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS I MAY BE DEAD!"

"They've been out to get me since 1959—the last attempt was on Aug. 14, 1967, when a guy I'd never seen before walked up behind me and started shooting. He didn't miss—I took two bullets—but I survived . . . until the next time Mr. X farms out a 'hit' contract on me . . . "

by VINCENT SICILIANO

as told to Tom Renner and Bob Greene

MY name is Vincent Siciliano and I'm one of the walking dead. Six times in the last eight years one man has been trying to get me killed and, as far as I know, I hold some kind of a world record for still being alive, which is the way I intend to stay.

It's not very pleasant when the mob has a contract out to get you killed, but it's not very surprising either. If you knew what I know, you'd be in trouble too. Among other things, you see, I've been able to tell the cops about this guy who's a hood through and through.

Not that I'm some kind of a reform nut. I'm no angel. Although I still keep my religion and I was an alter boy for the chaplain during my last stay in stir. I've been arrested 10 times, I've served time for armed robbery and parole violation and I did a lot more that I didn't get caught on. But I never hurt a workingman in my life. My specialty was policy and heisting bookmakers, shylocks, pimps and crap games. In those businesses, nobody complains to the cops.

I never did any squealing at all until I was double-crossed by the guy who has been trying to get me killed all these years. It was that guy who turned me in to my parole officer, said I was trying to shake him down, and had me sent back to prison. My life has been on the line ever since I got out in 1959, and told the police about his activities. Since then, I've ended up in the hospital three times.

You're probably wondering what it's like once you know a contract is out on you, Well, *(Continued on page 60)*

So far, five-four, 100-pound Vincent "The Cat" Siciliano has run through six of his "nine lives"—how long will his luck hold out?

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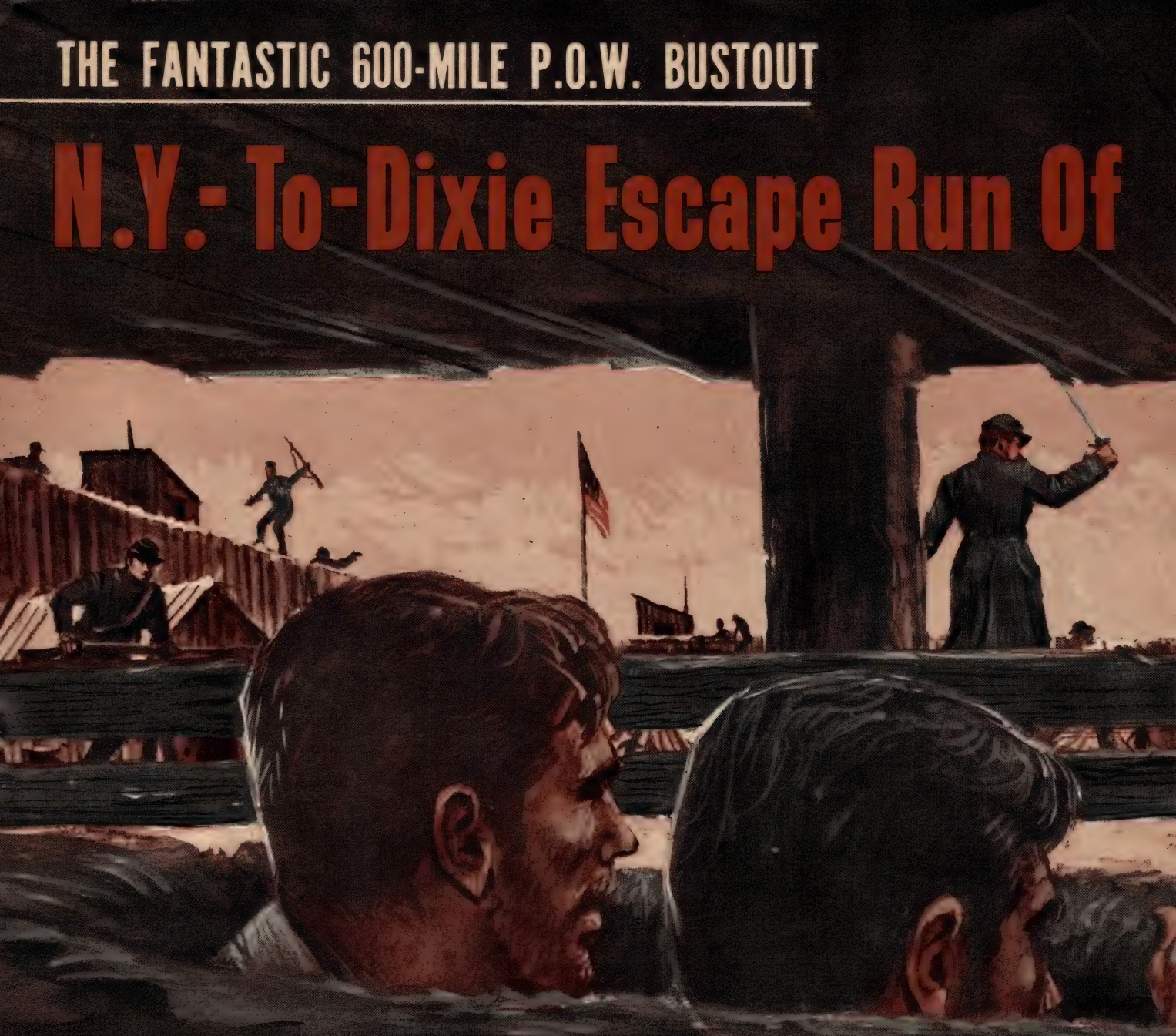
THE FANTASTIC 600-MILE P.O.W. BUSTOUT

N.Y.-To-Dixie Escape Run Of



Two tries "caved in" on the digging noncom before No. 3 got him under the wall of that Yankee hell hole—Elmira prison camp. But once out, he really had problems: he was on his own, on foot, in strictly hostile country—with "the road to Richmond" lined with Blue Coats.

Rebel "Tunnel Rat" Benson

A Yankee guard shouted, "We've got one!" and as Benson and the "stranger" watched from under the next barracks, more guards poured over the wall after the tunnelers.

Art by Gil Cohen

by A. I. SCHUTZER

JOHN W. Jones was a free man and a highly respected Negro citizen of Elmira, New York. His job was burying people. Or, as he preferred to put it, his profession was that of undertaker. He performed his tasks efficiently, properly, inexpensively.

But Sexton Jones, as he was called, never would have accumulated the fortune that made him one of the wealthiest Negroes in New York State, if there had not been a Civil War and if the Federal Government had not decided to open a Confederate prisoner of war camp for enlisted men in Elmira. The Federal Government contracted to pay Sexton Jones $2.50 to bury each Rebel prisoner who happened to die in the camp.

As it happened, a great many prisoners died *(Continued on page 76)*

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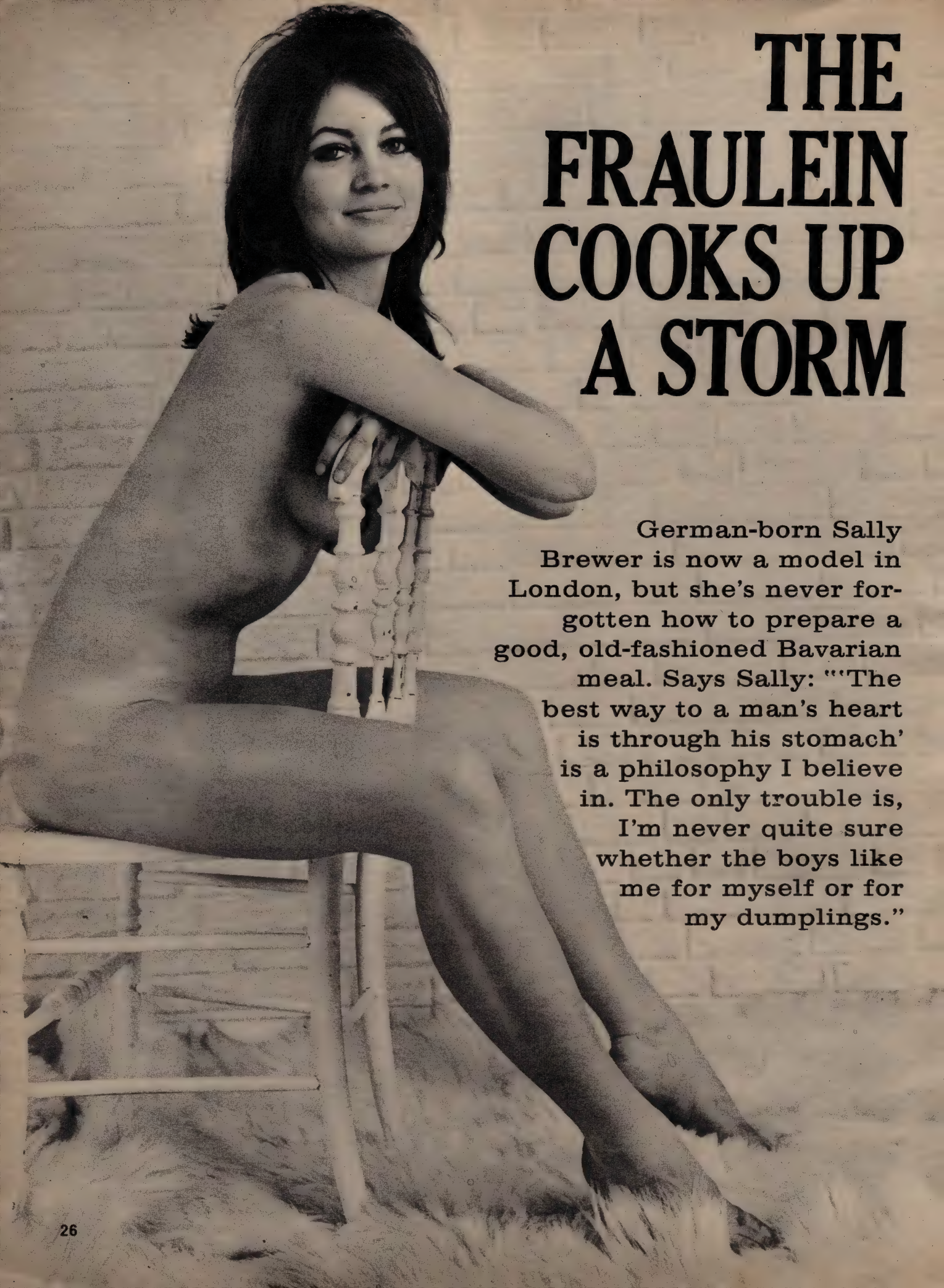


THE FRAULEIN COOKS UP A STORM

German-born Sally Brewer is now a model in London, but she's never forgotten how to prepare a good, old-fashioned Bavarian meal. Says Sally: "'The best way to a man's heart is through his stomach' is a philosophy I believe in. The only trouble is, I'm never quite sure whether the boys like me for myself or for my dumplings."

$17,000,000,000 CONSUMER-BE-DAMNED GYP

HOW TO FIGHT MANUFACTURERS WHO SELL US SLAPPED-TOGETHER JUNK

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

If you're stuck with a "lemon" in the shape of a TV set, refrigerator, air conditioner, car, etc., here's news: there's more where it came from. And fall-apart, "conk out"—sometimes even deadly—merchandise is going to keep on rolling off the assembly lines, as long as you refuse to strike back with these simple, "Big Six" how-to-buy-right rules.

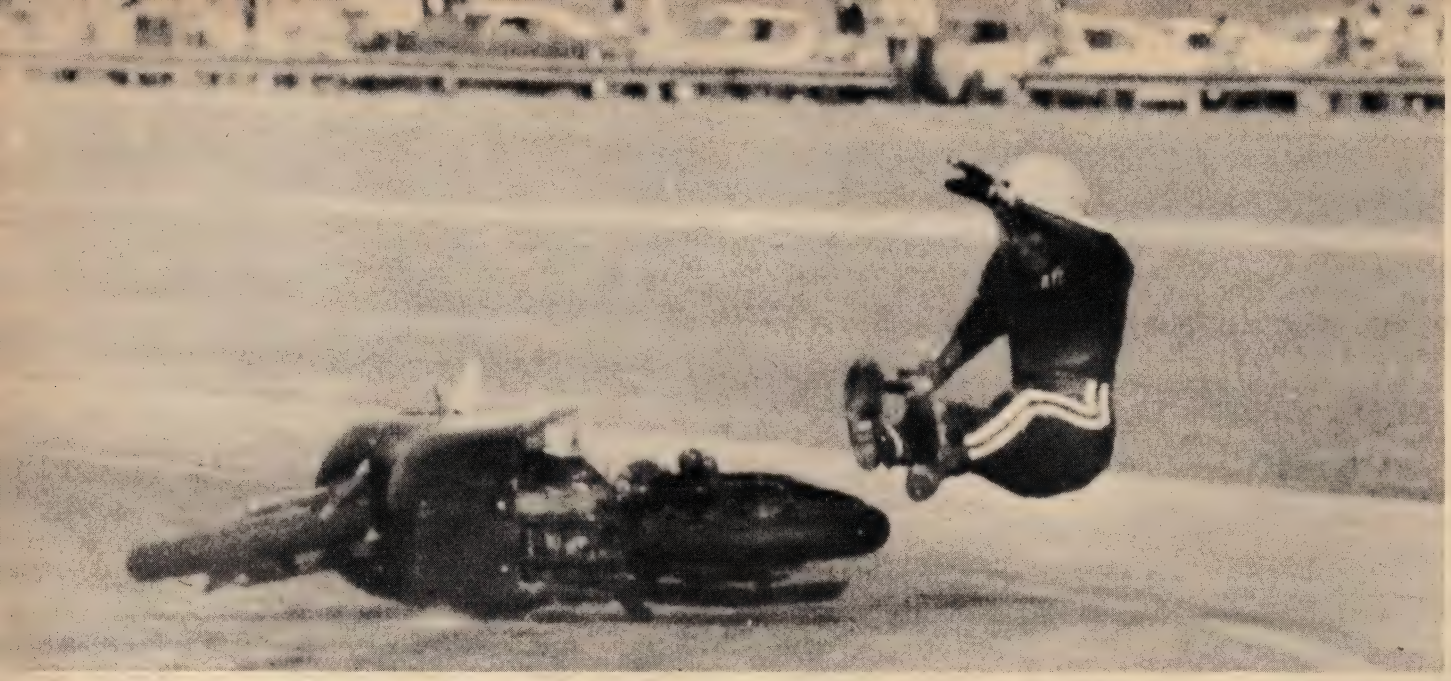
A flood of complaints from gypped consumers has been pouring into the office of the President's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs:

■ Hicksville, N.Y. "The TV set I bought eight months ago still doesn't work properly. We have had 25 service calls, three picture tubes besides the original, two chassis besides the original and the set is still a mess. I think the set is beyond repair, but the manufacturer will not admit it and replace the set."

■ Louisville, Ky. "We spent almost $30 for a deluxe streamlined pop-up toaster that isn't worth a plugged nickel. The receptacles are so narrow that only the thinnest bread slices can be used. Thicker slices . . . burn to a crisp. They won't refund our money because we used it a couple of times to try it out."

■ Dayton, Fla. "I can't understand the complete indifference of the manufacturer of my air conditioner to my repeated requests for repairs. It seems to me that a company as large as this would be more concerned with customer service."

■ Totowa, N.J. "My husband had to work long hours to pay $400 for a refrigerator. When I went to get a jar of skim milk the whole shelf collapsed. It was supported by only two plaster chips. It cut my foot, broke my blender, damaged the refrigerator and cracked my ceramic floor." (Continued on page 68)



"Look, Ma, no bike!" is probably what this man said after his cycle slipped out from under him during running of the Daytona 200 in Florida. He wasn't injured seriously, but he had some trouble sitting for awhile.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

What looks like a nudist sit-in is actually a hippie nude-in—a celebration in 'Frisco's Golden Gate Park honoring first day of spring.

California police officers shoot to death an escaped murderer from San Quentin after he fought bitter gun duel with more than a dozen lawmen from inside motel room at center background. Just before climbing out window, felon exploded dynamite stick which severely damaged room.

In the Norwegian film, "Youth 68," an actor was called for to play the "James Bond"-type lead. In his search for such a man, the producer found Harald Oie, an Oslo newspaper editor. Mr. Bond himself never had it so good.

THE EROTIC LOVE

She was always showing off her body, lifting her skirt to fix a stocking, or bending over to expose her very fine breasts. She knew all of the ways there were to play —until the night she met "Mr. Cool" and learned what it really takes to score.

by ALEX AUSTIN

SHE slid out of the Jaguar slowly, her black miniskirt riding up almost the full length of her thighs. She waited a long minute before pulling the skirt down, standing there beside the bronze car, knowing damn well every male eye in the garage was on her.

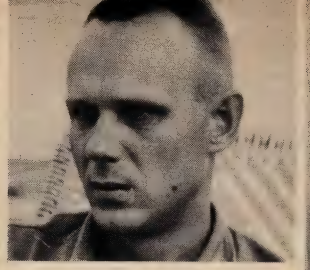
Harry glanced at her over the top of his time-sheet. He smiled calmly. He'd seen the show before. Whenever she came to the garage, she managed to show off her body in one way or another. She'd hoist up her skirt to fix a stocking, or she'd bend over so her fine breasts (never in a bra) would be clearly *(Continued on page 44)*

Art by Samson Pollen

As Harry turned to stare at her nakedness, she raised the bottle in a toast and giggled: "To the very honorable Mr. Cool!"

GAMES OF MRS. PORTER

VIETNAM'S IMPOSSIBLE COMBAT EPIC



SGT. IGORS MOCALKINS

SGT. MOCALKINS' JUNGLE CONVOY MIRACLE

For the longest night of any man's life, the 1st. Div. medic lay face down in the mud of a rice paddy, surrounded by VC—with U.S. air and artillery unloading napalm, rockets, shells, bombs all around him . . . and Cong snipers ready to put a bullet in him if he tried to break out . . .

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

Convoy was moving up "safe" road when VC opened fire from jungle, sent survivors running for cover.

Mocalkins was trapped in rice paddy that became a target for helicopter-gunships hunting the enemy.

VC practice of "hiding" their dead—with the women doing burial duty—almost got the sergeant captured.

CONVOY MIRACLE

by GLENN INFIELD

SERGEANT Igors Mocalkins of Denver, Colorado, shifted to a more comfortable position in the ambulance jeep moving down the road toward Lai Khe, South Vietnam.

Mocalkins, a 1st Infantry medic, was tense. He and eight medic buddies had been ordered to move to a new position in the II Corps area in preparation for an expected attack by the Vietcong. Their jeep convoy had only a minimum of weapons and no support from the regular infantrymen. The briefing officer had explained, confidently, that the route had been cleared of enemy guerrillas the night before. But Sergeant Mocalkins was well aware that the VC often appeared where least expected. Now, turning to SP/6 Kenneth Maddox, a medic from Lawton, Oklahoma, he pointed to the bend in the road ahead and said, "That would be a good spot for the VC to—"

He didn't finish. Rifle shots from the heavy underbrush at the side of the road interrupted him. Mocalkins saw the two medics in the jeep ahead tumbled to the ground and lie still. The sergeant leaped from his jeep. Bullets raising dust inches from his feet told him the Vietcong had him in their sights. Maddox, who had jumped out on the opposite side of the jeep, hurried toward a ditch beside the road. The jeep shielded the Oklahoman from the VC, and he made the ditch safely. Mocalkins knew he couldn't circle the vehicle and reach the ditch without getting hit by Cong bullets, so he did the only thing he could do: he dived under the jeep.

Squeezing his broad shoulders under the vehicle, the sergeant twisted around until he had his rifle aimed toward the unseen VC at the edge of the jungle. He could see three of the 1st Infantry medics sprawled on the road dead, killed in the initial barrage. He also saw Captain Maxwell Ezell Cline, a doctor attached to the unit, crouched in the ditch with Maddox. The captain was firing his pistol toward the jungle but Mocalkins couldn't see the target. Raising his head to get a better look, he banged it against the underpart of the jeep. He stared into the jungle, but all he could see was the underbrush, dark and foreboding. There was no movement, no sound except the rifle fire.

Then his eyes focused on a green spot in the jungle. It seemed to move. Mocalkins stared at the spot until his eyes began to water from the strain. Finally, he decided he was wrong, that the suspicious spot was just another bush. Just before he shifted his gaze, the green spot moved again, and this time he recognized what it was: a green hat! Unfortunately, he made the discovery a fraction of a second too late.

A rifle cracked. The VC bullet hit the tire of the jeep less than a foot from Mocalkins' head; hissing, escaping air blew dust into his eyes. Rubbing his eyes, he heard another bullet glance off the metal frame of the jeep. Before the guerrilla could get off a third shot at him, Mocalkins managed to get the dirt out of his eyes. He saw the VC standing at the edge of the jungle taking careful aim. Mocalkins swung his rifle barrel toward him and pulled the trigger. The enemy soldier fired, too, but by the time he triggered his weapon, he was already falling backward, a bullet in his head. His shot went skyward.

The sergeant searched the area for some sign of the other VC but he saw nothing but jungle growth. Meanwhile, as darkness began to fall, he saw Cline and Maddox move down the ditch toward the last known American infantry position. Occasionally sniper bullets were thrown their way, but the pair managed to keep moving until they were more than a hundred feet distant from where Mocalkins was holed up under the jeep. Twice he tried to crawl out, but each time enemy fire drove him back. The VC had him trapped.

He decided that the only way out of the trap was to wait until dark and then try to slip across the road to the ditch. The long wait was torture. Every time he heard a noise, he thought it was the guerrillas closing in on him. Yet he didn't dare fire unless he was certain, or the gunflash would give away his position. Finally, two hours after sundown, he decided to make his move.

He got out from under the jeep without drawing enemy fire and quietly crossed the open stretch of road to the ditch. He had just lowered himself into the ditch when he heard several *(Continued on page 48)*

'Copters kept up a 10-minute rocket barrage, then headed back to base—and fighter-bombers took over, their bombs rocking jungle.

Hugging the ground, Mocalkins heard a plane zoom low overhead; seconds later, heat of exploding napalm bomb seared his face.

'Copter, bomber poundings killed several VC hiding in the jungle near the medic, but somehow he escaped with minor injuries.

1st. Division long-range artillery got into the act next, exploding shells keeping the enemy—and Mocalkins—on the move.

For Your

VICE OVER HERE —The girl at the bar had a choice. On her one side was a young open-faced army private sitting scared. On her other was an auto salesman she knew as a good spender, offering her dinner, drinks, entertainment and a $50 bill in the morning. She looked

from soldier to salesman, then sighed to the latter, "Not tonight, Charlie. He's going overseas tomorrow. I think somebody should be nice to him tonight."

Contrary to the myth, hookers are seldom so good-hearted. Theirs is a put up or shut up business and known acts of charity are rare. Nonetheless, more and more often the above story (with variations) is being told in the bars in the port of embarkation cities on the West Coast. Professionals who normally would not give a dime to put their mothers on a bus seem so moved by men shipping out to Vietnam, they compulsively close shop on occasion and give all . . .

In San Francisco, a certain good-looking call girl with green eyes, who usually draws $75 per night, feels compelled to give over one evening a week to "nursing overseas-bound soldiers, free, in my own apartment, a bleeding one-woman USO." Why? She cannot put her finger on it except to say she feels bad about them . . .

In San Diego, a fading but still scrumptious B-girl opts for an ordinary seaman with only eight dollars in his wallet over a navy lieutenant from Harvard. "Officers always get the best of things," she says. "Give the enlisted men some for a change." She also gives him $20 to pay for their drinks . . .

In San Francisco again, a girl makes a deal with the plainclothes detectives who work the same area she does. "Any time you see me with a service guy under lieutenant in rank, don't even pick on me for questioning. I'm not hustling. I'm giving it away. Deal?" Deal.

Most explain their spasmodic generosity as something they need to do. "If it wasn't for the war," the call girl with green eyes said, "I wouldn't give them ice in the winter. Some, in fact, are not very good or nice about it, even when everything's free. The war's the cause of it. I feel as though we all owe them something for what they're doing. I'm not sure why but I feel we do."

CASE CLOSED —Someone had driven a hole in the girl's skull. The man was beaten and probably strangled to death. Who did these things? When? Why?

When their skeletons were discovered in a 12th century Welsh archaeological digging last spring, it seemed unlikely that these questions would ever be answered. But project chief Dr. Brian Ford, believing in the legal principle which states there is no statute of limitations on murder, drew upon the most sophisticated measures of criminal detection and forensic medicine to learn the answers of a crime 800 years old. He succeeded so well that Scotland Yard said drily: "There's a job open for him at any time." Ford not only uncovered motives for the dual murder, he also drew profiles of each victim and determined the ways in which they were killed. He called her Joannah Doe and him Richard Roe. Example:

Joannah's teeth were badly worn. Mussel shells were found close by the two skeletons that were stuffed into what was perhaps a 12th century sewer. Worn teeth and shells indicate that Joannah ate shellfish often, and cracked them with her teeth.

There were minute flecks of iron found imbedded in Joannah's ribs, giving rise to speculation that she was beaten before death with a mace or war axe.

Inside her skull was a slender pointed stone, a spike or drill of some kind. Someone had driven it through her head.

The condition of the inner skull surface gave Dr. Ford the notion that Joannah might have been suffering from a brain tumor.

Radiographers established her age as 22 at time of death. Richard Roe, they said, was in his 40s.

Dr. Ford said: "We have a picture of a relatively healthy girl who lived on shellfish developing behavioral abnormalities sometime in her late teens and early 20s. She was probably regarded with growing hostility by neighbors who subsequently killed her in a ritual

Information

murder. They also killed the man, who the radiography people said was just about old enough to be her father."

The case was closed. Verdict: murder, or perhaps ritual execution. "The significance of this exercise is," said a Scotland Yard inspector, "with the modern methods we now have at our disposal there is no murder which should ever baffle us." Then he grinned. "Given enough time, we can solve anything."

VICE OVER THERE —"It'd probably hurt my folks to know I smoke pot," the Marine private from North Carolina said, "but it's a mother fact. I do smoke. Lots of us do. And we like it, too . . . "

The revelation that certain numbers of Vietnam GIs "blow weed" does indeed trouble large numbers of parents who wonder if their sons are among them. It also vexes and perplexes the government which does not view kindly the use of, or trafficking in marijuana, not even by the country's fighting men to whom almost nothing is denied. The subject is touchy. The military does not admit smoking goes on but does not effectively deny it, either. These are some facts in the matter:

■ Those who smoke use marijuana as soldiers under terrible combat strain have always used alcohol, that is, to obliterate the nightmares and create an illusion for a while that things are really better than they are.

■ More than half the men aboard one R and R (rest and rehabilitation) flight to Australia were found to be carrying marijuana bought in Vietnam. The Australian government has said it will deny entry to R and R flights if men are not better policed in the future.

■ U. S. combat officers used to tell reporters regularly that Vietcong were often drugged before an attack. They stopped doing so when marijuana began appearing among their own troops.

■ In a Saigon alley known as "100 P Street" (all prostitutes working there cost 100 Vietnamese piastres) marijuana is available cheap and in many forms. Single cigarettes are 15 cents. Packs of ten readymades, sometimes with filters, sell for a dollar apiece. Loose marijuana in plastic bags is $34 per kilogram, average top price. Stateside the same single cigarette might cost a dollar, the same kilo $120.

■ Marijuana and hashish are put out in little bowls in some bars, along with the peanuts and pretzels.

Such boldness does not mean the authorities are permissive. They are not. Some 400 civilians and servicemen are arrested monthly. Penalties range from a scalding chewing out to five years imprisonment at hard labor and a dishonorable discharge. Exact numbers of men who smoke are not known, of course, but the arrests don't seem to discourage many, not according to street and barracks talk. "Hell, there's so much grass in 100 P Street alone," drawled the Marine from North Carolina, "if it ever burned up everybody for five blocks would be turned on."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? —His real name is Felix. During the Golden Age of Army Football 1944-46 when he (Mr. Inside) and Glenn Davis (Mr. Outside) were the most exciting backfield touchdown team in the country, the papers called him "Doc." The 43-year-old ex-fullback, now full colonel, is serving his first combat tour ever in his 22 years of service. He pilots an F-105 on fighter missions over Vietnam, and, while other pilots are referred to by full names, Felix Blanchard is still "Doc." Joked one sergeant, "It seems better that way. Whoever heard of a fighter pilot named Felix?"

THE FIFTH DIMENSION —The experiment was almost medieval in its simplicity: a "sandwich" made of a slab of graphite between two slabs of high explosive fired inside a closed vessel. The results are so complex they may forever alter natural science as it is known and taught today and create new sophisticated "supermetals," properties and value to man still undetermined. One of these findings points to the existence of a fifth state of matter.

Till now all matter was thought to exist in only four possible states: solid, liquid, gas and plasma. In the latter state matter appears as a cloud of atoms and electrons.

Dr. Willard Libby of the University of California had often wondered what would happen if atoms were subjected to tremendous pressures. Would matter be forced into a fifth, hitherto unobserved state? The precise yes or no answer is still hidden in untranslated data, but the answer seems affirmative and this much is known:

■ At the instant of explosion the graphite came under pressure several million times that of normal sea level pressure. Miniscule metal-like diamonds were formed.

■ Under such pressure crystals and atoms bend and are made smaller, compressed to lesser volume, much in the way snow is packed into a snowball. At some point the "supermetallic state"—the fifth state—exists. It disappears as soon as the pressure is released.

What are the practical applications of the Libby findings? As yet, they, too, are difficult to determine. A substance harder than diamonds with the properties of metal undoubtedly has unlimited industrial and scientific value. And, the University of California scientist and Nobel chemistry prize winner sees value in the compression technique itself in the unlikely realm of gastronomy. It seems that foods subjected to super pressures for brief periods at room temperature come from their "oven" deliciously cooked.

Amadeo Gerardi climbs the back of Poulito, a lion lined up with six others in pyramid position. Suddenly, the stool slips from under

Most Shocking Photos of 1968

7 Lions Tear Their Trainer Apart

The place: Versailles, France. The scene: the Rancy Circus. The cast of characters: one man and seven "tame" cats. The action: an unscheduled, unexpected accident. The result: a gang of fear-crazed animals turned frenzied killers.

Poulito who, frightened, attacks Gerardi. The audience's yells trigger the other six cats who rip into the trainer like a carcass in the jungle.

CONFIDENTIAL

continued from page 8

AGAINST IT; 3. THEY STAY AWAY FROM SEX BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF FAILURE . . .

REST AND RECUPERATION LEAVES TO TAIPEI ARE LIKE TRIPS TO PARADISE FOR VIETNAM-BASED GIs. Every bar is loaded with lush girls dressed in their unique slit-up-the-side gowns. No need to rush at them like animals--they're there for the picking. Select your girl, sign her out for up to 24 hours, and don't worry about the money--she'll remind you sometime after breakfast, next a.m., in a very delicate way, making it seem like a gift, not a payment . . .

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

RED WORLD

CASTRO BANS THE BEARD! THE MAN WHO MADE THE LUSH GROWTH OF FACIAL HAIR A SYMBOL OF HIS RED REVOLUTION NOW FEELS THAT IT HAS BECOME A SIGN OF STUDENT DISSENT. From now on, students are ordered to give up long hairdos, beards, mustaches--along with tight trousers . . .

Some of the wilder sex decrees that were fostered under Mao's rule of Red China included SEPARATING MARRIED COUPLES, ESPECIALLY IF A PETTY PARTY OFFICIAL HAD HIS EYE ON THE WOMAN; FORCING PEOPLE TO LIVE IN OVER CROWDED COMMUNES WHERE MARRIED COUPLES WERE ALLOWED PRIVATE SEX ONLY TWICE A WEEK; TOP BRASS HAVING THEIR PICK OF SECONDARY SCHOOL GIRLS MERELY BY ASKING . . .

Russian scientists claim they've come up with a live organism on earth that could survive on Mars. Watch for their first attempt to transfer the "infusoria colpoda mopasi" to our neighbor in space . . .

U.S. AND RUSSIA WERE DAMNED NEAR EYEBALL-TO-EYEBALL OVER LAST YEAR'S SIX-DAY MIDDLE EAST WAR. THE REDS WANTED US TO TELL ISRAEL TO GET OUT OF THE SINAI PENINSULA BY A CERTAIN DATE, BUT WE KEPT THEM TALKING ON THE "HOT LINE" LONG ENOUGH TO MOVE OUR SIXTH FLEET INTO POSITION. ONCE WE CONTROLLED THE MEDITERRANEAN AREA NEAR THE WAR ZONE, THE SOVIETS' TONE CHANGED AND THEY CALMED DOWN. STILL IT WAS THE CLOSEST TO A POSSIBLE NUCLEAR BRAWL SINCE THE KENNEDY-KHRUSHCHEV FACE-OFF DURING THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS . . .

SCOOPING THE WORLD

Don't start up with laborers or office workers--medics find they have the shortest fuses and there's no telling when they'll blow . . .

Moscow so up tight about the increasing number of Red lushes, the powers that be are considering rationing vodka and all other alcoholic beverages. Problem is that with increased leisure, Russians now have two days a week to do their serious drinking instead of one . . .

THE MOTHER DIED, BUT SHE LEFT BEHIND A RECORD 19.6-POUND SON DELIVERED BEFORE SHE PASSED AWAY IN CHILDBIRTH. HAPPENED IN PUERTO EMBALSE, PARAGUAY. . .

If experiments at California's traditionally fog-bound airports work, long delays all over the country for passengers who have to circle around waiting for clearance to land may be over. At this writing, seeding the clouds has swept away the fog two to three hours earlier than usual. Getting planes out of the costly holding patterns could save airlines up to $100,000,000 a year . . .

Latest theory is that the earth may be the only one of its kind in the universe--an abnormality, rather than one of many worlds like ours. As a matter of fact, our entire solar system may be unique, which is an idea that is sending hundreds of experts back to the drawing board to prove or disprove this new challenge to the concept of the origin of the heavens . . .

ONE OF A KIND

GOOD FOR 1400

MEN IN CRIME

AVERAGE CITY HAS ONE COP FOR EVERY 700 CITIZENS . . .

RACIAL RIOTS OR DISTURBANCES SEEM TO OCCUR MOST OFTEN IN TOWNS OR CITIES OVER 100,000 POPULATION . . .

LATEST "SICKIE" BEING PULLED ON FAMILIES OF VIET-BASED GIs IS A NOTE PINNED TO DOOR TELLING RELATIVES TO CALL A PARTICULAR PHONE NUMBER FOR A MESSAGE FROM WESTERN UNION . . . WHEN WIFE OR PARENT CALLS, THEY ARE INFORMED THAT THE GI HAS BEEN KILLED IN ACTION . . . takes lots of heartbreak before the whole mess is straightened out . . .

Forget the black-market bonanza in Vietnam. LATEST GIMMICK IS RUNNING THE OUT-OF-SAIGON service clubs for GIs unable to travel into town . . . EVERYTHING FROM TOURING SHOWS TO SLOT MACHINES TO GO-GO DANCERS. With all the loot rolling in, club managers are forced to spend anything over $1 profit, by law . . . they use the money to bring in the most-wanted commodity--GIRLS. Kickbacks for booking acts that couldn't even play the sticks in the U.S. have palmed off some of the worst entertainment in the world on our soldiers--just so long as the performer is of the opposite sex, that's all that counts. SOME ENTREPRENEURS ARE LINING THEIR POCKETS WITH GOLD FROM THE OPERATION . . .

With Mafia hoods invading legitimate businesses, executives are now being given courses in HOW TO SPOT CRIMINALS INFILTRATING THEIR COMPANIES . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

MEAT AND GROCERY BILLS ARE BEGINNING TO INCH UP AGAIN--YOU'RE PAYING A GOOD TWO TO THREE PERCENT MORE THAN YOU DID FOR THOSE ITEMS A YEAR AGO. Big meat and poultry boosts won't really be seen until end of the year, but citrus fruits, processed foods are on upswing. Coffee, sugar, vegetables and eggs should hold pretty steady, unless farmers begin cutting back production . . .

IF YOU HAVE A HOUSE TO SELL, FOLLOW A COUPLE OF SOLID RULES FOR BEST RESULTS: 1. Pick out a realtor who knows your neighborhood and who is a member of the National Assn. of Real Estate Boards; 2. Don't try selling your house yourself--your broker will more than earn his commission; 3. Make your realtor give you an estimate of what he thinks your house is worth, and if you think he's all wet, get a few more opinions; 4. Don't ask a lot more for your house than it's worth. No salesman will knock himself out for something he knows he can't sell; 5. Make small investments in minor inside and outside repairs-- cracks in plaster, paint, ripped screens, etc. A couple of bucks on things like that will be worth a thousand when it comes to showing the house; 6. Don't interfere when agent and prospective customer are going through the house. Best attitude is to sit down and shut up . . .

UNMARRIED WOMEN PAST THE AGE OF 45 TAKE HOME MORE PAY THAN SAME-AGED BACHELORS . . .

A MAN'S CAR

ONE ESTIMATE IS THAT IF DRIVING SPEEDS WERE CUT 20% , 25,000 LIVES COULD BE SAVED . . .

IN A HURRY TO DIE

NEW SAFETY DEVICES INSTALLED DURING 1968 WILL ADD BETWEEN $70 AND $150 TO PRICE OF YOUR CAR--and more going into it each succeeding year . . .

Heaviest concentration of cars in any city in the world is in San Francisco--7,000 per square mile . . .

AUTO MAKERS HAVE COME OUT AGAINST SPEED GOVERNING DEVICES, PREFER A SYSTEM OF FLASHING LIGHTS AND BUZZING NOISE-MAKERS WHEN YOU HIT TOO-HIGH SPEEDS. THEIR CLAIM IS THAT THE NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS THAT OCCUR AT 70 mph OR MORE IS NOT TOO SIGNIFICANT . . .

Look for an explosion-proof plastic gas tank on new cars, probably a must by 1970. This will bring amount of plastic per car to about 40 pounds . . .

Car buyers are switching a lot more than they ever did . . . brand loyalty seems to be a thing of the past, and buyers will shop around and jump if the deal is right . . .

LOVE GAMES

Continued from page 33

exposed. She knew every way there was to play the game.

"Charley!" she called out. "Fill her up, will you, like a dear."

Charley Davis walked quickly to the pump.

"How's my lover?" she asked him as he shoved the nozzle into the gas tank. She smiled at him, gave his bald head a quick, affectionate rub.

"Just fine, thanks, Mrs. Porter," Charley said.

"Has my husband been in tonight?" she asked.

"I ain't seen him."

She spotted Harry watching her. Only five other drivers were in the garage. It was a little past 2:00 A.M. She smiled at Harry, walked over to his cab.

"How's Mr. Cool tonight?" she asked.

Harry put the ball-point pen back into his pocket, detached the time-sheet from the clip board.

"Very cool," Harry said.

She had to look up at him when he stood beside her. Harry was 6'2", and she was a full foot shorter than he was, though her long legs and her mane of blonde hair piled on top of her head made her appear taller.

"I'm glad," she said.

"Makes life easy," said Harry.

"But it must spoil so much fun."

He shrugged. "Even Eskimos rub noses," he said.

She laughed. Then: "Don't you like what you see?" she asked him.

"Meaning you, Mrs. Porter?"

"The name's also Janice," she said.

"It's a pretty name, Mrs. Porter."

"You know, Harry, you just might be missing out on a very good thing," she said.

"Oh, well," said Harry, "you know how it is. In this life, you're always taking or leaving one gamble or another."

She stood there with a faint smile around her mouth, looking at him, at the face that showed the strength of him and the body that was the machinery for that strength. She could have been looking over an animal up for sale at an auction.

Then she turned, sashayed back to the sleek Jaguar just as Charley was putting the cap on her gas tank.

"All filled up," said Charley with a big grin.

SHE kissed the old man quickly on the cheek. "Maybe," she muttered. She slid behind the wheel, raced the motor to a start and then drove off.

Pete Davis came over to Harry's cab. "I've never seen her play a guy like she plays you," Pete said.

"A lot of tease," said Harry.

"I don't know. I've seen her with the other guys. She's different. I think you could get a little of that, Harry."

"I don't feed the lions," Harry said.

"If she played me like that—" Pete started. But Harry didn't stay to listen. He walked up the two stairs to the office, turned in his time-sheet and left . . .

Harry walked the seven blocks from the garage to Adel's place on 54th Street. She was waiting for him in bed—naked, warm, sweet, ready and she played no fancy games. The small lamp on the night table was the only light in the room.

"You'd be surprised how worked up a girl can get," Adel said as he undressed, "just lying here in bed waiting for you." Her long black hair framed her face on the pillow.

Harry went to the bed, slid in under the covers beside her warm body.

"Show me," he said into her ear.

She did . . .

Harry woke up in the middle of the night. He looked at the clock on the night table. It was 5:00 A.M. He looked over at Adel. She was sleeping on her left side, facing him. The streetlight cast a pale glow over her. Harry smiled, appreciating her beauty, finding it almost unbelievable that this calm face had, only a few hours ago, been a face from a jungle, passionately crying and laughing at the same time, head thrown back, the body wild and free as any body could be. Adel possessed all the sex Mrs. Porter had to wear on her sleeve, Harry thought. She didn't have to show off her legs or breasts to a lot of tired drivers in a taxi garage to get her kicks.

"The hell with Mrs. Porter," Harry said to himself as he rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. But her image kept crowding him, no matter how hard he tried to push it away.

He told himself all the ways in which she was a pure bitch. She was the most beautiful bitch he'd ever seen. But bitch she was, just as surely as the sun rises.

She was married to Harry's boss, Ed Porter, a big loud bastard who thought that owning 75 cabs entitled him to insult any man who worked for him. And Porter never insulted a man unless he had an audience of at least three or four other drivers or mechanics.

Porter was at his worst when he'd come in with her. It was as if he didn't have a better way to show her he was a man, Harry had thought when he witnessed the routine for the first time.

They'd pull into the garage in the chauffeur-driven Cadillac, sometimes dressed up after a party, at all hours.

Harry remembered the time Porter had gone at Sam Daniels, a nice quiet little guy who always looked too tired to last out the next hour. Somebody had nicked one of Sam's fenders, a simple repair job, no sweat.

"Maybe you need thicker glasses," he'd said to Sam. Porter stood a good six inches taller than Sam, and twice as wide. He was bigger than any of the drivers with the exception of Harry, and Harry was sure that was the only reason he never came to tangle with him. "I'll bet you take those thick goggles off," Porter said, "and you can't find your way to bed. Your wife must have one dull goddam time waiting." Porter laughed. Mrs. Porter stood a little to one side, watching, the edge of that cat's grin on her lips.

And Harry knew she had had Phil Kirkland and Jack Boland fired after she'd teased both of them good and proper for weeks and finally they had figured the gamble wrong, had made passes at her and a day later, in each case, Porter came storming in and fired first Kirkland and a month later, Boland.

But knowing all the ways in which she was a bitch made no difference. He still saw the face, the body. He rolled over restlessly, cursed her. He could not get back to sleep. She wouldn't leave him.

So he tried another way to get her out of his mind. He started remembering some of what the drivers referred to as "the back seat spreads" he had picked up during his three years as a cabbie.

A "back seat spread" is a woman passenger who, in one usually obvious way or another, offers her body to a driver. Some do it to save on a long fare, most for strange kicks, a few because they've just come from a bad time with a guy and this is a way of getting back at him and then, of course, there were the ones who were just plain hard-up.

HARRY lay there and remembered one he'd had a few months ago—a red-headed beauty he'd picked up coming out of Bergdorf-Goodman's. Real class. She'd worn a short mink, a red beret, black stockings. And she moved like a thoroughbred.

They hadn't gone a dozen blocks when she had said, as casual as can be: "Driver, I'm married to a man who doesn't satisfy me. Would you like to try?" Simple as that.

He drove her to a fancy townhouse on East 68th Street between Park and Lexington. He spent two hours with her—most of it in a bed that was the size of some living rooms.

It had been a very fine time. And standing at the door when he was leaving, her red hair undone now, hanging half-way down her back, she smiled gratefully at Harry and said, "I hope I didn't take you too much out of your way."

Harry grinned, kissed her.

"Wait a minute . . ." she said.

She returned to the bedroom, came back with her purse. She handed Harry two twenty-dollar bills and one ten.

"You're very generous," Harry said, pressing the money back into her hands. "But the ride was eighty cents. Two bills'll make it a big tip."

"Please . . ."

"Let's have it my way," he said.

She took out two singles, gave them to him. "I want to thank you . . ."

He remembered her standing there completely naked by the door, holding the small purse. That red hair hanging down her back. . . .

He rolled over and gently began to embrace Adel, kissing her shoulder first, moving to her neck. She made a sound like "mmmmmm," a pleased sound. Her legs moved over his. She opened her mouth to take his kiss. Without coming all the way out of sleep, Adel drove Mrs. Porter out of Harry's mind so his pleasantly exhausted body fell quickly to sleep a few minutes after they had finished.

She did not come to the garage again for over two weeks. Her husband had taken her to Acapulco, Lou Marshall told Harry. Lou was night supervisor of the garage. He was moving to California in a few months and he had told Harry he was in line for the job. Harry liked that. It was a step up, the first big one for him.

"That bastard obeys her like a trained bear," Lou said. "Anything she wants . . ."

When she finally showed up again, Harry could see the Acapulco sun all over her and he could easily imagine her

(Continued on page 46)

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

(Continued from page 44)

stretched out on the beach there, as naked as the law allows, pleased by all the eyes she knew were sure to be watching her.

She came in the Cadillac on this night, driving herself. It was after 3:00 A.M. Harry had just turned in his time-sheet.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Cool . . ." She got out of the car, walked over to Harry who was taking his jacket out of the cab.

"Hello," Harry said, pulling on the jacket.

She wore a silver lame evening gown cut down almost to her navel in front and a little lower in back. It was one of those gowns that are put together by engineers, not by clothing designers.

"I'VE just been to the dullest party imaginable," she said. "And my darling husband is now sound asleep in the host's bedroom—on the floor." She laughed. Harry waited for her to go on. "You see, we have an arrangement," she said. "Whenever he falls asleep at a party, I leave by myself and he has to get home however he can. It's a very modern arrangement. Don't you agree?"

"Of course," said Harry. He started to go, but she grabbed his arm. "Wait . . ." He turned to her. For only a moment she was ashamed of herself for having grabbed his arm the way she had. Then the shame turned to anger and she said, "You'll be kind enough to drive me home now."

"I just checked out," Harry said. "Sorry."

"No . . . I didn't mean to order you," she said. It was the first time he had ever seen her even slightly ruffled. "*Will* you drive me home?" she asked.

"It's been a long day," he said. "Get one of the boys just coming on."

"I want you."

"Some other time." He started off again.

She did not grab for him this time. She merely said, "If you don't, you'll be fired in the morning."

Harry stopped. He knew damn well she wasn't kidding. And he knew damn well that when Porter woke up, he would do whatever in hell this damn bitch told him to do.

He looked directly into her eyes for a moment. They were beautiful, green, angry and shameless eyes. He could also see most of both her breasts and her flat tanned belly that was bare in the silver gown.

He didn't say anything. He went to the Cadillac, got in behind the wheel. Charley was checking the oil. The old man grinned when she came over, as she always did, to give his bald head a little rub.

"I got her all filled up," Mrs. Porter," Charley said.

"That's nice, Charley," she said. She gave him a smile, then slid into the back seat.

The Porters lived in northern Westchester, in Pound Ridge. They had a fifteen-room house on seven choice acres.

Harry took the West Side Drive.

Neither of them spoke. She had two bottles of Mum's Cordon Rouge Champagne on the back seat beside her.

When they were past the toll booths and on the narrow turn of the highway that went past Scarsdale and Harrison, she handed one of the bottles to Harry.

"Open this, will you," she said.

"I can't stop . . ."

"You can stop," she said.

Harry pulled over to the side of the road. Only one car passed him while he opened the bottle, gripping the cork so it edged out very slowly and there was no pop.

"Well, you're an expert," she said when he handed the bottle back to her. "Would you like some?"

"Not while I'm driving," Harry said with mocking righteousness.

Neither of them said anything for a while. Then, casually, Harry glanced up at the rear-view mirror. He had not used it before. She had twisted it so he could not see the road in back of him. All he could see in the mirror was her in the back seat. And he had to admit, she took this round, because he was surprised enough to drive right off the highway.

She was completely naked in the back seat. She held the bottle in one hand. She had been patiently waiting for Harry to see her and when he did she smiled at him in the mirror. She raised the bottle in the manner of a toast and said, "To the very honorable Mr. Cool!"

Harry didn't answer her,

"Why don't you take the next exit," she said.

Harry was silent. He took the next exit without even bothering to check the sign to see where they were.

"Find a nice quiet place," she said. "Under trees," she added. "I like trees."

Harry found a narrow side road, took it for about a hundred yards up a small hill, parked in under a huge oak tree. He could not see any houses.

"Come and have a drink," she said.

Harry got out, climbed into the back seat beside her. She handed him the bottle. Even her perfume was crowding him. Harry took a long swallow of the champagne. It was a little warm, but it was good stuff. He handed the bottle back to her.

"You were the only one in that rotten place I ever really wanted to look at me and you were always the only one who never did," she said. "A glance. That's all I could ever get out of you."

"I can see better now," said Harry.

"Like what you see?" she asked him.

He moved in against her, drew her body in hard against him, feeling her nakedness as he pressed a long kiss into her soft, open mouth.

But before he could go any further, she slid back quickly away from him and poured the rest of the champagne over his head.

She laughed and said, "No more Mr. Cool."

Harry was too amazed to do anything. He sat there, soaking wet, staring at her in the dim light that reached them from the dashboard.

"You can drive me home now," she said. She placed the empty bottle on the floor, then smiled victoriously at him. "At least now I know I *can* get you if I want you. That's a sort of bank account for a nice girl like me," she added.

Harry grabbed her, shoved her down on the seat.

"You'll be fired," she snapped at him.

He paused, and that was all she needed. "You know you're first in line for that supervisor's job," she said. "You'd wait a long time for that with a new company." Harry knew she was right.

HE backed off of her, returned to the front seat, his body aching for how much he wanted her.

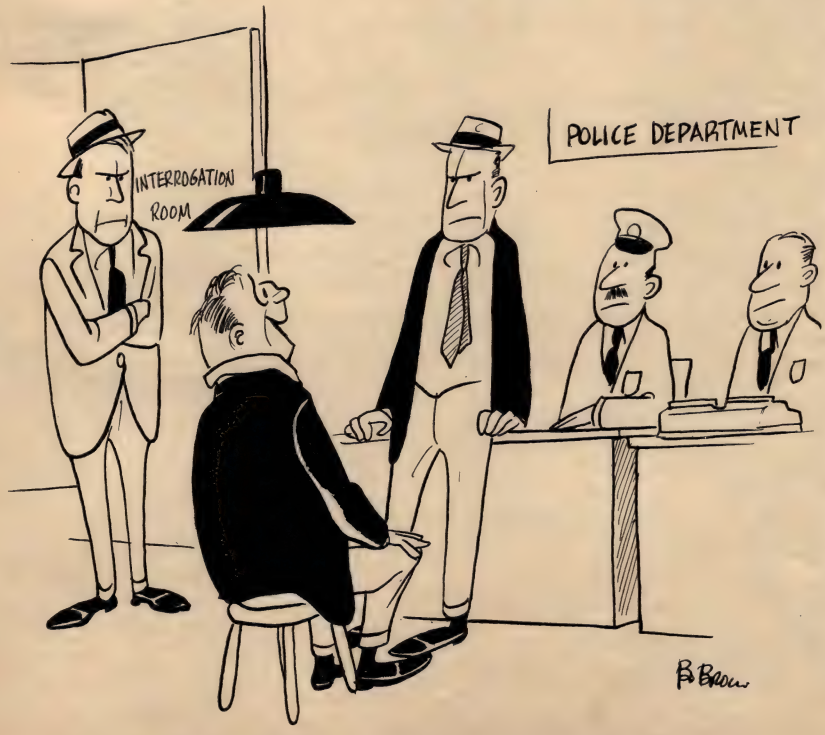
"You're a sensible man," she said as he started turning the car around. He saw that rotten beautiful smile of hers in the mirror.

They drove down the narrow dark roads they had taken coming off the highway. Harry kept looking at her in the mirror. She had slipped back into the flimsy gown. He tried once again to play all the games that would rid him of her image, now of her actual warmth, the feel of her naked flesh, not imagined as it had been before, but soft under his mouth and fingers.

Harry pulled off to the side of the road. There was a house more than a hundred yards up the road. No lights were on.

"What do you think you're doing?"

(Continued on page 48)



"I'm usually more talkative after a few highballs!"

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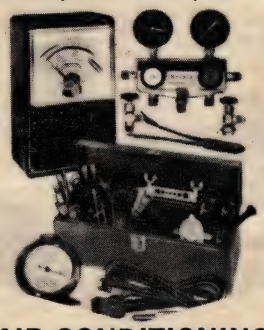

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(Continued from page 46)

she asked angrily. "Where are we?"

Harry got out. He opened the rear door, reached in, grabbed her arm. She pulled strongly against him, but he dragged her out of the car, pulled her across a short space of dirt into what looked like a pasture.

"You'll be fired . . ."

He forced her body to the ground. She twisted, swung at him with both fists.

Harry struck her only one time across her mouth with the back of his hand and she stopped fighting him.

She lay there perfectly still as he pulled the gown off her, undressed himself.

When he stretched out beside her and drew her naked body in against him, she smiled in the faint moonlight. Harry kissed her. Her arms moved slowly around his neck.

"You're not afraid of me," she whispered in an entirely different voice, the bitch gone out of it, some woman he had never heard before, something tender she had never shown.

AND Harry loved her there in the cool grass until she cried quietly against his chest, saying his name over and over, "I need you, oh yes, I need you so much, I do, Harry, love me please love me . . ."

She was silent all the way to Pound Ridge.

Harry felt calm. He glanced up a few times to see her watching the mirror. Once she smiled at him.

She wouldn't ever again crowd him out of his own good night's sleep. He knew that now. You can't imagine a woman like her out of your mind; you have to take her flesh in your arms and push her out bodily. He had done that. The rest was easy.

When they pulled up in front of the large brick house and stopped, she did not get out.

"This is it, isn't it?" Harry asked her.

She nodded.

"Harry . . ." She stopped. Then she said, "I want to see you again." She was not ordering him now, but she could not completely rid her voice of the old sound. "Can I see you . . ."

"Let's leave it at this," Harry said. "One perfect night. O.K.?"

"Harry, please . . ." She stopped this time as if a switch inside her had been turned on. "If I want you . . ."

"I know," Harry said. "You can have me fired in the morning."

"I can."

He turned around and looked at her directly, not talking to an image in a mirror. "Then you go ahead," Harry said. "You do that."

"I will!" she snapped at him, the anger alive in her again.

"Only sad men need bitches in bed," Harry told her in a calm, easy voice.

His words startled her, hurled her back into a painful silence. He could see her fighting to pull her own insides together now.

Then she smiled at him in a way that told him this was the remainder of the game she had to play. Just as sad men need bitches in bed, so, too, do bitches need sad men. And sooner or later everybody gets to know the name of his own game.

She got out of the car. She bent over so her face was on a level with his. "It's too bad you're not sad," she said. She kissed his mouth lightly. Then she stood up, looked at him for a moment.

She smiled in a sad way, shaking her head. "Goodbye, Mr. Cool," she said, and walked toward the house. ◆◆◆

CONVOY MIRACLE

Continued from page 36

men approaching from the west, heard one of them swear—in English—as he tripped.

"A patrol! I'll go with them!"

The patrol was a godsend to the trapped sergeant. It was doubtful that there were enough VC in the area to attack a full-strength patrol. He could join up with it and get back to safety. Mocalkins started running down the ditch toward the patrol, but he had gone only a few feet when he spotted several dark shadows on the road. At first he thought it was the 1st Infantry patrol, was about to shout to them, when something about the way the shadows were milling around, the way they suddenly flattened out on the ground made him suspicious. He stopped where he was and watched the shadowy forms closely. Suddenly, the moon came out from behind a cloud and he saw the men in front of him plainly.

"Charlie!"

The VC, trying to stay hidden from the American patrol, had taken up positions directly between it and Mocalkins. He was cut off from his rescuers. He listened to the 1st Infantry unit move away—and with it his last chance. . .

Few men, in peace or war, have ever been subjected to a night of terror equal to the night that Sergeant Igors Mocalkins spent surrounded by the Vietcong. Fortunately, the sergeant was no softy.

He fled from Latvia to the United States when the Reds overran Eastern Europe. Husky, accustomed to a rugged life, he joined the U.S. Army determined to carve out a military career for himself.

His initial years in the service prepared him for the ordeal of Vietnam. The famed 1st Infantry Division arrived in Southeast Asia in 1965; it wasn't long before it was in the middle of the bitter fighting. Shortly after Mocalkin's unit landed in Vietnam, it was moving along Route 13 north of Saigon, going north to establish a temporary headquarters in Vietcong territory. The road, like the route the medical convoy was to take months later, was supposedly "safe." But as the 1st Infantry soldiers moved between the rubber trees lining both sides of the route, the VC attacked.

The 1st Infantry men, all newcomers to the combat area, fought back despite the fact that they were caught in the open. For eight hours the battle raged. Mocalkins and the other medics looking after the wounded during the melee were often under intense fire. When the guerrillas finally withdrew, they left 150 of their dead behind. It was an overwhelming victory for the "green" troops of the Big Red One.

Major General William E. DePuy, commanding the division, said after the battle his troops were ready for the Vietcong at any time or any place. "My men are so damned aggressive I have to hold them back. Charlie won't have to hunt us to look for a fight. We're going after him."

They did just that! They actually taunted the enemy to come out and give battle. Playing a deadly game of hide-and-seek, 1st Infantry GIs spread out over an 100 square miles of jungle and rice paddies, establishing 12 different locations of one or two-battalion strength. Whenever one of the bases needed extra help, because of a strong VC threat, other 1st Infantry units would quickly reinforce it. It was just such a maneuver that brought the medical into VC territory alone that November day.

Mocalkins had been checking his equipment earlier that afternoon when he was called to Captain Cline's tent.

"Get your gear together as fast as you can, Sergeant," the captain told him. "We're moving out. A battalion west of Lai Khe needs help."

Mocalkins looked at the spot on the map Cline indicated and frowned. "How are we moving? By airlift?"

"Negative. Jeep convoy."

"Any infantry to support us?"

The captain shook his head. "The troops are tied up tight with Charlie. We'll have to try and get the ambulance jeeps through on our own. Might be rough, although S-2 assures me the area is safe."

Mocalkins knew that there was no choice but he didn't like it. Not a bit. The VC constantly turned up where they were least expected. "I'll get my equipment," he said.

The first part of the trip was quiet. The jungle was peaceful-looking and for once it wasn't raining. Mocalkins almost forgot that he was in the middle of a war as the jeeps headed down the highway. But as the convoy reached the bend, he was jolted back to reality—fast. . .

Mocalkins lay in the dark ditch until he could no longer hear the 1st Infantry patrol. When that moment came he felt more alone than he had ever felt in his life. He didn't have a hope of rescue now. With a larger force of VC attacking the 1st Infantry battalion west of Lai Khe, the Big Red One C.O. would probably ignore the guerrillas who had ambushed the medical convoy—for the time being, at least. That meant the sergeant was strictly on his own.

CAREFULLY, so as not to make any noise, Mocalkins checked his ammunition. He had exactly five cartridges left. It was obvious he couldn't put up much of a fight with only five cartridges, that his only chance was to keep out of sight of the VC all around him. His first thought was to flatten out in the bottom of the ditch and hope the guerrillas would go away, but he discarded that idea as too dangerous. If the VC decided to use the ditch for cover, they would be sure to discover him. Best to climb out of the ditch and get into the middle of a rice paddy.

Cautiously, he peered over the top of the ditch. Some fifteen feet in front of him, he saw three shadows moving toward the jungle. As soon as they disappeared, Mocalkins eased himself out of the ditch and, crawling on his hands and knees, started moving into a muddy rice paddy. He had gone only a few feet when the moon drifted out from behind

(Continued on page 50)

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"Professor, I've a feeling it turned out too perfect somehow."

(Continued from page 48)

a cloud and the countryside was lighted nearly as bright as day. The sergeant, caught in the open, could only lie flat in the muck and pray the roving VC wouldn't spot him. There was no sound except the soft whistling of the wind through the trees at the edge of the jungle.

Mocalkins lay in the mud and listened to the wind until he became drowsy. The moon shone bright in the sky, so he didn't dare move out, but he was afraid to doze off. Fighting to keep his eyes open, he suddenly became aware that the wail of the wind seemed to be getting louder and louder. Then he realized that it wasn't the wind, that what he heard was human voices! Raising his head he looked across the rice paddy.

"My god!"

What he was hearing was the wailing of Vietnamese women carrying their dead across the paddy to sink the bodies in the mud so they couldn't be found. Mocalkins could see the women plainly in the bright moonlight. There were at least eight of them and they were moving straight toward him. They were sure to spot him eventually and alert the VC.

He had no choice but to stay where he was and wait. He made certain, though, that his rifle was clear of the mud. When the VC came, he wanted to be ready.

The moaning, weeping women drew closer and closer to his hiding place. Fifty feet. . .forty. . .thirty. . .twenty. . .

There was a roar from the sky. At first Mocalkins thought it was a windstorm whipping through the jungle, but a moment later a bright flare blossomed in the sky just south of the rice paddy. The Vietnamese women saw it, too. Quickly dropping the dead they were carrying into the mud, they turned and ran for the jungle. For a minute Mocalkins couldn't believe his luck, didn't realize that he had been saved from discovery.

"Thank God. Thank. . ."

He spoke too soon.

Rockets and machine gun bullets from helicopter gunships, ordered to the scene by 1st Infantry headquarters, exploded at the edge of the rice paddy. Water and mud shot skyward, and the ground under the sergeant shook violently. It was then that he understood his great danger: the VC were under air attack and he was right in the middle of the target area. The sergeant knew he had to find cover, he had to get into the jungle. He leaped tc his feet and tried to run, but he slipped in the mud and fell headlong into a pool of dirty water.

Rockets thudded into the ground near him, the blast covering the unfortunate medic with slimy mud. Frantically, he struggled to his feet, and slipping, sliding, falling made his way to the underbrush at the north end of the rice paddy. He had flopped down behind a small bush when he heard a sound to his left. A moment later, two VC ran past him headed deeper into the jungle.

After pounding away steadily for ten minutes, the helicopter gunships finally roared away from the area. It was the first time since he had been in combat that Mocalkins was glad to see the aircraft go back to their base. He hadn't been injured, only badly shaken, but the aerial assault had been terrifying.

He was just beginning to breath easier when the jungle rocked with a series of explosions.

Mocalkins had thought that the rockets from the helicopters had gone off with a bang, but they couldn't compare with the horrible racket of the bombs dropped by the fighter-bombers that zoomed in to attack minutes after the whirlybirds left. The F-105s came in low, dropping their loads in the jungle by the light of brilliant flares which illuminated the entire area. Branches, rocks, dirt and other debris flew through the air around the stunned medic. One branch hit him hard in the back, knocking the breath out of him for a minute. A stone smashed against his ribs. Another branch hit him in the face, as the entire jungle seemed to erupt.

HE was stretched out on the ground, dazed, when he heard a plane come in very low. It passed directly over his position. A moment later, the underbrush to his right burst into flame as a napalm bomb exploded. The heat seared his face, burned his hair, made it difficult for him to breathe. It seemed to him the entire world was on fire.

"I was wondering how my wife would find life without me," he said later. "I was certain that she was going to get a telegram telling her that I'd had it."

Miraculously, Mocalkins wasn't seriously injured during the fighter-bomber attack although a number of the VC hiding near him were killed. After the jets had expended their ammuniton and explosives and roared away, the jungle was silent. Too silent. The sergeant knew that the Vietcong were all around him; the fact that they didn't move out made him uneasy. Had they spotted him? Were they waiting for him to move first?

He decided to stay where he was, not budge until he was more certain of the location of the VC. It wasn't easy. Bugs crawled over his bare hands and face making him itchy, but he didn't dare scratch. His wet clothes rubbed his body raw, and he fought the urge to squirm to a more comfortable position. He was still lying prone in the dirt when again he heard the wail of the women, returning to the rice paddy to finish the job of burying the dead. Within minutes the women passed his position a few yards to the left. Mocalkins lay still, holding his breath, and then seconds later the Vietnamese countryside again rocked with explosions.

This time it was the long-range artillery of the 1st Infantry zeroing-in on the VC-infested area. The shells tore huge craters in the jungle and in the rice paddy, driving the women back into the underbrush. The bamboo around Mocalkins was tram-

(Continued on page 52)

How to get into

One of today's hottest money-making fields —*servicing 2-way radios!*

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to start collecting your share of the big money being made in electronics today? To start earning $5 to $7 an hour... $200 to $300 a week... $10,000 to $15,000 a year?

Your best bet today, especially if you don't have a college education, is probably in the field of two-way radio.

Two-way radio is booming. Today there are more than *five million* two-way transmitters for police cars, fire trucks, taxis, planes, etc. and Citizen's Band uses—and the number is growing at the rate of 80,000 new transmitters per month.

This wildfire boom presents a solid gold opportunity for trained two-way radio service experts. Many of them are earning $5,000 to $10,000 a year *more* than the average radio-TV repair man.

Why You'll Earn Top Pay

One reason is that the U.S. Government doesn't permit anyone to service two-way radio systems unless he is licensed by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission). And there simply aren't enough licensed electronics experts to go around.

Another reason two-way radio men earn so much more than radio-TV service men is that they are needed more often and more desperately. A two-way radio user *must* keep those transmitters operating at all times, and *must* have them checked at regular intervals by licensed personnel to meet FCC requirements.

This means that the licensed experts can "write their own ticket" when it comes to earnings. Some work by the hour and usually charge at least $5.00 per hour, $7.50 on evenings and Sundays, plus travel expenses. Others charge each customer a monthly retainer fee, such as $20 a month for a base station and $7.50 for each mobile station. A survey showed that one man can easily maintain at least 15 base stations and 85 mobiles. This would add up to at least $12,000 a year.

Be Your Own Boss

There are other advantages too. You can become your own boss—work by yourself or gradually build your own fully staffed service company. Instead of being chained to a workbench, machine or desk, you'll move around, see lots of action, rub shoulders with important police and fire officials and business executives who depend on two-way radio for their daily operations.

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(Continued from page 50)

pled by the retreating women, and he was left lying in the open. He didn't have time to worry about being spotted by the enemy, however. His immediate concern was his own artillery.

He decided to crawl deeper into the jungle and try to find another hiding place, but before he could move the Vietcong inadvertently blocked his path. They were trying to escape the artillery blasts too, and had left their hiding places to head deeper into the underbrush. Realizing he couldn't go that way, Mocalkins did the next best thing—he headed in the opposite direction!

His route took him directly back to the highway where the ambush had taken place hours earlier. Finding a crevice at the side of the road, Mocalkins crawled into it, cleaned the dirt from his rifle barrel, and prepared to make his last stand at that spot.

The remainder of the night was torture. U.S. helicopters and fighter-bombers took turns strafing the area. When the planes were back at their fields reloading, the artillery took over, blasting holes in the countryside. It was a nightmare, one from which Mocalkins figured he would never escape. Shells, bombs, bullets and napalm all merged into one huge multi-colored, ear-deafening, never-ending blast. The attacks were still in progress when daylight began to sweep across the sky. The fading darkness only added to Mocalkins' troubles. Truck loads of North Vietnamese soldiers and Vietcong began moving down the road past his hiding place even before the artillery pounding and air raids stopped.

THE weary, stunned sergeant knew that it was only a matter of time until he was spotted. He couldn't move into the jungle, out of sight of the highway traffic, because VC were hiding there. Neither could he cross the open road without being seen. He had no move, no out.

The three wrecked and looted jeeps of the ambushed convoy lay on their sides in the middle of the highway. The sergeant was still staring at them when he heard the roar of a plane. He looked up, afraid that the attacks were going to start again. It was a helicopter, only it wasn't shooting rockets or firing machine guns. It was searching the area carefully—perhaps for VC, or perhaps for American survivors of the ambush. Mocalkins didn't know which, but he did know he had to attract the pilot's attention. Jumping to his feet, he raced to one of the wrecked jeeps and grabbed a mirror. Quickly he signaled the helicopter, praying the mirror's flash would be spotted.

A sniper's rifle cracked and Mocalkin dived headlong back into the crevice. The helicopter kept heading north, not pausing, giving no indication that the crew had seen the signal for help. Frustrated and angry, Mocalkins leveled his rifle in the general direction the VC sniper had fired from.

A blast of air hit him. A moment later a roar nearly deafened him. He looked up just as the helicopter dropped down on the road directly in front of him. A crewman in the hatch waved frantically for him to get into the aircraft.

Mocalkins didn't need a second invitation. He raced for the chopper, jumped inside, and the big bird lifted off the highway.

Sergeant Igors Mocalkins' night of horror was over. He was back from the dead. ◆◆◆

THAT'S THE LAW

INN TROUBLE—You serve one drink too many to an already intoxicated and habitually violent patron of your tavern. The man goes home and attacks his wife, who in turn is forced to kill him in self-defense. Can she hold you liable for the loss of her husband's financial support?

Yes, ruled an Illinois court. The intoxicated man's rage was foreseeable, making you, as seller, liable to the injury of a third party, in this case self-made widow.

A FRAUD ABROAD—While traveling in a foreign country you fall in love with a woman, marry her and bring her home to live with you. As soon as she sets foot on American soil, however, you discover that her wifely intentions were false in that she married you merely to get into the country. Can you have the marriage annulled?

Yes, said a New York court. The marriage contract was never intended to join passport and wife in matrimony and the consideration of one partner for the other as such a piece of paper merits annulment on the grounds of fraud.

TROD UPON—You are not injured when the elevator you are riding in crashes to the bottom of the shaft. You are, however, seriously bruised when the other passengers panic, knock you down and trample you in their hysterical efforts to get out. Can you hold the elevator owner liable for your injuries in spite of the fact that he never set foot on you?

Yes, said a Massachusetts court. Since the passengers' panic to escape was a foreseeable result of the owner's negligence in the operation of his elevator, he is liable for your injuries.

A REAL DRAG—You and several of your friends decide to have a so-called "drag race" down a main street in town to show everybody whose car is fastest. One of the drivers loses control of his car and crashes into a pedestrian, seriously injuring him. Can you be held in any way responsible for the accident even though it took place several car-lengths ahead of your vehicle?

Yes, ruled a California court. In an illegal drag race each participant is liable for injuries to bystanders, regardless of the fault seeming to rest on a single driver's negligence, because each driver is jointly engaged in negligent conduct.

NERVOUS WRECK—You go for a Sunday ride in the country with a friend and are horrified by his fast and reckless driving. After a couple of hours of breath-taking near misses, the car finally smashes into a tree injuring both of you. Can you sue the driver for negligence?

No, ruled a Kansas court. Your silence in the face of such obvious danger means that you not only assumed the risk involved, but were also guilty of contributory negligence.

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Your young daughter repeatedly proves to you that she both loves to play with matches and is totally incapable of understanding the meaning of fire. When your neighbor's house is burned down by her careless play, can he sue you for all the damages to his property?

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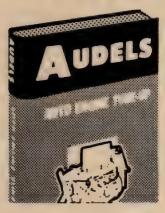

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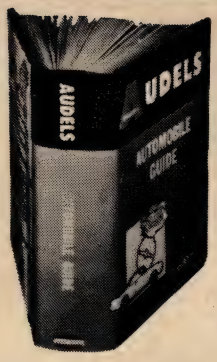

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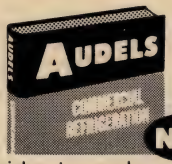

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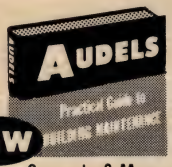

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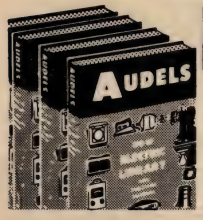

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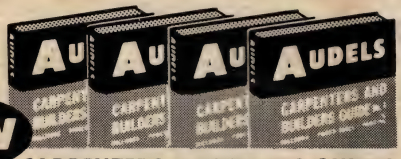

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SEX MYTHS

Continued from page 14

Now Ted and Joan are enjoying the normal, healthy sex life they had had before he started reading paperbacks with sexual themes.

The following sexual myths should be closely examined. And if you believe *any* of them, you may be in deep sexual trouble.

(1) Only a "sexual athlete" can really satisfy a woman.

Supermen who can literally wear out a woman in a few minutes, or who can leave a one-night trail of sexually exhausted females simply do not exist.

These sexual athletes, who often make love for hours, even days, never seem to run out of steam. But in real life, things are quite different. Because in order to be successful in making love, a man must first have an erection. And when a man reaches a climax he loses that erection and, quite obviously, must build up another one. It is highly unusual for a man to have more than three or four erections throughout the course of an entire night. And usually, that is only when a man has been without sex for a long while, or when he is young.

(2) The larger the penis, the more sexual satisfaction a woman will derive.

This is one of the most unfortunate of sexual myths, and one that has made many men feel unnecessarily inferior in their ability to satisfy women.

The size of the penis had no more to do with sexually satisfying a woman than the color of the eyes has to do with seeing. Because the penis has only to "stimulate" the front of the vagina, the outer and inner lips, and the clitoris, in order for a woman to reach a climax. Most of the length of the penis is the shaft, and since little penetration is needed to please a woman, the size of the shaft is of small consequence.

(3) A large man always has a bigger penis than a small man.

THIS is as faulty a belief as the one that only a large penis satisfies a woman. There is absolutely no scientific evidence to show that, say, a football player has a huge penis and a short office worker a small one. The average length is five-and-a-half to six inches when erect.

(4) A luscious blonde with enormous breasts is automatically a sex bomb, primed to explode if touched by a man.

In real life there is absolutely no correlation between physical beauty, hair color, breast size and sexual responsiveness. I have had patients who were young, lovely and well-stacked, and they were quite often either satiated with being courted and flattered, or felt every man simply liked them as sexual objects only. They tended to be quite cold. A woman has to be uninhibited, warm and responsive to be good in bed. Looks and big breasts have nothing to do with it.

(5) The best cure for frigidity in a woman is a sexual superman.

This is a common theme in paperbacks. A woman is cold and unresponsive to men, and along comes the hero who is a private detective or spy or football player, and with his gigantic body, fantastic staying power and huge penis quickly cures her frigidity and makes her a passionate, insatiable animal—usually within an hour or two.

Yet a multitude of scientific studies clearly reveal that frigidity is the result of a woman's negative and confused ideas about sex. It is often a psychological problem, based on an idea that sex is sinful, dirty or animalistic.

With such attitudes, the last thing a frigid woman needs is the assault of some sexual giant. She needs understanding, patience and, in most cases, extensive psychiatric care.

(6) The average housewife, particularly in the suburbs, is so bored that only extramarital sex can excite her.

Two recent studies by Midwestern universities clearly show that the average housewife, with a home to run and children to mind, is far from bored. There is simply no statistical evidence that housewives sit around yearning for some illicit lover. Some of the multitude of tales about suburban sin and wife-swapping are undoubtably true. But in a nation of 200 million people, it is so small a percentage as to be insignificant.

(7) Women really enjoy being "taken" by brute force.

A woman usually wants the man to be the leader in love-making, but only a few women enjoy brute force. And the ones that do are often in need of psychiatric help, showing excess masochistic tendencies. The average woman wants a masculine, considerate man who won't hurt her physically.

(8) Older women are uninterested in sex and therefore make poor lovers.

This is largely an American myth, for Europeans often say that women, like wine, improve with age. In their widely-acclaimed book, *Human Sexual Response,* Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson clearly showed that while men reach their sexual peak during their teens, women develop full sexual peaks later, often into their 30s. They also found that a woman's sexual desire continues, and often increases, long past her thirties, past menopause, for an indefinite period.

(9) Every love-making session must be an earth-shattering experience for both partners.

In the fantasy-land of paperback books, the man and woman come together like erotic freight-trains in highly-charged circumstances, and their love-making in every instance builds to a searing, bed-rocking climax for both of them. But any man who sleeps regularly with a woman, whether wife or lover, and expects fireworks every time, is in for a sound disappointment. Naturally, many love-making sessions are highly-charged on the part of both man and woman, and fireworks do almost literally go off. But certainly not every time.

(10) There are aphrodisiacs that can make a sexual demon out of a man or woman.

A fairly common belief is that a highly-desirable but unwilling woman will become instantly aroused sexually if "something" is slipped into her drink. However, a leading pharmaceutical magazine conducted an exhaustive study and came to the same conclusion most doctors and scientists have reached: that there is simply no such thing as the legendary aphrodisiac.

Spanish fly, taken internally, will "arouse" a woman's urinary and reproductive organs, but it will only irritate them and will hardly make her want to hop into bed. In addition, Spanish fly can be extremely dangerous and can often result in an agonizing death.

(11) There are several special virility diets a man can take to improve his sexual powers.

There is no medical evidence that eating oysters, or eggs out of the shell, asparagus or truffles, or anything else, will make a man a potent lover.

WHAT *is* important is to eat a balanced diet that includes all the proteins and vitamins needed, for no man is at his sexual peak if he feels badly, or is hungry. And if a man is hungry enough, he will walk past Helen of Troy to get a decent meal.

(12) It is beneficial to one's health to avoid all sexual activity.

This is too naive and stupid to dwell on. In fact, repressing your natural sex drive can be harmful. Anatole France summed it up best: "Of all sexual aberrations, the strangest is abstinence."

(13) Making love to a woman during her menstrual period is harmful.

This is an absolute myth, with no medical or scientific basis. Actually, this can be a time of heightened sexual drive in a woman, but many people, for purely aesthetic reasons, prefer to abstain during this time.

(14) Normal masturbation is harmful and can cause illness or insanity.

A colleague of mine wrote recently that no subject is more misunderstood, more condemned and more widely practiced in our culture than masturbation. Yet, the practice is both normal and natural, and the only harm it can do is the mental anguish and guilt you feel. No matter how often you masturbate, you will not go insane, go blind, become impotent or lose your sexual vigor.

(15) Fantasies during masturbation are both wrong and harmful.

Such fantasies are not only healthy and natural, but are also a valuable part of the masturbation in that they make it a psychological as well as physical act. This is particularly important with the younger men because the masturbation fantasy encourages an easier and more successful transition to sexual intercourse.

(16) Any variation of the standard "belly-to-belly" position during intercourse is considered an act of perversion.

This is a myth that has caused incalculable damage to generations of men and women. The fact is, dozens of studies, going back to Kinsey, as well as the opinions of leading doctors and psychiatrists, form a consensus that in civilized man there simply is no sexual "normality."

As Dr. Jonathan Silver, a nationally-known psychologist, said recently: "It's time we adopted the legal and moral attitude of England and most European countries that any sexual act in private between two consenting adults is 'normal' and permissable."

(17) Reading educational material on sex is a waste of time because sexual ability comes naturally to everybody.

(Continued on page 56)

If a billiard ball had follicles (live ones) it could grow hair!

But it doesn't, and in that respect it is quite comparable to some bald scalps —repeat, SOME bald scalps.

Hair grows from roots, medically referred to as follicles. Even on bald scalps there may be enough life in the follicles, below the surface, to be revitalized into production with the proper stimulation.

It Depends on Follicles

So it all depends upon the condition of the follicles. If they are dying, almost extinct, then nothing can be done. But some scalps could be right on the threshold of regrowth. So-o-o close that a little energy will start them growing hair again.

Not overnight, of course. All good things take time.

BEFORE AFTER

These are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here (Case L-1101). Most dramatic revived hair growth has been in cases of alopecia areata (patchy baldness) and alopecia totalis (total baldness). If yours is "ordinary" baldness, however, you should know that pathologically all types of baldness appear to be the same,

It takes time for a scalp to get in such a poor condition that the hair follicles can't produce hair. So it is logical that it will take time to renew those follicles. You apply the Brandenfels formulas twice daily and in addition perform the pressure massage necessary for maximum results.

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If you, or some one you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or any other unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT. It may be possible to arrest these conditions at home. While results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, the Brandenfels Home Plan does offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases. Photographs on this page show exact conditions of hair growth when the pictures were taken. They have not been retouched.

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WORLD-FAMOUS

Brandenfels

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

Copyright Carl Brandenfels

(Continued from page 54)

This is the opposite extreme of the idea that you can learn some all-purpose, foolproof technique of making out, which, of course, you can't. However, many couples have broadened their sexual horizons by reading marriage manuals.

(18) All fetishism is considered perverse.

Fetishism is the arousing of sexual feelings in a man by the touch or sight of some part of a woman's body or clothing. When a man is addicted to fetishism in itself, when he receives sexual gratification by contact with, or sight of, a woman's hair, or shoes, or bra, or something similar, and it does not lead to coitus, then the man is sick and needs psychiatric help. However, most psychologists consider fetishism, as part of the process of stimulation of the man, completely normal when it leads to coitus with the woman who is the object of the adoration.

"There is not a man living who does not have some fetishes to at least a small degree," states Dr. Simon Rafkind. "He may prefer his wife to wear her hair long, or he may enjoy her in brief panties, or he may be excited to see her in sexy stockings, or be preoccupied, in arousing himself sexually, with her nipples. Each is a 'fetish.'"

(19) It makes no difference as to the time you approach a woman sexually.

In paperbacks, sexual supermen romp with women day and night, week after week, all with the same degree of intensity and passion, and it *is* true that with love, understanding and luck, you can make a willing woman respond to your desires at almost any time. However, there is one time of the month, when, physically, a woman is generally much more responsive to sex, and that is immediately following her menstrual period.

(20) Excessive sex can be dangerous.

This is an old sexual myth, with no scientific basis. The only thing excess sex can cause is exhaustion, and that's easily cured by adequate rest. However, it's possible to be preoccupied with sex all the time, and this can be psychologically harmful, particularly if it causes guilt. But nature has adequately provided that when you reach the limits of your sexual capabilities on a given night, you will not be able to continue.

(21) A woman can have two kinds of orgasm, one clitoral and one vaginal.

Sigmund Freud presented this theory and his concept of vaginal orgasm permeated sexual writings and became a popular myth. Many women were troubled when they did not reach this "deeper" kind of orgasm, and an equal number of men felt that because their partner did not achieve vaginal climax, they were inadequate lovers.

BUT the Masters-Johnson studies show that there is no such thing as a clitoral or vaginal orgasm. There is only one kind—a sexual orgasm.

(It is imperative that a man understand the truth of this, because obviously the myth of the vaginal climax—and the obvious implication that a woman must be penetrated deeper to achieve it—has been a serious factor in fostering the myth of the necessity of a large penis.)

(22) It is flattering to have your girl friend or wife brag about your sexual exploits in front of other men.

You will find that this often has the opposite effect to what is intended, since many people are suspicious about bragging and may suspect "my lady doth protest too much."

In addition, you might wonder about a woman who enjoys bragging of your sexual ability in front of other men. She may be doing it for unhealthy "kicks" and, if so, may not be well-adjusted sexually.

(23) Your wife or current girl friend likes to hear about your past sexual conquests.

So long as you remain faithful, you can only court disaster by discussing past lovers. A woman will inevitably compare her own performance with the charms and abilities of the girls in your tales and will never be satisfied that you're not either leaving things out or exaggerating. And if you should ever run into an old lover, even in the most casual way, you're in for trouble.

(24) Young men make better lovers and therefore are desired more by most women.

Just as it's false, and foolish, to assume older women are not interested in sex and make bad lovers, it is idiotic to believe women want only young lovers. Just last week, a lovely 20-year-old girl came to me because she was disturbed that she desired only men over 40, and considered making love to boys her own age a waste of time.

I pointed out to her that many women have found an older man to be a better lover, since he's past the annoying, self-centered problems of youth, and has years of sexual experience. In fact, the years between 30 and 50 have been called the "Golden Sex Bracket."

(25) It is not normal for a man to be, or even think of becoming promiscuous.

Dr. Roger Sessions, the noted sociologist, wrote in his authoritative study of human cultures: "If there is one factor of behavior that binds together males of any culture, no matter how primitive or sophisticated, it is the need for a variety of sexual partners." And studies through the years show clearly that some 70% of all American males think constantly of extramarital activity.

(26) In this modern era of equality for women, your wife or girl expects to be an "equal" in making love, and even to be the "leader" in bed.

The emancipation of women is a fine thing, but it stops at the edge of the bed. You should be considerate of your lover and be certain that she attains sexual satisfaction. You may even vary your sexual positions so that, for a little variety, she sometimes assumes the top or "female superior" position. But in all love-making, the man should leave no doubt about who is boss

(27) There are various sexual "exercises" that will increase your potency and make you a better lover.

There are no exercises that will make you a better lover. If you're flabby or badly out of shape, then any exercises that cause you to lose weight or strengthen back and stomach muscles will be an aid. But beware of ads that hawk sensational "sexercises" that will turn you into a demon lover after only a few days of "working out."

(28) Sex should always be a formalized affair, usually following a romantic dinner and drinks, intimate dancing and a long petting session.

This production-number kind of love-making is fine. But so is the unexpected. Nothing is more satisfying or exciting than making love spontaneously, or in different surroundings.

(29) Liquor will make any woman eager to hop into bed.

The Lambert-Wilkins studies in California show that alcohol is vastly overrated in terms of making a woman "hot," or essentially tearing down her resistance to making love. However, when the principal handicap is tenseness, or just nervousness—not unwillingness—then a couple of drinks might be helpful.

(30) It's possible for a man to develop a foolproof make-out technique, and once he does, he'll become a great lover with all women.

Another myth, often expressed in paperback books, that has brought many a man to grief. Women are of such an in-

"I'll want to see you next week, if you're still alive."

finite variety—fortunately—that what scores with one will be anathema to another.

There is a myriad of love manuals published both here and abroad from which you can pick up helpful hints. But forget the idea of one technique that will make you a modern-day Casanova.

(31) Well-adjusted sexual partners almost always experience a simultaneous climax.

Many people believe that a man and woman must proceed up the path of sexual excitement with split-second timing, that they must reach simultaneous climaxes as though synchronized with stop-watches. The truth is this very rarely happens, because men and women are so different physically. A woman usually reaches several climaxes, sometimes before, sometimes after her partner ejaculates. And sometimes she simply reaches a pleasant, sexual plateau which gives her great satisfaction but in which she never reaches an actual climax.

(32) A woman who has had even one lesbian experience should be avoided, even though it was not repeated and she has adjusted to sexual relations with men.

Contrary to popular belief, many girls have lesbian experiences at one time or another and, assuming they leave no deep psychological scars, they do not ruin a girl. In fact, Kinsey found that nearly 20% of all single, 25-year-old women had had some homosexual experience.

(33) Medical surgery, or hormone injections, can make you a better lover.

This is a hazy area of myths, and an obvious panacea for the man who feels he's an inadequate lover. The truth is that nearly every man has within him all the ability he could ever want—if only he could learn to harness this ability with intensity.

Available medical evidence shows that hormone treatment is needed in only very rare cases. Men should forget the panacea, beware of sexual gypsters and concentrate on releasing their natural, inhibited abilities for sexual pleasure.

(34) Your wife or fiancee is not interested in the kind of all-out, anything-goes sex you've experienced with "loose" women or prostitutes.

I'VE found this to be one of the half-dozen basic causes for sexual trouble between husbands and wives who come to me for advice. The "nice" girl you marry is definitely interested in being treated as a willing, passionate woman. In fact, I've often found the wife to be more interested in healthy sexual "experimentation" than the husband. This passion, combined with love, tenderness and understanding, can open up a new door to sexual enjoyment in marriage.

(35) A woman doesn't enjoy sex during pregnancy.

Hardly a week passes that I don't have a visit from some distraught couple, people with a normal sex life, who stopped making love because of the wife's pregnancy.

Masters and Johnson found that not only did the sexual drive in women not decrease during the early months of pregnancy, but that in several of the women under study, sexual arousement was actually heightened toward the end of the first three months and the beginning of the second three months.

(36) Too much sexual foreplay is a waste of time.

Again, this is an area of constant trouble for many of the couples who visit my

(Continued on page 59)

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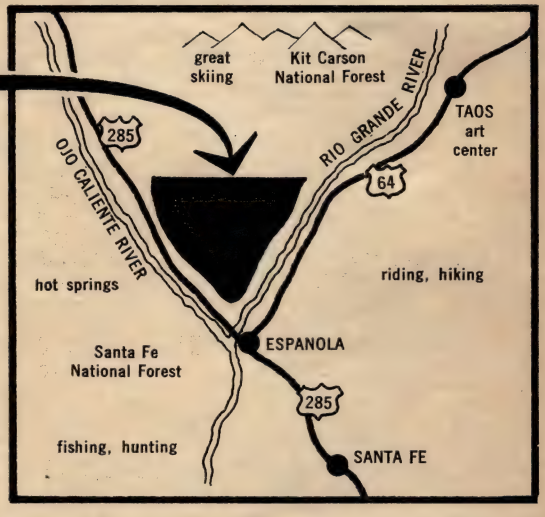

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

ONE FOR THE GIRLS—When it comes to sending entertainers to tour the Vietnam combat zones, it's always been "something for the boys." Which means, a troupe headed by a big-name star, but liberally studded with fabulously stacked girls. Finally, someone got the bright idea of doing something for the forgotten troops of our army:

the girls. And by a stroke of genius, they shipped over a guy who had just what the servicewomen wanted. The man in question is rated one of the top 10 hairdressers in the U.S., listing among his clients Lynda Bird, Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II and Eileen Ford. Actually a pfc in the reserves, the hairdresser was given a colonel's status for his tour of the girls' encampments, and it wasn't long before he had hundreds of them checked out in hairdos few of them could ever have afforded. While the GIs watched USO troops go through their paces, the girls were having their own kind of a ball, being cut and set and styled in trailers, barracks, lounges, even under open parachute canopies. On two occasions the patriotic hairdresser came under fire, but all in all the tour was rated a giant success. It's a good bet he'll be back before long—by popular demand—and who is he to object to being a bachelor among hundreds of the services' most beautiful?

◆◆◆

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME—Latest ruling out of Italy is that it is now legally permissible to publish a picture of a nude woman, so long as she is not in an erotic or vulgar pose. The highest court in the country contended that the female figure could be shown in a "natural and chaste attitude." (Ed. Note: Watch for the newest rush of movies from Rome.)

◆◆◆

WILDEST PARTY IN THE WORLD—They don't shock easily in Hamburg, Germany. But this time, they really pulled the plug. A "fancy dress" ball was announced at the state-run Academy of Arts—open to the public, and widely advertised in a manner that had to insure success. The invitations stated the facts simply, and to the point: "Come in the nude, topless and bottomless. All you need wear is a flower in your hair. Leave your clothes in the cloakroom." With a come-on like that, about 3,000 turned out and before the cops could break it up, there were sights such as the following: nude bathing by men and women in an indoor swimming pool; nude dancing to the music of six bands; a mass orgy on 150-feet of foam beds and mattresses and artificial grass surrounding the swimming pool. Even after the cops took charge, there was quite a bit of disorder. In the mad scramble to get back into their clothes, the naked revelers left over quite a pile of brassieres, panties, men's undershorts and shoes—none of which has been claimed. Among those protesting the wild orgies at the party were the city's prostitutes, one of whom put it this way: "If we do, in the privacy of our cars, what these people did before thousands of people, then we are arrested."

HOW THEY BEAT THE BANK AT VEGAS—For a while, gambling room operators at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas were going out of their minds. At one of their dice tables, a fantastic number of "points" were being made—to the tune of a $300,000 loss for the house. It took them a while to figure it out, but when they did they

had stumbled on one of the most ingenious "break the bank" gimmicks ever concocted. Some electronic genius had figured out a way to coat the dice with cobalt-60, then, when the cubes were being rolled, he would turn on a hidden electronic pulsating device that acted on the tampered dice. A quick conference of engineers, called in by the frantic hotel, finally produced a way to roadblock the scheme—even though the system defies the usual magnetic detection precautions. Secondary worry is the fact that anyone standing around the table while the cobalt-60 is in use is subject to a serious radiation hazard. One doctor commented that cobalt-60 seems to have a much more successful effect on dice than on cancer patients or those undergoing transplants—the two most popular uses of radiation treatment.

◆◆◆

BIKINIS CHILL CHILE'S BISHOP—Catholic girls in Chile are in for a rough time at the seashore this year. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Valparaiso has barred them from wearing bikinis on any beaches in the country—the penalty: not being allowed to receive Holy Communion.

(Continued from page 57)

office. All of my colleagues agree that the importance of foreplay can't be overemphasized, particularly for women. Kissing and caressing, fondling of the breasts and even oral stimulation should continue for half an hour to an hour, or longer. If a couple follows this idea of extensive foreplay they will find that they can build themselves up to a beautiful climax.

(37) Very few women masturbate.

A California university's recent study of over 700 carefully-chosen women revealed that some 79% of them had masturbated at one time or another and that over half still masturbated with some regularity.

In my own research, I have discovered that indeed most women do masturbate at one time or another. And while males masturbate most frequently during the years between 16 and 20, women tend to masturbate less often while young.

SUCH famous sex researchers as Havelock Ellis have emphasized that as a woman grows older she is more likely to masturbate. It is far easier for a man to make other sexual arrangements, but for single, widowed and divorced women, the options are far fewer, and far more difficult.

(38) If a girl's hymen isn't intact, she isn't a virgin.

The hymen is a useless membrane which has caused anguish throughout history. The presence or absence of the hymen is absolutely no indication of the status of a girl's virginity.

I received a visit recently from a beautiful, red-haired girl of 18, a wife for three months, and her 19-year-old husband. The husband confessed that when he discovered his wife's hymen wasn't intact, he simply wasn't interested in making love to her. The poor girl insisted her husband was the first man she had ever made love to and that her only sexual experience was heavy petting, mostly with her husband.

I explained that heavy petting is only one of a hundred activities that can remove the hymen. The girl also swam regularly and rode horseback, and either of these activities could have affected the hymen.

(39) A man who is not fertile is also impotent.

There is no correlation here, as the Sanders-Carson studies have shown. Fertility depends on the spermatozoa quality and quantity, and a man's ability to deposit them in the woman's womb. But a man who lacks the spermatozoa can still be a very virile and successful lover.

(40) No matter how satisfactory a sexual life a husband and wife have at the beginning, after a few years it will inevitably become stale.

So long as a man and woman are willing to use their imagination, and still love each other, they should be able to interest each other sexually indefinitely.

WHAT is vital is that each partner realize that over the years tastes and interests change, and that there must be frequent adjustments to preferred positions, etc.

Also, many secondary aspects of lovemaking should be considered. If the wife now wears pajamas, for example, she should consider wearing sexy nightgowns —or sleeping nude. And twin beds may be convenient, but they are one of modern man's greatest obstacles to making love consistently.

(41) The ideal sexual partner is the nymphomaniac.

Men seem to hunt for the legendary nympho like those who once sought the Holy Grail. True nymphomania is actually rare, and when a woman has an insatiable craving for coitus it is usually for psychological, not physical, reasons. In other words, if you find the nympho of your dreams, she'll probably be a very sick girl.

(42) There is a certain way you can look into a girl's eyes and tell if she's a nymphomaniac.

This was the theme of a recently published paperback in which the hero sorted out the nymphos from the regular girls and reaped many extra hours in bed. Another version of this old tale is that it's possible to tell by a girl's eyes whe-

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"When I met the girl I married, you could have bought her for a night for $100. It took me an awful lot of money, plus a heap of soul-searching, before I finally asked her to be my wife—but by that time I wasn't bugged any more by the ghosts of other men she had slept with. And for those of you who think I'm some kind of nut, read my full story of how I met, fell in love with and happily married a call girl."

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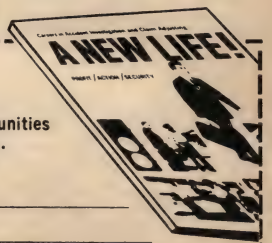

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ther she's a virgin. Frankly, the only thing you may learn from staring closely into a girl's eyes is whether she's nearsighted or not.

(43) Women have erotic, often bizarre sexual fantasies.

Women's fantasies are much tamer than those of men. When women masturbate, the physical pleasure is often all that's involved. And even when there *are* sexual fantasies, they're usually memories of a simple kiss or something equally mundane.

(44) Women are aroused by masculine nudity and virility.

In all my years of counseling, I have found very few women who are sexually excited by either male nudity or excessive virility.

(45) Women are manipulative and overly calculating when they seduce men.

It is a truism of human nature that a certain portion of all motivation is cold and calculating. And in paperback books, when a woman is interested in making love it's usually for some cool, calculated reason—for money, material reward or sheer animalistic sex.

But for every predatory female, there are many more who are only interested in coitus with a man because they love him, or feel tenderness, compassion or generosity toward him.

(46) Heavy petting is never harmful.

It is never harmful, as Dr. Albert Ellis has emphasized, so long as it leads to mutual climax. But hours of intense petting that leaves both man and woman aroused to the screaming point can be both highly unpleasant physically, and harmful emotionally. I always emphasize that no sexual activity, no matter what form it takes, should be indulged in unless it eventually leads to mutual orgasm.

(47) Contraceptive devices and practices should make no difference as far as sexual desire is concerned.

Quite the contrary. Contraceptive devices can cause real trouble in the sexual arousement of either or both partners. In just the short time it takes the man to apply a condom, for example, he can cool off, or the woman's passion can suddenly burn out. And many people definitely find the insertion of the diaphragm a process that causes desire to subside.

(48) There are no outward signs that would indicate when a woman has become sexually excited.

Not true. Masters and Johnson, in their studies, observed that in both men and women, when sexual excitement increases, there are muscular contractions —both voluntary and involuntary—which cause fingers and toes to curl downward.

(49) The best areas for foreplay in arousing a woman are the breasts and external genital organs.

THESE areas are certainly important, but you might be surprised to learn that with many women there are other parts of the body that respond to fondling and kissing even more. Such areas include the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, back of the neck, the backbone, base of the spine and the inner parts of the ears.

(50) Most women prefer to make love to a man who has a dangerous or glamorous job.

A final myth, true only in the unlikely world of paperback books. The Simpson-Sloane studies, conducted in California over a period of years, found that the occupation of the man was of little or no importance to a woman in determining her attitude toward love-making. And when jobs were mentioned, such vocations as accountant and mechanic scored quite high. ◆◆◆

"I MAY BE DEAD!"

Continued from page 22

your whole life changes. It took me several times to learn. But now I don't go places alone. I eat only in restaurants I know, places where I know the back way out and where they are going to be afraid to come after me. I learned to check my car against booby traps. I look real close at strangers, particularly if they are where they shouldn't be. But I'm not afraid. I figure you go when your number's up. I couldn't stand living afraid; but I am careful. That's how I stay alive.

My first—and closest—death call came on Oct. 23, 1959, when I was in a car with a fellow named Frank Sottosanti of Astoria, and two other guys, Joe DiMasi and John Lazuk. I was already working with the Internal Revenue men and I had decided to play close to the mob. What I didn't know was that there was a contract on me.

It was about 9:30 P.M. and we were just riding around talking. It was raining and I had on a raincoat. I was driving the car. Lazuk was sitting on the front seat next to me and DiMasi and Sottosanti were sitting in the back. We stopped for a light at 30th and 13th Street, about two blocks from the 114th Precinct.

I had my foot on the brake and the car was in gear while I waited for the light to change. I could sense something wrong, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Then Lazuk shot me. I don't know where the gun came from, I wasn't paying any attention. I was looking at the light. He put the gun near my ear and shot twice. Then as I started to slump, he shot again and hit me in the pinkie.

I was lucky that Lazuk was a lot taller than me. He was pointing slightly down with the gun when he put it behind my ear. Instead of splattering my brains over the upholstery, one bullet came out of my larynx in the front of my neck and the other came out of my jaw on the other side of my head. I wasn't conscious. In fact, I didn't feel anything. My foot came off the brake and the car started to move.

They reached over my body and pulled the emergency brake. Then they jumped out. I didn't feel anything. My ears were ringing. I got out of the car and sat on the curb. A couple of kids came along and said "Mister, you're hurt." They called the cops and brought me to St. John's Hospital. I was in a coma for four days. I was so bad they even gave away my last effects to a relative—74 cents and a watch.

When I came around, I was able to give the cops the names of the three guys who were in the car. They arrested DiMasi and Lazuk, and held Sottosanti as a material witness. It was obvious to me, from knowing these guys, that someone had paid to get me killed—and I knew who it was. I know his real name, and so do the authorities, but we'll have to call him Mr. X until he gets arrested.

The name of Mr. X never came up at the trial of DiMasi and Lazuk. DiMasi was convicted of attempted murder, but Lazuk was acquitted. At the time, it was thought that DiMasi did the shooting and that's why he took the rap. About 18 months later, Lazuk, who had been acquitted and couldn't be retried, admitted to the police that he was the triggerman. As a result, DiMasi got a new trial and copped a plea to a lesser crime. He was freed after 22 months in prison.

IT was lucky for me that DiMasi didn't stay in jail too long because, as you will soon see, he may be one reason why I'm still alive. In fact, I no longer consider Lazuk and DiMasi as enemies. It turns out that there was a $10,000 contract from Mr. X on my life. Lazuk got only $500 and DiMasi got $2,500. So, what with cheating all down the line, you can see why DiMasi and Lazuk have no great love for Mr. X. That sort of puts them on my side. Anyway, I managed to stay safe while I was giving information to the feds and the local cops from 1959 to 1964, even though I got no police protection. Fortunately, I was able to learn about the second attempt on my life before the would-be killers could hit.

It was about June, 1964, I got a call at my apartment in Astoria. It was Joe DiMasi. He said: "Don't move. There's a contract on ya." By this time, I was working with the intelligence division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. We were working on a tax case. I called the Treasury men and they picked up DiMasi and came over to my house. Joe said that his son-in-law, Richard Cristani of West Islip, and a man named Leonard Bassuk of Deer Park had been offered a contract to hit me. I guess Joe likes me more than his own son-in-law

The feds got hold of the police, who brought the two guys in. They had been hanging around the neighborhood and in my building. The cops arrested them because a gun was found in their car. They wouldn't tell much to the police, but later federal agents gave them immunity when they swore that they had been offered $2,500 by an agent for Mr. X to hit me. But nothing ever happened to Mr. X or his agents. I'd like to know why.

From there on in, the pressure really got rough. I had been working with the feds and Mr. X had been indicted for income-tax evasion. Everyone in Astoria seemed to know that I was scheduled to be a government witness at the trial.

Then came the third try on my life. On June 8, 1966, I got into my car, which was parked around the corner from my house. I tried the lights, but the whole light system seemed to have gone on the blink. I'm usually pretty careful, but instead of running for the hills, I drove to the Cadillac people and asked them to check what was wrong. It was a new car and the guarantee was still good.

The mechanic found the trouble when he opened the hood. It was not what you'd call an optional extra. It was an 18-inch

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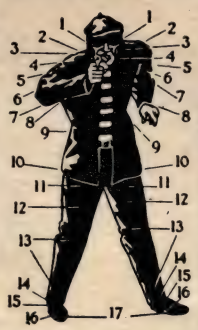

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☐ I understand that by studying KARATE I am morally bound and obligated never to practice KARATE as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse it.

pipe with about two pounds of black powder, enough to blow up a medium-sized apartment house, according to the cops. Those stupid idiots had hooked up the bomb to the wrong wires, otherwise I'd still be flying through space.

I asked the mechanic to put the hood back down but you know how tough it is to get that little extra bit of service. He wouldn't do it. So I did it myself and called the Internal Revenue guys. We never found out who wired up the car, but we damn well figured who it was.

Meanwhile, Mr. X went on trial. I was doing my best to be careful. On Sept. 6, 1966, at about 2:30 A.M. I drove into my neighborhood. I drove around the block twice, but I saw no one. It seemed okay. I parked in an alley near the house and started out.

As I walked up the alley, nature called. I stopped for a minute and that probably saved my life. For the fourth time, I was a target. Two guys had been waiting outside and when they didn't see me they started coming in. One was tall and the other was short and they were about 15 feet from me. At first the big guy threw me off. I thought they were cops. Then I saw the gun hanging from the short guy's hand. I turned and started running as fast as I could.

THEY fired and the first shot hit me in the shoulder blade, smashed off of the bone and lodged in my neck. I had my hands behind me, trying to shield my head; it's a stupid thing to do against bullets, but you don't think much when you're running for your life. The second shot would have killed me, though, if I didn't have my hand up. It hit a heavy sapphire ring on my pinkie finger and glanced away. That ring was so mutilated that they had to hacksaw it off in the hospital.

All in all police say that they fired 12 shots, but I had a head of steam on and I was jumping fences. I heard one guy yell: "Get around to the other side and get that rat——!" I jumped another fence and crawled under a big bush. I was scared silly. I was afraid to breathe. Then I heard a car take off and people yelling: "What's going on there?" I ran down the street in a crouch to my apartment.

I called my sister and she got me to Elmhurst Hospital. The Internal Revenue guys got hold of the new Queens district attorney, Nat Hentel. I identified the two guys as Anthony Ficarotta and Eugene Calannio. Hentel's men brought them in and I picked them out of the lineup. They were arrested and indicted. (The present DA, Thomas Mackell, says they are to be tried this month.)

I never saw the bums before, but I've learned to add two and two and get four. After that I was under federal custody (Internal Revenue Intelligence) and Hentel's men kept checking on me. Police tails cramp my style, so the protection lasted only 15 weeks.

But the boys never give up. It was time for a fifth try on my life. On Feb. 6, 1967, I broke my schedule and again it saved my life. Almost always I leave home at 7 A.M. That morning I left at 6:20 A.M. I got in my car on Crescent Street, where it was parked, and drove off. When I came back a couple of hours later I learned what happened. There was a car just up the block from mine, blown to hell. And Ralph Minerva, who is one of Mr. X's flunkies, was in the hospital missing his left eye and five of his fingers. Poor fellow.

He had quite a story for the cops. He told them he just happened to be driving by my house and he saw what he thought was a radio lying on the ground right where my car had been parked. He said he stopped and was putting the "radio" in his car when it blew up. Man, that's hi-fi. Of course, the "radio" was a radio-activated bomb. What happened was that someone was attaching the bomb to the bottom of my car and hadn't finished the job when I came out and took off.

NOW, you may find this hard to believe, but I'm telling it the way I heard it. The thing that actually set off the bomb was—get this—a radio signal from some passing police car. (Last month, Minerva pleaded guilty to a charge of possessing a dangerous weapon. He hasn't been sentenced yet.)

But it seems they never stop. Murder attempt No. 6 came on Aug. 14, 1967. I was talking to a friend in Astoria on the corner of Ninth Street and 36th Avenue. He had a letter for me to read and I was leaning toward his car window when some young guy I never saw before came up behind me and started shooting. Fortunately I was leaning against the car and the only part of me he could get was my arm. He shot me twice there. He ran around the car and I beat it through the gas station and got away. The young guy was never caught.

So that's my story. Now, I just wait for the next time the boys come after me. There is no use being scared. I figure it's fate. If I gotta go, I gotta go, that's all. I could step off a sidewalk and fracture my skull and go. I'm not tempting fate, but what the hell, I can't lead a sheltered life. I can't go hibernating in some jungle. If they got that kind of fortitude that they want to keep on—and take a chance—what can I do? I got to live. ◆◆◆

Shamed by Your English?

Don Bolander, M. A., University of Chicago; B. S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education

"It's really surprising how many otherwise capable men and women go on killing their chances to get more of what they want out of life every time they speak or write," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute, Chicago. "They find themselves standing still, left out of things, often without realizing it's because they lack *the one ability more important to their success than any other* — a command of good English.

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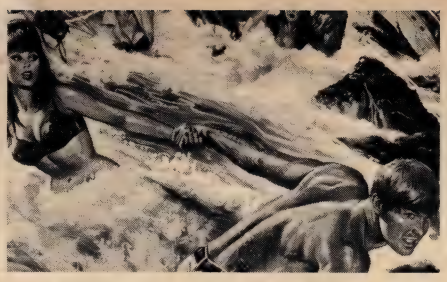

LOST ISLAND ORDEAL

Continued from page 18

that Force-8 winds had been recorded by H.M.S. Sirus, *beating her way west from Rarotonga. The British destroyer had been forced to find shelter in the lee of one of the many small islands that dot this area. While she was running before the wind, her lookouts had reported sighting a freighter lying dead in the water. She carried no lights and was seemingly without power. Further investigation was not possible because of extremely hazardous weather conditions . . .*

I had no thought of dying when I signed on as first mate with *SS Nyanga* four months before. I only wanted to eat three times a day (like most people in the world) and have some time to straighten out my life.

The interisland, 2600-ton *Nyanga* was no luxury liner. She was at least 35 years old and showed her age in every rusty rivet. But then again, so did I.

She was a Pacific Ocean tramp. I was a world-wide bum. The *SS Nyanga* had started out her 8-knot career as the show piece of the Van Staaten Line, a family of island traders who've been collecting copra and pearls across the Pacific for more years than the United States has been an independent nation. Two wars, three military confiscations, one torpedo—and fifteen years of neglect—had reduced the once proud lady of the Pacific to a leaking, rust-buttomed ocean-streetwalker. Maybe that's why I liked her.

I, too, started out as a show piece, from Jessup, Long Island. My folks have been going to sea for almost as long as the Van Staatens. Next to Amaganset and Nantucket, Jessup was once the most important whaling port on the East Coast, and I guess my ancestors were good men with a harpoon. Then the whale oil business died—and so did Jessup. My folks and some others stayed on, though. The Hopkins, Jessups (it's still a big name in town), Coffins and Maceys kept sending their sons to sea, though not in square-riggers any more. Most wind up in the U.S. Navy. With me it was the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, almost as good as far as my family was concerned.

But things never did go right for me. Oh, sure, I got my mate's papers, but something always came up to stop me from getting that big ticket: a master's license. I've long ago stopped beating my brains about it. I just wasn't cut out to be a captain.

The Korean War saw me stuff some fancy pay packets into my jeans. When it was all over there was a short stint with one of those spooky "mystery ships" you're always reading about. You know what I mean; I don't have to draw a diagram for you.

Anyway, a couple of close shaves with some Russian gunboats and some even closer ones with the Treasury Department, and I decided spy ship or no, I was going to cut out. So when we were going through the Panama Canal I sort of got lost in transit.

Then came a long whisky and wild women stretch on the beach. Panama City, Cartagena, Honolulu, and finally Papeete in the Society Islands. That's where I shook it off and decided to get back to work.

So the *SS Nyanga* came into my life. I became friendly with her skipper over a bottle of Dutch gin. He was an old Hollander called Piet Lorenzo (many Dutch seamen still have Spanish names), and he offered me a job no questions asked. Truth is, his own papers couldn't take too careful scrutiny.

"You be my first mate," he growled at me. "Keep those Kanakas from falling asleep. They good boys, you know. But lazy."

I knew what he meant. Kanakas, Polynesian sailor-natives, make up the crew of almost every merchant ship that plies the Pacific, and though justly famed for courage and cheerfulness, they aren't among the world's hardest workers. I'm not, either, so I'd get along just fine with them.

For four months everything went smoothly. We steamed from New Caledonia to the Marquesas, south to Pitcairn Island and then west to Wellington, New Zealand. Usually we carried copra, occasionally, some lard and palm wine. I had plenty of time to think. Each leg of the trip was over 3,000 miles, and that's a lot of water.

On this last voyage, from Tahiti to Rarontonga, things changed. The owners of the *SS Nyanga* radioed that we were to pick up a charter party of American tourists and bring them to Tonga, "fabled paradise of the South Pacific." There were only nine of them, and the *SS Nyanga* had cabin space for twelve, so pick them up we did.

They were a harmless enough bunch, mostly retired men and women from Florida on some sort of group junket. There was a real estate man named Phil Ross, a sort of overage fraternity boy; a couple of over-the-hill secretaries blowing their savings, and there was Meredith Dixon.

I NOTICED her the minute she walked up the gangplank—big, clean limbed, full-breasted. Silken brown hair, tanned skin and a pair of grey-green eyes that looked at the world without blinking. Maybe she was in her late 20s, or early 30s, I couldn't tell. But I liked her and I think she was trying to make up her mind about me.

Then came the night of October 28, 1967. We'd cleared Papeete the morning before and were steaming due west for Rarotonga. The captain called me to the bridge late in the afternoon.

"Mike, we have to shut off the engines for a few hours," he said. "One of the fuel lines is clogged. Secure the ship."

Captain Piet Lorenzo was many things, but he wasn't a poor seaman. He knew as well as I did that the barometer was dropping, and that meant a storm. A ship without power in a Pacific blowup is not an insurance underwriter's dream.

That night, as the wind freshened from the south and waves started to roll in

increasing strength, I ordered two long anchors out for and aft. They'd hold the ship in all but a typhoon, and the barometer didn't promise one.

During the night the storm slammed into the *Nyanga.* Her anchors dragged. The engines were dead. Dismantled. There was no power and no way of getting any. The wind and waves beat us north, pushing, tugging, until the old 2600-tonner lay wallowing, almost capsized, heading for that deadly coral reff.

Then came the giant wave, and I was in the water. . .

I could only have been unconscious for a few seconds because I was aware that I was struggling in foaming water. The hand gripping mine belonged to Phil Ross. He wasn't making any funny remarks or doing any of the other things he was known for. He was just trying to keep his head above water, sputtering, coughing and struggling to hold onto me. Phil Ross couldn't swim. I paddled with one arm and tried to keep him afloat with the other. The object that had winded me bobbed back at us in the darkness. I reached out to push it away when I realized it was the lifeboat, the stern end. It was floating upside down.

"Over here," someone shouted almost directly ahead of me. "Over here. There's a boat." More voices sounded nearby. Then one I recognized, even in the dark, even in the water. It was Meredith Dixon. "Hang on everyone . . . this side. . . enough of us we can turn the boat over."

Suddenly her head was next to mine. It must have been getting light, because I could make out her face clearly. "Oh good, it's you," she said, spitting out sea water. "I'd hoped you'd be around somewhere."

Funny sort of thing to say in the middle of a disaster, but I knew what she meant. She was good, damn good. Meredith saw I was holding someone up and moved behind me to grab Ross's other arm.

"I'll nold him," she shouted into my ear. "You try and get the boat righted."

I let go of Ross and moved along the side of the capsized lifeboat to get amidship. If I could get enough people there, we might be able to flip the boat over. Then something touched my foot. I thought it might be a shark. My whole body froze, waiting for the next contact. Then my leg brushed against something hard. I moved it. I was standing!

"We're on the reef. Look out—we're right over the reef!" I yelled. All around me people were struggling to keep their balance as their feet made contact with the coral below.

Dawn was breaking. The waves seemed to be quieting. Behind us, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, lay the *Nyanga,* tilted on her side and showing her rusty keel. She was skewered on the reef, coral had trapped her and each wave pushed her further and further onto the jagged stone teeth. In an hour she would be cut in half and sink below the surface.

As for us, standing waist-high on that same reef, unless something happened quickly we too would join the *Nyanga* in her grave. It was a good 300 yards to the beach, across churning water and jagged coral. Several times our capsized lifeboat had nearly slipped out of our grasp. It was the only thing that kept us all together, so we clung to it.

I guess I've got a pretty good instinct for survival, because suddenly I was telling everyone what to do.

"I'll go first," I shouted above the roar of the breakers and the wind, "and everyone grab someone's hand. Last person hold onto the boat. Walk on the coral or float, *but hold onto those hands tight!*"

I didn't wait to discuss the matter, but grabbed Meredith's left hand and struck out for the beach. After her came the other survivors, clinging to each other's hands. Some slipped and went underwater, but the chain didn't break. Yard by yard we drew closer to the beach. My feet were already touching sand. I turned and began to pull the others in like a Portuguese fisherman hauling in a cod net. The last survivor stumbled out of the water and collapsed on the beach. It had been a miracle, but we were safe.

Out there, across the reef, the *Nyanga* lived her last few minutes. Even as I watched, her spine broke; the bow section reared up in the air and slipped beneath the waves. Seconds after, the stern vanished. She had ceased to exist.

Meredith was standing next to me. For no particular reason, I said, "I hate to see ships die. In some way it's worse than seeing people die."

Both of us just stared at the empty, swirling sea. . .

So now we were castaways on a South Pacific island. Very romantic and usually very fatal. There were ten of us, nine passengers and myself, and not a canteen of water or chocolate bar among the lot.

Sometime that first morning, after our clothes had dried and the shock of what we had endured was beginning to wear off, we moved into the shadows of some palm trees and discussed our predicament.

"Has anyone any idea where we are?" one of the retired men from Florida ask-

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ed. "Do you think the captain and the crew are on the island?" a middle-aged matron chimed in.

They were looking at me, so I figured they expected an answer. "I don't have a map on me at the moment (laughter!) but I think we're on one of the Manua Islands, about five hundred miles west of Papeete."

I didn't add that as far as I knew no ship ever sailed within a hundred miles of this group. They had no reason to. The islands were way off the usual sea lanes.

"As for the captain and the Kanakas, maybe they're further along the beach. When we've found some water we can start looking for them."

But finding water wasn't that easy. The island was barren, at least along the stretch of coast we were on. In the distance, over the tops of the palms, I could see a mountain and some lush vegetation. If there was food and water, that's where we'd eventually have to move.

In the meantime, I picked up some coconuts and cracked them against the sharp coral. The milk spilled out over my hand, but there was enough left to quench our thirst for the time being. Soon everyone was busy splitting coconuts and drinking milk.

Next came a fire. I got some of the passengers to collect a pile of napa palm and some liana vines and lit them with my cigarette lighter—which still worked. Perhaps I should have rubbed two sticks together for effect, but I've never been convinced that really works.

By nightfall, which came suddenly and without warning as it always does in the Pacific, there was a handsome blaze for us to sit around—but no food.

Meredith had found some bird's eggs and we were boiling them in the empty coconut shells. I had spotted a large sea bird who apparently knew nothing about the wiles of human beings. I crawled up on him, grabbed him, and soon he was roasting over the fire on a palm spit.

We slept in the sand that first night, near the fire. I heard some crying, but not as much as I would have expected from people who'd suddenly been thrown back into the wilderness.

The next morning we started exploring. Groups of three moved in opposite directions along the beach, looking for Captain Lorenzo and the crew and scouting for any signs of habitation. Phil Ross, who had attached himself to me out of gratitude for the lift I'd given him in the water, Meredith and myself struck inland. Several of us still had watches that worked, and we agreed to meet back at the beach by 4:00 P.M.

ROSS, Meredith and I moved away from the sea and into the liana and palm forest. Soon the ground was sloping and we were climbing. The tree line gave way to thick underbrush, then to sparse patches of grass. Finally, after more than two hours, there was moss-covered lava under our feet. Below us, in every direction, stretched the ocean, green specked with blue, an unbroken horizon of water.

From where we were standing, roughly half way between the beach and the top of a mountain (from the lava I guessed it was probably an extinct volcano), we could make out the outer perimeter of the entire island. It looked something like a slab of cake: wide and high at one end, narrowing, dwindling into coral reefs at the other. I figured it to be about five-to-ten miles from top to tip and maybe half that wide.

Coming down, on our way back to the beach, we passed what looked like a man-made reservoir of fresh water. Actually, it was a pocket of lava that over many centuries had been worn smooth as a sugar bowl and now held what must have been at least six months of rain water.

"This is where we'll have to move to," Meredith said, echoing my thoughts. "Here or maybe even further up where we can keep an eye on the horizon."

I told you she was good.

But the others wouldn't hear of it. "The beach is much the safest place for us," one of the Florida men insisted. "Anyway, we've found some fresh water right near here."

The others nodded. "This is the first place any rescue planes will look for us," a middle-aged Tampa schoolteacher, male, said. "When they find we haven't reached Rarotonga in a couple of days, the government will send out search planes and where's the best place for a pilot to spot people? In the jungle—or on a white beach?" Pausing dramatically, though not really expecting an answer, he concluded, "So I think—we *all* think—Mr. Hopkins that this is the best place for us to be."

I knew what was bothering them; the same thing that has troubled primitive man since he first came out of the ocean or down from the trees. They were scared. They were familiar with the sea. They were unfamiliar with the forest. The ocean was the road back to "civilization." The closer they stuck to it the sooner they'd get home.

That night I talked to Phil and Meredith. "They don't realize we were an *unscheduled* vessel, not an airliner that files a flight plan. It could be months before we're found. Even with passengers aboard we're allowed to detour if there's a cargo waiting. Anyhow, who the hell knows where we are? Captain Lorenzo didn't even get off an S.O.S. If this is one of the Manua Islands, the last ship to call here was the *Bounty* in 1789!"

Meredith smiled. "And they only came here because the crew had tossed their captain overboard in a mutiny, right?"

Phil Ross was fascinated. "You mean, the guys who pulled the mutiny on the *Bounty*—I saw the movie—came to *this* island?" he asked.

"They came to one of the Manua Islands, maybe not this one," I explained, "because it's about as remote as any island group in the world. When they left here, they headed for Pitcairn Island to the southeast, and then they all murdered each other. Only one guy in that whole crew survived."

"And that was the first mate," Meredith chuckled. "Just like you."

Poor Phil Ross, even by the light of the fire I could see he had paled. He got up and moved away from me, closer to the others. It struck me that's exactly what Meredith had wanted him to do.

"No I hadn't," she said later that night as we were lying together just outside the light cast by the fire. We had made a mattress out of palm leaves and were trying to find warmth in each other's presence. I was not touching her as a lover, even though (I suspect) she was waiting for me to. I was enjoying her without passion, drawing strength from having her near me.

"I like Phil," she was saying, "but I couldn't resist scaring him. He's never really grown up, I think."

"What about you?" I asked. "Aren't you scared a little? "I mean, you're not exactly hard to look at, you're smart and you're good with people. Why no husband?"

She raised her head, trying to see my face in the darkness. "I could answer that in several ways, starting with it's none of your damned business and ending with maybe I'm looking for something more than a milk-fed character who plays golf on Sundays and plays with other things—like his secretary—the rest of the week."

I didn't answer. There were other things on my mind, like what were our chances of being rescued and how long could we survive. I drifted off to sleep, cradling the girl's head against my shoulder. The last thing I remember was saying to

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myself: "Her name is Meredith Dixon . . .nurse from Boston . . . and there's no place I'd rather be than right here with her."

Just goes to show you what can happen to a man on a South Sea island.

The next morning the argument about where we should set up house grew hotter. It was seven passengers against Phil Ross, Meredith and myself. We debated, we pointed out advantages and handicaps. I threw in my "survival experience" to support the argument for moving higher up on the island.

The arguing lasted two more days, then I'd had enough. The next day Phil, Meredith and I said goodbye. We agreed that if either camp saw a ship or a plane before the other, a messenger would be sent. I told the teacher from Tampa to look for my smoke each morning. That would give them an indication of where we were. He said he would.

So one week almost to the day after landing on the island, the three of us headed inland and started the long climb up the mountain. Late that afternoon we reached our "sugar bowl" of water and pitched camp. While Phil Ross cleared the area and built a lean-to, Meredith gathered wood for a fire. I sharpened a bamboo stake with a flat coral wedge, as lethal as any knife, and went hunting. I didn't come back empty handed: two fat *itatae* birds (they look and taste like wild ducks), a shirtful of bird's eggs and some wild cucumbers for dessert.

That night the three of us ate until we were groaning. It was a relief to be among friends. Phil was in good spirits and entertained us with an endless series of jokes and tales of Miami resort life. Later, the three of us crept into our individual shelters and slept soundly.

That night it rained. From then on, for at least one hour, usually late in the afternoon, there was a heavy shower every day. Our drinking water supply was assured. . .

In the Head Office of the Van Staaten Line, in Wellington, New Zealand, the SS Nyanga *had been given up for lost. Radio messages to all outlying trading posts, island agents and ships at sea had failed to bring any news of the missing merchant ship. The American consul at Auckland had been notified that the* SS Nyanga *was carrying nine American passengers "and that these must be presumed dead." The firm of Lloyds of London, insurer of the* Nyanga, *was officially informed on January 19 of the loss of the vessel, and on January 21, turned over a check for $300,000 to the Van Staaten Line . . .*

EACH day the three of us made trips to various parts of the island. Once we crossed to the other side and spent the night on the beach there. We found sea crabs and broiled them on coconut shards, right in the middle of the fire. They were delicious.

"In a Miami Beach hotel," Phil said, "an order of crabs like this would run you seven bucks—and then you'd have to tip the waiter."

I began to remember things out of Robinson Crusoe—how he made rope out of vines and wove tapa cloth. So we cut some vines and tried it. Before long, we each had a hammock to swing in (for daytime snoozes) and rope netting for bird traps and fishing.

But food wasn't our only thought. Fortunately, there seemed to be enough of it around. We began to think of building a boat. After all, the Polynesians sailed thousands of miles in out-riggers built of bamboo and palm, complete with tapa sails.

I made sketches on bleached wood, using burned coconut shards for charcoal. The more I thought about it, the more I realized it could be done. Others had accomplished it—whole nations had sailed across the Pacific with no more than we had—so why couldn't we?

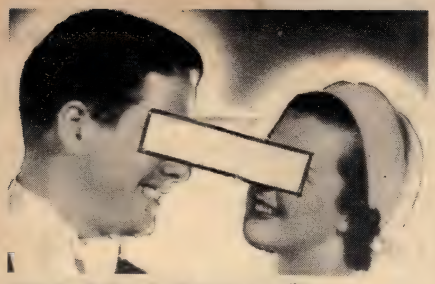
At night I studied the stars. Lessons in astro-navigation, learned long ago at Kings Point and long pretty much forgotten, started coming back to me. As days turned into weeks and then months, the stars became more familiar to me until I had a pretty good idea of where we were—and where we would have to go.

Our everyday lives became as normal as if we were back in "civilization." We had our washing pool, complete with bamboo-pipe shower, and our "head" (one for each of us). Our "kitchen fire" and our signal fire. There was a "play" area where we thought up new schemes, tried out gimmicks, and there were our sleeping quarters.

Twice we visited our fellow castaways on the beach: they had disintegrated into warring, openly hostile cliques. Only a couple had made any attempt to improve their living conditions, set up some kind of permanent shelter. We invited them to visit us, but those we asked said they couldn't risk the chance of "missing the rescue boat."

"What'll happen to them?" Meredith asked me on the way back from one such visit.

Phil answered for me. "I think they might do what you and Mike told me about . . . you know, the mutiny on the *Bounty.*"



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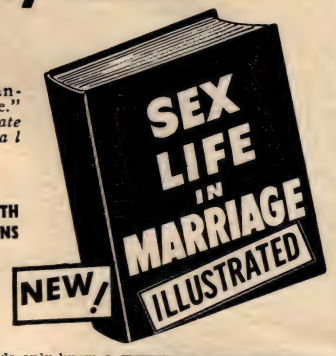

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"We'd better slip behind those rocks and get out of these wet clothes."

We all laughed, but it wasn't that far-fetched. Several had already come to blows. The only thing they had in common was their dislike for us. We were the "deserters."

Four months and three days after we'd arrived on the island, while Meredith and I were fishing in an inlet on the far side of the island, I told her I loved her.

She looked at me and smiled. "I've been in love with you for a long time," she said quietly. "You certainly take your own sweet time about things." And then, Meredith being who she was added: "I wish to God our pal Phil was a baby doctor."

That night when it was time to go to bed, I lay down next to Meredith on her palm matress. During dinner we'd told Phil, and he had cackled like a satisfied matchmaker.

"You two were made for each other," he said. "Of all the women on the island, I couldn't have found a nicer girl for you." And that started him off on a round of honeymoon jokes.

But now Meredith was in my arms and I took possession of her as a man in love has a right to. She was a strong, passionate girl. It was almost dawn before we sank into contented sleep. Meredith had been worth waiting for.

Not surprisingly, there was less and less talk between us now of rescue and escape. For Phil's sake, I tried to keep up the pretense of "waiting for the ship" and even went ahead with plans for building an outrigger. But my heart wasn't in it anymore and neither was Meredith's. We were happy where we were. What did "rescue" have to offer us?

May 28, 1968. Royal Mail Ship Impregnable *to C-in-C, Nukualofa, Tonga. "Have picked up seven survivors from* SS Nyanga *on uninhabited Manua Island. Three more reported inland. Further search canceled due to suspected smallpox on board. Making best speed for Papeete. Advise. P. Netherton, Master."*

It was our feeling of calm satisfaction that left us so totally unprepared for the news that shattered our lives seven months to the day after we'd first set foot on the island. Phil Ross came runnine into the clearing, shouting. "They've gone! Those stinking, rotten bastards have gone and left us behind!"

"How do you know?" I asked quickly, after the first shock. I was trying to cope with the mixed feelings I was experiencing. "How do you know they've gone anywhere? I haven't seen a ship."

"Of course you haven't. You've been too busy to look out there," he shouted, pointing. really angry for the first time since I'd known him. I looked. Sure enough, on the horizon moving away from the island was a smudge of smoke.

"I was halfway down to the beach when I saw it," Phil sputtered, his quick flare of rage burning out. "I ran down as fast as I could, but when I got there every one of those sons of bitches had gone."

Then he said, and I loved him for this, "They didn't even clean up the area."

IT was still early in the day, time enough to reach the beach. We started out at once and made it to the landing place in record time. Sure enough, the beach was deserted. The crude palm shelters standing in the tree line, unchanged since the day we had built them, were empty.

Phil stood at the edge of the water and stared out to sea. Meredith came over to me and put her arm through mine. "Poor old Phil," she said. "Poor sweet idiot."

Then I saw the box.

It was painted red and yellow and lay in the sand where long ago we had built our first fire. I darted for it, nearly jerking Meredith's arm out of the socket in my haste. I wrenched open the lid and took out the piece of paper lying inside. It was a note for us

Sirs (and Madam), it read, in a neatly written hand.

We are aware of your presence on the island and only the most urgent haste forces us to leave without you. Your fellow survivors in-

form me that you are a half day's march from this spot—and even they are not certain of your exact location. Unfortunately, we have two cases of suspected smallpox on board and must make all possible speed for Papeete. I will, of course, inform the authorities at once and have no doubt they will dispatch a flying boat immediately. Please be so advised. In the words of the Bible: "Your deliverance is nigh."

Signed: Percy Netherton,
Master of the British Royal Mail *Impregnable*

I showed the note to Phil. "The guy's putting us on," was his comment. "There's nobody left in the world who talks that way."

"Except Percy Netherton," Meredith said.

So there it was, rescue in a day, perhaps two or three at the outside. We walked back to our camp site and started dinner. Funny, I think we all hoped, secretly, that the plane wouldn't come. But of course it would. "Civilization" with all of its ugly stinking problems was just over the horizon.

WE sat and looked into the fire, the way we did every night. Suddenly Phil chuckled. "Say Mike, how long do they usually quarantine people for smallpox anyway?"

I told him I wasn't sure, but I knew what he was driving at. "At least a month, maybe longer in Papeete," I said.

The three of us started to laugh.

Later, with Meredith lying in my arms I told her what was in my heart. I didn't want to leave the island. I had no wish to face the world outside. Most of all, I dreaded the thought of losing her.

She kissed me and said, "Don't give it a thought, Mike. You're stuck with me for life—if you'll have me."

And as we were falling asleep she whispered, "And I think we ought to adopt Phil."

We were all laughing about it the next day when we heard the drone of an approaching aircraft.

* * *

On May 29, 1968, the last three survivors of the ill-fated *SS Nyanga* waved goodbye to their island through the window of a French Air-Sea rescue plane. A quick stopover at Papeete for medical examinations (all three were found to be in excellent physical condition—which says something for a "natural diet") was followed by a long flight back to the states. In Papeete they had been told that Captain Piet Lorenzo and the Kanaka crew of the *Nyanga* were listed as "drowned at sea."

Phil Ross returned to Miami. At last report, he was parlaying his island adventures into a second—and even larger—real estate fortune. Last spring, he flew to Boston to be best man at Mike Hopkins' and Meredith Dixon's wedding.

Mike hasn't gone back to sea. Today, he is the Senior Harbor Agent for the Black Star shipping line, a job that lets him spend his days climbing decks of freighters and his nights, as he says, "where a smart man should be—in bed with his wife."

On weekends, he and Meredith sail a 34-foot schooner across to Nantucket Island. Next summer they plan to take it to Florida. "We'll pick up Phil Ross," Mike says, "and go cruising in the Bahamas or something."

Says Phil Ross, "Well, here we go again." ◆◆◆

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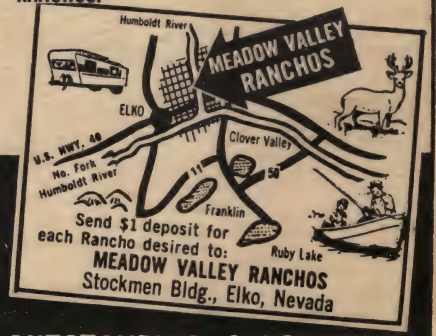

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SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
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3¾	3	20
5	4	25

Name:_____

Address_____

City:_____ Zone:____ State:____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

$17-BILLION GYP

Continued from page 29

■Chicago, Ill. "For her birthday I gave my wife an expensive chrome electric percolator. The first time she tried to use it, we discovered that the strainer holes and step openings were so small that they clogged with coffee after the first few burps and the percolator then only boiled brownish water."

■San Francisco, Cal. "Our color TV set has ghosts. According to the manufacturer, the cause is the antenna. According to the antenna people, the fault is in the set. They keep passing the buck back and forth and I get no satisfaction from either one."

■Newburgh, N.Y. "I purchased $450.-33 worth of screens and storm windows. The frames are so faulty that hundreds of flies, wasps and bugs enter my home. We have complained to the manufacturer but the most we got was a suggestion to use fly spray."

■Boston, Mass. "We bought a vacuum cleaner in the $100 price range after the salesman assured us that parts and service were readily available in our area. The plastic hose broke—not split—eight days after we began using it. Contrary to the salesman's representation, a replacement could not be obtained either here in Boston or anywhere else but the factory. It took us four months to get a new part from the manufacturer, and we had to pay for it in spite of the so-called guarantee. During all this time we did not have the use of a vacuum cleaner.

■Fairfield, Ill: "Several months ago I sent my electric mixer to the company's repair service. After much correspondence and my mixer being sent through the mails four times, it is now in worse shape than when I sent it the first time. It is now completely beyond use."

For a long time it was part of our modern folklore to believe that big name national manufacturers tested and inspected their products with the greatest of care before allowing them to be sold to consumers. If one of these products did turn out to be defective, it was also a part of this folklore that once in a great while, because of large-scale assembly line operation, it was inevitable that a "lemon" would slip out of a factory and be sold to a consumer.

THIS legend was shot to pieces where the automobile industry is concerned, for example, during the sensational senate investigation touched off by Ralph Nader and the publication of his book, "Unsafe at Any Speed." Detroit's Big Three have since recalled tens of thousands of cars for rechecks and the examination of suspected defective parts.

More recently General Electric, a leading manufacturer of television receivers, acknowledged it was modifying 90,000 color TV sets build in 1966 and 1967, because they were emitting "X-radiation in the excess of desirable levels."

In justice to these particular manufacturers, it must be pointed out that they are taking steps to correct their goofs. Too many other manufacturers are not.

Last year alone, according to a study made by a leading consumers' organization, more than four and a half *billion* dollars' worth of poorly designed, badly made—and, in some instances, hazardous—products were sold to unsuspecting customers. In addition, consumers spent 17 *billion* dollars on replacement parts and service charges.

"The majority of these purchasers were victimized in one of two ways," the study reported. "The manufacturers found loopholes in their alleged 'guarantees' and claimed that the defective part was made by a sub-manufacturer and not included in the guarantee. Or purchasers were given such a calculated and prolonged runaround that they ultimately either paid for repairs and parts themselves or junked the products in angry frustration. In only a minority of cases did the manufacturers eventually make good and in some of these instances the purchasers were billed for shipping, removal, installation and/or service charges. At least 25 percent of the $17 billion dollars worth of repair and replacement part bills paid by consumers during 1967 never should have occurred."

Let's put this in terms of your own pocketbook. If you are an average family man, last year you spent $600 for service calls and parts for everything from the electric toaster in the kitchen to the car in the garage. Included in that figure is a toll of at least $150 for mistakes made in manufacturing and inferior material used in the products.

If you made an expensive purchase, such as a color TV set, a refrigerator or a washing machine, you may have been stuck for a good deal more. And as George Young, president of the Cincinnati Better Business Bureau, has pointed out: "When a $300 fully-automatic washer with whistles and bells on it won't run properly, it's not as effective as the medieval practice of beating clothes on rocks."

Dr. Robert K. Howell, Washington, D.C. economist, declares, "Pressured by rising labor and material costs plus intensive competition, many manufacturers today are cutting sharp corners—to the detriment of their product. More and more we hear the same complaint that a new electrical appliance, an item of household furnishing or other product doesn't function as efficiently or won't stand up as well as the one it replaces.

"There is considerable justification to this complaint. Manufacturers of refrigerators, for example, apparently ignore the fact that plastics can be tough or fragile. Judging from the swelling number of complaints from purchasers, they are using only the most fragile kind which may have eye appeal in a show room but quickly crack, chip, break or discolor in home use . . ."

Complaints about the newer washing machines are even more numerous. Repairmen report an average of seven service visits per machine per year as against two a few years ago, and consumer complaints are piling up.

"The chief complaint," says Dr. Howell, "is that the manufacturers are unrealistic about the work done by the machines. They don't take the average load of family wash into account or make the machines as durable as were the older models. Other complaints include bearings which quickly rust, plastic materials that crack under the heat of wash water, lint clogging despite strainers and filters.

"Some manufacturers, instead of correcting such intrinsic faults when they bring out new models, are adding nonfunctional showiness calculated to convince the consumer that he is paying a higher price for technological advances."

How far some of these manufacturers will go to dupe the public is illustrated by one expensive washing machine. It has an elaborate "control panel," with a number of dials and button switches—and a record number of breakdowns. Repairmen servicing this particular model point out that not only is the machine poorly designed and replacement parts expensive, but that two of the dials on the control panel are "dummies" meant to do absolutely nothing but look impressive.

Another large-scale source of complaint is the modern vacuum cleaner. No other electric appliance in the home is supposedly more mistake-proof. For 67 years, ever since it was pantented by its inventor, H.C. Booth, in 1901, it has been part of the American home. Millions are now sold annually—and complaints about new models are increasing. Among them:

HOSES coil up like constricting snakes even in use; plastic hoses must be frequently replaced; motors sound like miniature buzz saws, machines scratch floors; accessories cling to rug edges and chew at fabrics and drapes.

Not long ago when a leading consumer organization tested the "technological improvements" incorporated by five of the best known vacuum cleaner manufacturers, it found that buyers were paying higher prices for new headaches. Among them: tanks so wide-mouthed that disposal bags are messy to remove. Tanks that are easily tipped when cleaning stairs. Tanks that are awkward to carry.

Some vacuum cleaners give users a shock, although not a severe one, if disconnected while the motor is running. But there are other "improved" household electrical appliances which may have more lethal hazards built in.

The electric toaster is an example. Going back a few years most toasters were made with a single-pole on-off switch that disconnected only one wire of the electric circuit. This meant that even if the heating element was "off" the toaster could be electrically "on" and either cause a fire or give one touching it a severe, even fatal, shock.

Safety engineers repeatedly called attention to this hazard, the Underwriters' Laboratories insisted on the installation of double-pole switches to pass safety inspection and eventually manufacturers complied. Today virtually all electric toasters are made with double-pole switches, but there is a new and increasing hazard—which is also contributing to the frequency of toaster repair bills. The new problem, as explained by Dr. Howell, is this:

"The function of the toaster is to toast slices of bread. A growing number of baked goods and similar products, however, are now advertised or described as to be heated in the home toaster.

"Few toaster manufacturers warn the consumer against this dangerous practice for they want to increase the use of

and sell more of their product. A toaster used for any other purpose than toasting slices of bread may be gummed with sugar frosting, fruit, grease and other drippings and become overheated. It presents a fire hazard and, in time, will require repairs or new parts. Moreover when a consumer places a metallic foil-wrapped food product in a toaster he risks a severe, if not lethal, shock."

In a special message to Congress last February, President Johnson pointed out the urgent need "to protect the consumer —and the honest businessman alike— against fraud and indifference." This protection is long overdue.

"Too often, and too late," the President declared, "the victim discovers that he has been swindled, that he has paid too much, that he has received inferior work and that he has mortgaged himself into long-term debt. Some even lose their homes."

This is no exaggeration. Shocking as the repair bills for carelessly-made TVs, refrigerators, washers and other appliances are, they don't even approach the annual tribute we pay to furniture, carpet and other home furnishings manufacturers.

Furniture is one of the biggest expenditures in the home. Last year newly married couples alone spent more than 3.6 billion dollars furnishing their homes. More established families spent an estimated 9.5 billions for refurnishing and replacements, a total of some 13.1 billion dollars.

A generation ago, couples furnishing a home expected the furnishings to last a lifetime and very often they did. Today furniture costs a great deal more and much of it is so poor in both construction and upholstering that many economists call it "semi-durable." They point out that much of the furniture sold today is purchased on deferred payment plans, and in many instances, the furniture does not last as long as the payments for it.

Dealers complain that defects have become so frequent that today they have to employ their own repairmen, because most of their stock arrives in such deplorable condition from the factories that it must be fixed up before it can even be shown to customers. Quoting one reputable—and damned mad—Chicago retailer: "If there is any industry on earth that has reason to hide its head in shame, it is the furniture manufacturers group who literally get away with murder in hiding the defects of their products. I can show you half a dozen makers of upholstered pieces who won't even bother to reject a sofa if the material is cut too short and pops loose after a few weeks of wear. On a visit to one well known Midwest maker of medium-grade living room furniture, I was horrified to notice how many frames made of inferior knotty wood were being used. No wonder the epidemic of broken-back sofas that have to be returned. Have manufacturers no conscience any more?"

A FEW years ago at a convention of the National Association of Furniture Manufacturers members were warned by a speaker that, "If we don't give heed to the quality problem, the public is going to be convinced that modern upholstered furniture is inferior to that of 25 years ago."

Since then the quality of furniture has continued to deteriorate and the public certainly is convinced. Complaints have multiplied about such defects as: warped table tops, poorly fitted cabinet doors, unfinished chest and bureau drawers with carelessly made dust liners and paper thin—if any—backing, structurally weak

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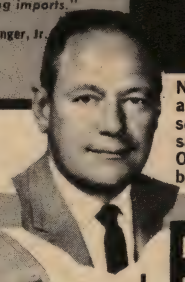

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sofa and chair frames, badly made and installed springs, inferior veneers.

A complaint by a leading San Francisco dealer is shared by many others: "When a customer spends $300 and upward for a matching living room or bedroom suite, he expects the finishes on the individual pieces to match. Nowadays many of them do not."

Consumers who have bought fabric-covered furniture pieces are disillusioned by both the premature wear of the material used and its rapid fading. Moreover, when materials become soiled or stained, the National Institute of Drycleaning has noted that there is a "tremendous increase" in the number of fabrics that do not dryclean properly.

In addition to all this, many of us are now being suckered by a comparatively new type of hocus-pocus when we purchase furniture that is "foam-upholstered." Few customers know the difference between latex foam and urethane foam and many manufacturers take advantage of this fact.

Latex foam is derived from a complex emulsion secreted by the cells of certain plants and trees, the most familiar of which is rubber. It will hold its shape for a longer time and under harder use than urethane foam which is a synthetic product. Furthermore, when urethane foam is reduced to a density below 1.2 pounds per cubic foot—a grade formerly used only in cheaper furniture—it soon loses its shape and, additionally, causes a slippage of the fabric covering.

Urethane foam represented as "foam" is being used by a number of manufacturers of presumably "good" furniture and in some instances the synthetic is below the 1.2 pounds per cubic foot grade. Following a study of furniture advertising in 50 cities throughout the country, National Better Business Bureau President Kenneth Wilson reported that fifty percent of the ads which mentioned "foam" mattresses and cushions were "wide open to question."

Equally flagrant misrepresentation is increasing among carpet manufacturers and some customers—notably those who have had wall-to-wall carpeting installed—have been victimized to the tune of hundreds or thousands of dollars by purchasing inferior material.

In "The Innocent Consumer vs the Exploiters," Sidney Margolius, a leading consumer authority and former member of the President's Consumer Advisory Council, points out that of all the problems of disappointing quality, perhaps the most costly and frustrating have been those connected with carpeting.

"Here," explains Margolius, "the innocent consumer enters what can only be called a wall-to-wall jungle, with a number of new fibers, new manufacturing methods, a wide variation of quality, few or no standards to assure her of at least minimum quality, plus a wide assortment of price juggling tricks."

ONE highly-touted carpet material which particularly lends itself to misrepresentation and trickery is nylon. It is made in several grades. The better quality continuous-filament nylon carpeting sells from $4 to $10, and more, per square yard.

Numerous consumers who do not understand grade differences have been conned by misleading advertising and aggressive salesmanship into buying "lifelong wall-to-wall nylon carpeting" of thin grade tufted nylon with a single backing of urethane foam. It isn't long before such carpeting shows "traffic tracks," the tufting is beaten down and the foam breaks into pieces or crumbles.

More and more builders of development houses throughout the country are becoming involved in this shameless victimizing. As Margolius explains, they have their own axe to grind:

"Some of the worst examples of the use of shoddy carpeting have been builder-installed, wall-to-wall carpeting in moderate-priced homes. Builders save the cost of finished flooring this way and buyers like the idea of already carpeted homes (and wall-to-wall at that). But the low-grade carpeting often used soon loses its attractive new appearance."

That last is an understatement to say the least.

If you happen to own your own home, you're a prospective pigeon for the booming, multi-billion dollar "home improvement" con.

Perpetrators have more come-ons and gimmicks than a vagrant mongrel has fleas, and despite all the efforts and warnings of the Federal Trade Commission and other government agencies, the Better Business Bureaus, and state and municipal fraud bureaus their activities are expanding.

Last year, according to the best available estimates, they took home owne for more than 11.5 billion via exorbitantly-priced furnaces, ligntning "protection," storm windows, aluminum siding and gutters, painting, roofing and other "home improvements."

Besides grossly overcharging, these vultures (1) supplied inferior material and unskilled workmanship; (2) failed to live up to the representations of hard sell company salesmen; (3) failed to complete work at promised time; (4) either could not be found later or did not make good on defective material or workmanship.

"The whole home improvement and home repair field is a constant source of abuse," declared the Massachusetts Consumer Council.

The St. Louis Better Business Bureau reported: "BBB records and investigations disclose that unethical sales techniques such as showhouse selling, factory representative pitch, referral selling, par selling and 'bait-and-switch' tactics are being employed by enough firms to reflect on the integrity of the entire industry."

The most shocking revelations, however, were made by the victims themselves. Here are just a few examples:

■A Los Angeles home owner and several of his neighbors each paid $575 for a "home fire alarm system" which failed to function as represented. The manufacturer offered the same product to consumers in other areas of the country for $45 on an "easy-to-install-yourself" basis.

■An elderly St. Louis widow signed a $4,000 contract for a furnace which the St. Louis Better Business Bureau pointed out could have been purchased and installed for approximately $600.

■A Raleigh, N.C., consumer solicited by a sanitary engineering company for a $25 septic tank cleaning job wound up shelling out $1450 for a new tank and a waste disposal field of tile drains.

■An insect control firm that "guaranteed" to rid their house of termites for $200 charged a Jacksonville, Fla., family $1900—and collected.

■The owner of a two-family house in Boston, Mass., was solicited by a company selling and installing aluminum siding. The salesman offered to pay off a $625 carpenter's lien and install aluminum siding for a total cost of $1750. The bill actually came to $4,062 and the siding company turned it over to a third party, a finance organization. With interest charges added, the house owner now must pay the finance company $48.36 in monthly installments for seven years—a total of $5062.24!

Misleading and defrauding consumers by such tactics has become a widespread practice. Make no mistake about it. Once you sign your name to the contract, you're hooked even if a court of law is svm-

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pathetic. Last year the inadequacy of the law protecting the swindled consumer was demonstrated in the following outrageous case, detailed by the St. Louis Better Business Bureau:

A salesman for an unscrupulous home repair organization high-pressured an elderly home owner, who was almost blind, into agreeing to pay $1,500 for a repair job which was worth $400. When the victim was unable to meet the installments, he learned that he had unwittingly signed both a deed of trust on his property and a job completion slip for the finance company *before the work was even started and which never was finished.* Nevertheless, the finance company foreclosed on his property and he lost his home.

Even if you're in full possession of all your senses, unless you're very careful, you can sign a trickily-worded contract—as thousands of home owners did last year—with no recourse to the law. When you sign such a contract and fail to pay promptly, one of two things usually happens. Either a lien is obtained against your property, or you are brought into court by the finance company to whom the manufacturer or repair company turned over your "paper."

"There is no wonder that last year more than 176,000 families throughout the country were forced into bankruptcy," comments Dr. Howell. "Our present laws fall far short of protecting the consumer. He'd get better odds in an honest crap game."

Whether or not you own your own home, when you fall behind in meeting electrical appliance, furniture, home repair or other installments, you just can't defy the finance company—no matter how the wares or services may have been misrepresented to you, or how many defects may have developed.

In 1967, over 985,000 such victimized consumers had their paychecks garnisheed, often with legal and other fees added. They were forced to surrender a percentage of their earnings ranging from 10 percent in New York to 50 percent in California.

LAST February, in his special message to Congress, President Johnson proposed an eight-point program to aid consumers. Four of these points dealt specifically with giving the consumer greater protection against go-for-profit, nose-thumbing manufacturers and predatory home repair companies and fly-by-night organizations that take millions of us to the cleaners. The four relevant points were:

"Crackdown on fraud and deception in sales."

"Protect Americans against hazardous radiation from television sets and other electronic equipment."

"Add new meaning to warrantees and guarantees and seek ways to improve repair work and servicing.

"Appointing a government lawyer to represent the consumer."

In explaining the last, the President declared that the lawyer will "seek better representation for consumer interest before administrative agencies and courts. He will be concerned with the widest range of consumer matters—from quality standards to frauds."

The President has proposed all four of these measures before. A few national manufacturers, noting the way the wind was blowing from the White House, have voluntarily done something about it. Most, however, continue to go their bigger-and-better-profits, con-the-consumer way.

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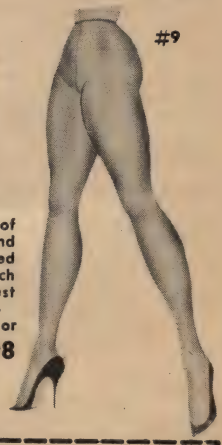

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than the Federal Trade Commission. The Commission, under present law, is hampered by cumbersome and time-consuming procedures in moving against most unfair and deceptive trade practices. Issuance of "cease and desist" orders are usually subject to long court review. The FTC is seeking to broaden its power, to arm itself with a "quickly effective weapon —the court injunction—against home-improvement rackets and unfair, fraudulent or deceptive practices."

But this and other protective measures may be a long time coming.

The consumer, himself, can and should be his own best protector. Economist Dr. Howell makes these six suggestions of how to go about it:

(1) Shop around and see what competing manufacturers have to offer. Although this advice is of such long standing it seems obvious, a modern note has been added. Consumers have traditionally believed that the most expensive is probably the best, incorporating better quality materials, finer and more careful workmanship. This is no longer true. Poor material and shoddy workmanship can be found today in some of the most expensive products. The medium-priced model offered by one manufacturer may give more satisfactory service than the high-priced model of another.

(2.) Don't regard widespread advertising promoting a product as indicative of the integrity of either the product or the manufacturer; judge the product on its merits alone. Some products may be viewed with strong disapproval by the FTC, by the Better Business Bureau and similiar organizations—may even be declared hazardous by impartial testing laboratories—and still be huckstered to an unsuspecting public. This is particularly true with radio and TV advertising; many broadcasting stations will accept advertising which newspapers and magazines may reject.

(3.) Obtain informed advice. Do not accept the manufacturer's literature, the glowing TV testimonials, the salesman's promise as conclusive evidence of reliability or performance. There are at least three good sources of advice available: friends or neighbors who have used the product, repairmen, consumers' organizations which conduct impartial tests.

(4.) Don't be a pioneer purchaser. The "be the first on your block" advertising pitch is very popular these days, but you'd do better to hold off buying until the product has proven itself in use. Don't pay for the doubtful privilege of becoming a manufacturer's guinea pig. Remember the experiences of many purchasers of the earlier TV color sets. Besides, if a new model does become popular, the price is often reduced by volume sales, plus competition from similar models brought out by other manufacturers.

(5.) Be wary of drastic style changes. Supposedly important "break-throughs" (frequently over-rated) and radical appearance change (remember the Edsel!) may incorporate expensive mistakes which the consumer pays for in one way or another. Though some manufacturers do thoroughly test and give honest value when making a sweeping change, you're usually better off playing it safe and picking a products-maker who prefers to incorporate changes more slowly.

(6.) Read any sales contract and finance company paper very carefully. Just to be sure, put it aside for awhile and then read it carefully again. Don't let a representative of *any* organization—no matter how reputable—rush you into signing! Once you do, for better or worse, you're hooked! ◆ ◆ ◆

SOVIETS CLAIM UFOs ARE REAL

Continued from page 19

shaped and bright, the edges being somewhat less luminous than the center.

The body described an arc in the sky and disappeared behind the mountains, leaving no trace.

The unidentified flying object (UFO) was observed by eight scientific workers, members of the geophysical expedition...

* * *

On July 26, 1965, Lativian astronomers Robert Vitolniek, Yan Melderis and Esmeralda Vitolniek were studying noctilucent clouds at an observation station at Ogra. At 9:35 P.M. they noticed an unsually bright star moving slowly in a westerly direction. Looked at through binoculars with a magnification of eight diameters, the "star" resolved itself into a small, flat speck. The telescope then disclosed the following incredible picture.

In the heart of a lens-shaped disc, which the astronomers estimated to be about 325 feet across, was clearly evident a thickened part, a small sphere. Around the disc, at a distance of two diameters, were three spheres resembling the one in the center. The spheres slowly rotated around the disc as the entire system diminished in size, gradually leaving the Earth. Some 15 to 20 minutes later the spheres began to move away from the disc, as if receding in different directions. The sphere in the center also left its place and moved away. Finally at 10 P. M. all these shining emerald green bodies were so far away that the astronomers lost sight of them.

This strange picture was observed in the northwestern part of the sky at about 60 degrees above the horizon. The astronomers estimated that the enigmatic objects were about 60 miles above the Earth . . .

* * *

A long radiogram arrived at the office of the magazine *Smena,* for which I had written an article on UFOs. It was sent by First Mate Bazhazhin on behalf of the crew of the Soviet ship *Izhevsk.*

On August 2, 1967, at 11:30 P.M. Moscow time, while crossing the Norwegian Sea in a westerly direction, *Izhevsk* sailors witnessed this unusual phenomenon, said the radiogram:

"There were three of us in the cabin—Captain Markov, Senior Engineer Ivanov and myself. Sysoyev, navigator on duty, reported a strange phenomenon in the sky. We ran to the bridge and saw a sphere-like whitish spot moving southward.

"A few minutes later a bright spot flared up high in the sky. For a couple of seconds it rushed headlong from west to east at an angle of 45 degrees to the Earth, getting much larger. Suddenly it came to a stop and with a play of bright rainbow colors (yellow predominating) began throwing off sparks and became enveloped in a white shroud.

"Once again the sphere-like white nebula began moving south. The procedure was repeated four times. On the fifth and last time the spot's behavior changed. It stopped midway, turned over and assumed the shape of an egg with the thicker end up. Then a powerful white jet squirted from the lower end, after which the 'egg' grew pale, became enveloped in white mist and, with its white tail, began to head southward."

All this strange celestial activity was visible for an hour and then vanished into thin air. . .

* * *

Not one but several reports came from astronomers at the Mountain Astrophysical Station, USSR Academy of Sciences, 12 miles from Kislovodsk, Caucasus.

In July 1967 the station received letters from local newspapers reporting the flight of a strange reddish crescent across the sky at 9:20 P.M. on July 17.

In the very early morning of July 18, 1967, astronomer H.I. Potter, who was observing the Moon at the Mountain Station, noticed a strange formation against a clear starry sky at 2:50 A.M. Moscow time. A white cloud appeared in the northeast at an elevation of about 20 degrees. Its diameter was twice as long as that of the Moon but its nose was several times less bright.

THE cloud itself had a dense milky-white color, with a rosy-red nucleus clearly discernible near its northern end. The cloud expanded and grew paler. A few minutes later the white cloud dispersed completely, but the reddish nucleus remained. Toward daybreak it lost its outlines and then disappeared. Photographs showing its changes were taken.

At 8:40 P.M. on August 8, 1967, at the same Mountain Station, astronomer Anatoli Sazanov observed an unfamiliar flying object. It was shaped like an asymmetrical crescent, with its convex side turned in the direction of its movement. Narrow, faintly luminous ribbons resembling the condensation trail of a jet plane followed behind the horns of the crescent. Its diameter was two-thirds that of the Moon, and it was not as bright. It was yellow with a reddish tinge.

The object was flying horizontally in the northern part of the sky, from west to east, at about 20 degrees above the horizon. It covered the distance from Uras Major to Cassiopeya in half a minute. A bright star of the first magnitude was moving at a constant distance ahead of the crescent.

As it moved away from the observers, the crescent dwindled, turned into a small disc and then instantly disappeared from sight.

The mysterious object was seen by 10

of the station's scientific workers. It was also observed in Kislovodsk. According to Sazanov, the crescent was 12 miles away, and it was no less than 500 feet across. . .

* * *

Let us stop here and draw some conclusions. Even if all the UFO evidence amounted to no more than these four accounts, it is clear that the evidence exists. The fact of the matter is, however, that many thousands of such observations have been documented in the past 20 years. They come from dozens of countries and virtually every corner of our planet, including the Arctic and Antarctic. The UFO phenomenon is too widespread and popularly accepted to be dismissed lightly.

A GROWING number of serious scientists are not satisfied with explanations charterizing the sightings as visual aberrations. It goes without saying that the phenomenon attracts, and will unfortunately continue to, all sorts of publicity-seekers. But we do not stop using money because there are counterfeiters. The task of science is, precisely, the obligation to distinguish between the false and the true.

Thus, if science considers flying saucers a hallucination, it still must explain the cause of this psychic illness. That may well be as difficult to establish as the true nature of UFOs.

The well-known American astrophysicist Donald Menzel says that flying saucers are optical phenomena in the Earth's atmosphere. Because of Professor Menzel's scientific prestige the explanation is generally accepted. But it does not hold water. As soon as we go on from this generalization to concrete interpretations of concrete observations, it becomes evident that UFOs will not reduce themselves to optical phenomena of the mirage, rainbow or halo type. Try the Menzel explanation on the four accounts we cited earlier. Nothing intelligible will emerge. What we seem to be dealing with here is a kind of reality still unexplored.

The appearance of UFOs is almost always accompanied by a luminescence of air and the formation of an atomospheric plasma. This fact is the basis for the "plasma" hypothesis of UFOs as accumulations of atmospheric plasma of the ball lighting type. But this explanation does not hold up either. Ball lighting is always a thunderstorm product, and the appearance of UFOs has no relations to weather. Ball lighting diameters as a rule run four to five inches, no larger; the diameters of flying discs are tens and even hundreds of times that size. The behavior of UFOs, their shapes and other physical properties are quite different from what we know of ball lightning.

To find a clue to the nature of UFOs, we must study all the reports on these surprising and, to my mind, real objects. Only a scientific analysis will reveal the truth. What is, however, clear already in that UFO pehnomenon can be objectively analyzed and classified. The UFO classification adopted by foreign investigators is also confirmed by Soviet observers.

By day when observed from Earth or planes, UFO appear as bright discs with a metallic tinge. Assistant Professor Vyacheslav Zaitsev observed such a flying saucer in 1964, above Bologoye, from a TU-104 aircraft making a scheduled flight. The huge bright metal disc slid

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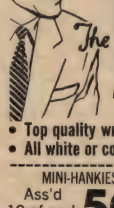

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under the liner's belly, made a turn and at some distance took a course parallel with the aircraft. A bulging core resembling a cabin could be seen in the heart of the disc. After flying alongside the plane for several seconds, it swerved abruptly and disappeared.

A similar object was observed by geodetic astronomer Lyudmila Tsekhanovich in the summer of 1965 near Sukhumi, Caucasus. The UFO made a swift maneuver over the sea, then headed for the mountains. The astronomer was, however, able to see that the central protruding part of the disc had holes which seemed to be lit from the inside.

UFO movements are peculiar. Sometimes they hover over the earth for tens of minutes. In flight they can develop incredible speeds and accelerations.

At 9:45 on the evening of June 17, 1966, on the outskirts of Enlista a team of geophysicists from the Institute of Oil and Gas Industry, Volgograd, led by V.G. Krylov, noticed a reddish object moving across the sky. It was shaped like a small disc.

SUDDENLY, the body began to fall swiftly along a helical trajectory, its reddish color changing to bright white-blue. Then there was a sort of flare, and instead of the body a bright-blue round cloud appeared. It quickly spread out and melted away.

Depending on the viewing angle, flying discs look flattened or cigar-shaped or spherical. In some cases a UFO appears as a crescent, turning into a disc before your eyes.

The belief that UFOs are real is also borne out by the fact that these enigmatic objects are not only visible to the naked eye, but leave distinct images on photographic plates and are recorded by such impartial "witnesses" as radar screens.

Air Force Major Baidukov, on a night mission above the Odessa Region on April 4, 1966, noticed on the screen of his plane's radar a strange object which was also spotted by ground-based radar units. Within 15 minutes the object dropped from 31 to 18 miles, in the next quarter of an hour to 15 miles, and in the next 10 minutes to 11 miles. The UFO remained unidentified.

The well-known Soviet pilot, chief navigator of Soviet polar aviation Valentin Akkuratov, described one of his encounters with flying discs:

"In 1956, engaged in strategic ice reconnaissance in a TU-4 plane in the area of Cape Jesup (Greenland), we dropped down from the clouds to fair weather and suddenly noticed an unknown flying aircraft moving on our portside parallel to our course. It looked very much like a large pearl-colored lens with wavy, pulsating edges. At first we thought it was an American aircraft of an unknown design, and since we did not want to encounter it we went into the clouds again. After we had flown for 40 minutes toward Bear Island, the cloud cover ended abruptly, it cleared ahead and on our portside we saw once again that same unknown craft. Making up our minds to see it at close quarters, we changed our course abruptly and began the approach movement, informing our base at Amderma of the maneuver. When we changed our course, the unknown flying machine followed suit and moved parallel at our speed.

"After 15 to 18 minutes of flight the unknown craft sharply altered its course, sped ahead of us and rose quickly until it disappeared in the blue sky. We spotted no aerials, superstructure, wings or portholes on that disc. Nor did we see any exhaust gases or condensation trail. It flew at what seemed to us an impossible speed."

Until recently no scientific study of UFOs has been made in the Soviet Union. More than that, the prevailing and, in my opinion, mistaken view was that UFOs are common optical phenomena in the Earth's atmosphere. There was no collection of UFO observations, and the general impression was that flying saucers are fantasies. The situation now is changing.

In 1968 the Nauka Publishing House of the USSR Academy of Sciences is scheduled to bring out a book titled *Populated Outer Space,* edited by Academician Boris Konstantinov, Vice President of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The distinguished Soviet and foreign contributors include: Academicians Victor Ambartsumyan, Alexander Oparin, Alexander Imshenetsky, Andrei Kolmogorov; Corresponding Members of the USSR Academy of Sciences Vasili Kuprevich, Alexander Vologdin, Iosif Shklovsky; and eminent foreign scientists Melvin Calvin, William Pickering, Frank Salisbury (USA), Norman Pirie, Bernard Lovell (Great Britain), Hans Freudenthal (Netherlands), Giuseppe Piccardi (Italy) and many others.

THE anthology will have a special section devoted to the UFO problem, with contributions from American scientists Joseph Hyneck, James McDonald, Jack Valley, and Frank Salisbury, articles by Soviet writers and UFO observations made in the Soviet Union.

Soviet observations of UFOs, like those I cited earlier, were not taken from a systematic collection of information of this kind; they were spontaneous responses to my article in *Smena.* This fact warrants the conclusion that there have been many more UFO observations in the USSR. We have already collected some dozens of well-documented reports and accounts.

In May 1967 a sponsoring group of scientists, the military, writers and public figures met to form an unofficial body whose purpose it would be to conduct a preliminary scientific investigation of UFOs. Those present included Professor Heinrich Ludwig; Doctors of Science Nikolai Zhirov and Igor Bestuzhev-Lada; chief navigator of Soviet polar aviation Valentine Akkuratov; Georgi Uger and Georgi Zevalkin; twice Hero of the Soviet Union Grigori Sivkov, Master of Science (engineering); Heroes of the Soviet Union docent Yekaterina Ryabova and Natalia Kravtsova.

The organization, set up October 1967, is called the UFO section of the All-Union Cosmonautics Committee, with headquarters at the Central House of Aviation and Cosmonautics in Moscow. Air Force Major General Porfiri Stolyarov was elected chairman of the section.

Those of us who are participating in this new and exciting undertaking have an ambitious program of work ahead. The first step will be to organize the collection of reliable information on UFOs. That will be done at the outset by the existing systems of astronomical, meteorological and geophysical observatories, satellite and space-rocket tracking stations and the radar installations of civilian airports and the hydrometeorological service. All these organizations can make UFO observations with equipment now available.

In the design stage are special devices for photographing UFOs and recording the radiation and magnetic disturbances which they may be responsible for.

The recorded observations will serve to check hypotheses. These hypotheses should not, in my opinion, attempt to explain the nature of UFOs in terms of

familiar phenomena. Judging by other surprises, nature has some in store for us here, too, and we must be ready for perhaps a radical "reassessment of values."

The hypothesis that UFOs originate in other worlds, that they are flying craft from planets other than Earth, merits the most serious examination.

Observations show that UFOs behave "sensibly." In a group formation flight they maintain a pattern. They are most often spotted over airfields, atomic stations and other very new engineering installations. On encountering aircraft, they always maneuver so as to avoid direct contact. A considerable list of these seemingly intelligent actions gives the impression that UFOs are investigating, perhaps even reconnoitering.

Some people think that UFOs have appeared in the Earth's atmosphere only during the past two decades. This is not the case. The UFO phenomenon has been observed throughout the history of mankind. There are medieval and ancient reports strikingly similar to ours.

Among the earlier UFO reports, as an example, may be the well-documented observations of a "large saucer" in 1882 and a "procession of bolides" in 1913. These reports still await investigation.

The most remarkable UFO phenomenon is the famous "Tungusky meteorite." In recent years Soviet scientists have established that the Tungusky explosion had every parameter of an air nuclear blast. *The USSR Academy of Sciences Reports* (Volume 172, Nos. 4 and 5, 1967) have studies by Alexei Zolotov to prove that the Tungusky body could not be a meteorite or a comet.

In the summer of 1967 the Joint Institute of Nuclear Research at Dubna published a study by Vladimir Mekhedov, who concludes that the Tungusky blast left considerable residual radioactivity. Finally, as recently as 1966, after analyzing the sum total of observations on the Tungusky body's flight, this writer showed that before the blast the Tungusky body described in the atmosphere a tremendous arc of about 375 miles in extent (in azimuth), that is, carried out a maneuver.

ALL these new results warrant the conclusion that the Tungusky body seems to have been an artificial flying craft from some other planet.

Should this be finally confirmed by investigations now in progress, the significance of the Tungusky disaster would be inestimable.

But this, incidentally, will pose new problems. If we are indeed being studied by creatures from other planets, what is their purpose? Why are they so studiously avoiding any direct contact? Is their unsociability the result of so high a level of development that they study us from that "height" just as we look upon and study ants? Or is there still the possibility of common understanding since we are born in the same Universe and obey the same laws of nature?

Yes, there will be many questions, but all are in the distant future. Our study of UFOs may lead to quite different conclusions and present mankind with quite different problems.

The important thing now is for us to discard any preconceived notions about UFOs and to organize on a global scale a calm, sensation-free and strictly scientific study of this strange phenomenon. The subject and aims of the investigation are so serious that they justify any efforts. It goes without saying that international cooperation is vital. ◆◆◆

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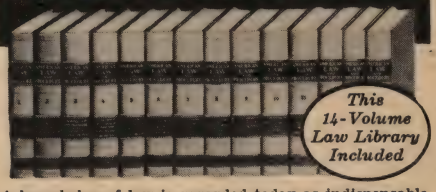

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...APPROVED FOR VETERANS...

N.Y.-TO-DIXIE ESCAPE RUN

Continued from page 25

there. No one knows for sure how many. The official death toll was 2,963. But most prisoners believed it actually was much higher. For the Elmira prison camp was a blot on the Union, a corner of Hell on earth.

At Elmira about 10,000 prisoners were jammed at a time into an area of less than 29 acres. The sewage system broke down, if it ever existed, and a pond in the center of the camp became a liquid cesspool, a dump for garbage, a breeding ground for disease.

The rations scarcely kept a man alive. Fruit and vegetables were almost nonexistent. A meal might consist of a bit of beef from which a prisoner must pick the maggots. Scurvy was prevalent, causing men's teeth to fall out and pus sores to form on their bodies. It was no wonder the men took to killing rats for food and haunting the garbage piles for a scrap of sun-baked bone.

No cruelty is as extreme as that meted out by men with absolute power in their hands. Prison guards at Elmira were no exception to that rule. Prisoners were struck for little reason, or thrown into solitary confinement on a diet of bread and water. Then there was the "sweat box," a wooden contrivance seven feet tall, 20 inches wide and 12 inches deep, in which a prisoner could scarcely breathe as he cooked under a blazing sun.

But the worst place in the camp was the Dead-House where Sexton Jones carried out his duties. The Dead-House seemed hotter than the tents and barracks in summer and colder in winter, its flies more numerous, its stench more powerful, its inhabitants more transient.

In one three-month period in the camp, 775 of 8,347 Rebel prisoners—or 9 percent—died of disease or malnutrition. In another month 495 bodies passed through the Dead-House, on their way to a newly created cemetery on the outskirts of Elmira.

One afternoon a Rebel coffin-maker hunched over in a corner of the Dead-House so that no one could observe what he was doing. Nervously he counted a wad of Federal greenbacks and then stuffed them into a pants pocket. Turning, he stared thoughtfully at the body in the next coffin he had to work on—that of a big, powerful man, six feet tall and still heavily fleshed in spite of the meager camp diet. He nodded to himself and then carefully selected a lid with a slight warp to it. When he laid it on top of the coffin, the closure was not perfect. Then he took a hammer and nails and worked his way around the lid, driving the nails in, but making sure that none went home all the way. There was play between the lid and the coffin, and it was possible for fresh air to get inside.

Another Rebel undertaker poked his head inside the Dead-House and asked, "Got many more?"

"No," the carpenter said. "Just this last one. Give me a hand and we'll load him up."

The two men raised the pine coffin to their shoulders, carried it outside to the dead wagon. They slid the box carefully into place on top of the other coffins, then stepped back. The wagon driver looked at them questioningly. The Confederate carpenter raised his hand, signaled the driver to move out—and the driver nodded and clucked to his horse.

There were one or two false starts as the horse put its weight against the traces. The dead wagon rocked in the ruts, and for a moment there was danger the topmost coffin might slide off and burst open on the ground. The Dead-House carpenter stared in horror, unable to turn his eyes away from impending disaster. Then, finally, the wheels rode up over the ends of the ruts and the wagon started to move.

The dead wagon creaked its way north along the short spur that tracked between the pond and the stockade fence. Then it made a right turn and soon passed the three wooden buildings where the camp's 16 Federal police sergeants slept. These men were entrusted with maintaining order and ferreting out tunnels and other escape attempts.

The driver flicked his whip over his horse and the cart creaked on—past the prison commandant's office, and finally, after being checked by the guards, through the camp gates and onto West Water Street.

About half an hour later, as the wagon moved slowly through the open countryside, the driver heard a strange squeaking noise. Then came the sound of wood splintering. The horse seemed to stop of its own accord as the driver looked around, eyes wide in terror.

The lid of the topmost coffin was wrenched up and a big man wearing a Confederate uniform sat up slowly, drawing a splinter of wood from the palm of one hand.

THE man mopped his sweating face with a huge handkerchief, then climbed out of the coffin. Ignoring the driver, he put the lid back on the coffin, realigning the splintered pieces, and then hammered the nails back in as far as he could with the heel of his hand. He drove the nails the rest of the way in by stamping them down with the heel of a boot. At last he sprang to the road and walked to the front of the wagon. He looked up at the driver, who stared back, open-mouthed.

"Now listen to me carefully," the big man said. "Don't ever dare tell anybody what you seen out here today. Don't breathe a whisper of it back at the prison camp. Because if you do"—he leaned forward, locked both hands on the shirtneck of the driver, and drew his face close—"if you do, why then I'm going to come back here and kill you. You just take that empty coffin out to the cemetery and bury it there just like there was a body in it. Bury it with the rest of them coffins you got on your wagon."

The driver nodded numbly, and the big man let him fall back in his seat. Then he stepped back, spun around, and loped off into the woods.

The Confederate prisoner-of-war who

escaped Elmira riding out inside a coffin was a Georgian known to his fellow inmates only as "Buttons" because of the brass buttons he had taken in the field from the uniforms of dead Union soldiers and sewed on his gray coat.

No one knows today whether "Buttons" ever made his way back safely to the Confederacy. But the story of his escape became common knowledge in the stockade, and the Union guards took added precautions. No matter how easy it looked, Elmira was a most difficult prison from which to escape.

But a smart, tenacious Rebel prisoner named Ssrgeant Berry Benson was one of those who didn't believe it . . .

On July 25, 1864, when Sergeant Berry Benson of the 1st South Carolina volunteers was marched in with other prisoners, the Elmira P.O.W. Camp was a far cleaner, healthier spot than it was to become. There were only 5,000 prisoners in the stockade then.

BENSON was barely 20 years old when he arrived at Elmira. He had enlisted at the age of 17 at Charleston, on January 9, 1861, participated in the capture of Fort Sumter, fought at the first battle of Cold Harbor, been wounded at Chancellorsville, and by 1864 was a first sergeant in a battalion of sharpshooters of McGowan's South Carolina brigade in the Wilderness campaign.

On May 16, 1864, he was taken prisoner behind Federal lines in the vicinity of Spotsylvania while posing as a Union scout. On May 23, he was shipped into the military prison at Point Lookout, Maryland, located where the Potomac empties into Chesapeake Bay. Two nights later, on May 24, Benson slipped into the bay and swam and waded his way to freedom. He was recaptured on May 31. By June 5 he had been shipped to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington where he was put in a cell on the first floor.

Benson immediately began to chop through the floor of his cell in an attempt to reach the cellar from which he could escape. He was caught and moved to a cell on an upper floor. On July 24, he was put aboard a prison train bound for Elmira, where he arrived the next day.

The first thing he did was to begin searching for a way to escape.

Looking around the camp he ran into two Georgia boys, prisoners like himself, with whom he'd gone to school before the war—John Perrin and Jim Bohler.

They invited Benson back to their barracks, a building in the northeast end of camp. There were 80 to 100 feet of bare ground from the back of the barracks to the nearest fence. On one side of the barracks stood a wooden building about four feet away. On the other side, some distance away, was another barracks.

Perrin pointed at the barracks standing off by itself. "They're using that for a hospital."

But Benson's attention was focused on the four feet of space between his friends' barracks and the next building. There were no windows in either barracks overlooking that space, and the alley it made was boarded up at both ends. A man could stand inside that alley, Benson realized, and nobody would know he was there.

"Let's go inside," Benson said, "and you can show me where your bunks are."

Bohler and Perrin led Benson inside the barracks. As he had hoped, their bunk beds, one on top of the other, were situated against the wall that closed in the alley between their barracks and the next one.

"This is just right," Benson said. "The alley next door is a blind one, and we can reach it from here. We can go into that alley and start a tunnel in the space under the building next door, and nobody—not the guards or any of the other prisoners—would be able to see us. We could dig straight for the fence, and nobody would disturb us."

Bohler scratched his head doubtfully. "But how will we get into the alley?" he asked. "If we climb over, down at one of the ends where it's boarded up, the guards will see us and be suspicious."

"Here's what you do," Benson said. "Cut a square in the wall right behind your bunk where it'll be hard to see. Like a trapdoor or a window. We can scrounge two strips of leather somewhere to make hinges. If anybody sees the trap door and asks about it, tell them you have a bad cough or that you chew tobacco or something like that."

Perrin and Bohler agreed to the tunnel venture. The trap door was cut in the wall of the barracks. Each night Benson and his two old schoolchums slipped throughthe trap-door opening out into the alley and under the building next door where they began to dig.

The three novice diggers soon realized they had their work cut out for them, that digging a tunnel 80 to 100 feet long was no easy job. After discussing the risks involved, they took in three more diggers to spread the work around.

A few days after the newcomers joined Benson's tunnel group, one of them approached him and said that he would like to speak to him privately. The two men walked a short distance from the barracks and squatted in the sun.

"Sergeant Benson," the man said, "not only am I digging a tunnel with you, but I'm working on another tunnel in the camp with some other men. The man in charge of that tunnel is Sergeant Joe Womack. He has some business he'd like to talk to you about."

"What kind of business?"

"Maybe the sergeant better tell you that himself."

BENSON accompanied the digger to a barracks near the center of the compound. Since the Federal authorities were short-handed, a Confederate prisoner had been put in charge of this barracks. He was a cavalry sergeant-major, a big man, his face darkly tanned. Unlike many of the prisoners, who went barefoot, he wore shoes of good quality. Sgt. Joe Womack was obviously a man who knew how to take care of himself.

"Sergeant," Womack said, "I understand you're digging a tunnel."

"That's right, Sergeant," Benson said, "and I hear you are doing the same."

"Right. And I'm going to suggest that you give up *your* tunnel."

"What?"

Womack explained. The more tunnels being dug, he said, the better the chance the prison authorities would stumble on one of them. Once that happened, they'd start a careful search, and all other tunnel operations would be endangered.

"Our tunnel is going to be a much shorter one than yours," Womack said. "We're bound to go under the fence first and go out. And when we do, the Yankees will start looking and find yours. All your tunnel can mean is trouble. Simply because it exists, it's a danger to ours. If it's discovered before ours is finished, all it will have done is put us out of business."

"Where does that leave us if we quit?" Benson asked.

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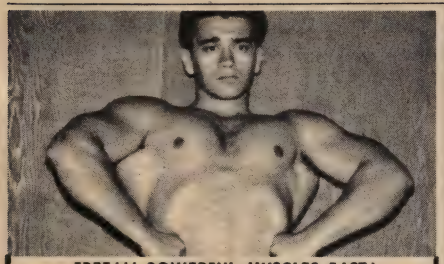

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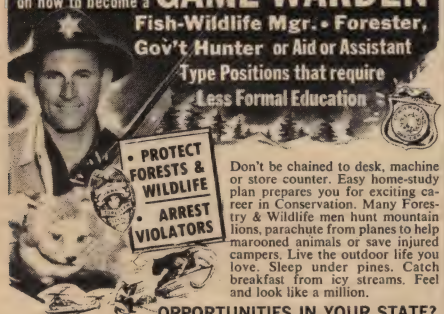
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"Just close your tunnel down and come in with us."

"Where is your tunnel?"

"We're digging under Hospital No. 1," Womack said.

Benson whistled softly. Hospital No. 1 was the first and northernmost building in a line of six at the west end of the camp, just inside the road from the Dead-House. It was a short 16 feet from Hospital No. 1 to the fence.

Benson and his diggers closed up their tunnel and sealed the trap door in the barracks wall. That night they crawled under Hospital No.1 and began taking turns at digging in Womack's tunnel.

For the next three nights the digging continued. On the fourth night, when the tunnel had been pushed eight feet, the diggers assembled at the mouth—only to discover that somebody had been there before them and filled it up with dirt.

Shocked and unable to understand what had happened or why, they did no digging that night, but dispersed to their barracks. Womack and Benson held a conference.

"Who could have done it?" Womack asked.

"LET'S think this thing through," Benson said, "and figure all the possibilities. Surely the Yankee guards didn't do it. If they'd found our tunnel, they wouldn't waste time shoveling dirt into it. They'd let us keep digging until we were almost under the fence and then they'd break our tunnel open and throw us all in the jail."

Womack bit off a plug of tobacco and chewed thoughtfully for a few minutes. "You know what I'm thinking?" he said finally.

"The same thing I am," Benson said. "That some of our own men in camp did it. That they got a tunnel working near us and we missed it. They were afriad we'd finish first—and when we made the break, their tunnel would be discovered."

"But where is it?"

"Tomorrow night," Benson said, "we take a look. And my bet is that it's right next door—under Hospital No. 2."

The following night Benson and Womack stretched out on the ground under Hospital No. 1 on its south side, facing Hospital No. 2. Soon they saw many men slip through the shadows and under Hospital No. 2.

"That explains it," Benson said. "Now we know who sabotaged our tunnel."

"What we going to do about it?" Womack asked.

"Join them," Benson said. "It doesn't make any difference which tunnel we escape through. I'll take a couple of our boys and go over and dig with them. Whichever tunnel finishes first, we go through it."

Benson and some of the diggers from the Hospital No. 1 tunnel moved to the Hospital No. 2 tunnel. Nobody there questioned their right to join the group. It was a confused operation with too many men involved and no one in charge. But strangely enough, the Yankee police sergeants missed the disorganized Rebel activity under Hospital No. 2. Instead, their attention was drawn to the neat, efficient operation under Hospital No. 1.

One night Benson lay under Hospital No. 2 staring at the quiet darkness under Hospital No. 1 where his friends were industriously working away. He knew they were making good progress and either had reached the fence or already passed under it. That night they planned to dig upward and make a small observation hole at the surface to check their position.

Lying a few feet from Benson and also looking toward Hospital No. 1 was a Rebel digger Benson did not know by name. He had not even had a good look at the man's face. Benson's attention had been drawn to the man because he appeared to be an odd sort. He was tall, lean, almost hawklike in appearance. He was barefoot and wore a long denim frock coat with tails that parted behind. Even more strange was the extremely long nail on the small finger of his left hand.

Suddenly, from outside the fence, a rifle fired. Men yelled and there was the sound of a scuffle. Then, in unmistakable Yankee accents, came the cry: "I got him! He tried to duck down the tunnel to warn the others, but I got him! Get over to the hospital and get the others before they get away!"

The darkness under Hospital No. 1 exploded into a mass of scrambling, frantically running Rebels. They fanned out quickly, heading in all directions, desperately trying to reach their barracks and tents before the Yankees were on them.

Yankee guards threw themselves into the darkness under Hospital No. 1, poking their bayonet-tipped rifles ahead of them. But it seemed that most, if not all, of the Rebels had already escaped, warned off by the rifle shot and the shouting.

As Benson watched, two Yankee guards marched a Rebel prisoner away. It was the digger who had been captured, a man named J.W. Crawford.

The digging effort continued under Hospital No. 2. Finally the night came when the men planned to finish the tunnel and break through to the surface.

Benson was in the tunnel, chopping away at the hard-packed dirt. Exhausted, he came out for air. He was lying near the mouth of the tunnel when a digger poked his head out and spoke to a man kneeling over the opening.

"I opened a small hole at the end of the tunnel," the digger said. "We've misjudged somehow. The hole is just inside the fence."

"Inside?" the kneeling man said incredulously.

"That's right. Inside. Pull a piece of sod and give it to me. I'll plug up the hole."

In the darkness neither man noticed Benson lying nearby. They conversed in low tones. "If the Yankees don't find it," the digger said, "we'll go out tomorrow night. If they find it—well—I'm in on another tunnel that was started a long time before this one was. You can come in with me on that one. I'll see you tomorrow night—and then we'll know what to do."

THE other man was silent for a moment. "We've never seen each other," he said finally. "We've only met here in the dark to work on the tunnel. I'm not even sure what your face looks like. How will I know who you are so I can be certain I've got the right man?"

The digger moved closer to the other man. "Here," he said, "you'll know me by this." He did something in the dark, but Benson, from where he was lying, was not able to make out what it was.

Then the two men were gone.

Benson tried to figure the puzzle out. How had the digger identified himself? What signal had he given the other man? That signal could be a link to another tunnel—if this one were lost.

There was not much time left to think about it. Dawn was approaching. Benson slipped out from under the hospital and returned to his barracks.

It was afternoon when Benson awoke. His barracks was deserted—an unusual event. Usually his bunkmates were lying about, patching their clothes, playing cards, writing letters, or just sleeping. He went outside and asked a prisoner hurrying past, "Where is everybody? Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Where have you been?" the man replied. "Haven't you heard? The Yankees found a tunnel under Hospital No. 2 and they're breaking it up with pickaxes and shovels now. Everybody's there. I'm going over to take a look. You want to come along?"

Benson shook his head, walked back into his barracks, and threw himself down on his bunk. All his work, all his digging, had been for nothing. But maybe things weren't as black as they seemed. There was still another tunnel in existence. And if he could figure out the signal passed between the two men last night. . . .

Suddenly Benson sat up. The digger had identified himself by putting out his *left* hand and touching the other man with it. He *had to be* the man with the long fingernail on the small finger of his left hand. "You'll know me by this," he had said.

For three days Benson searched for the man. Finally, on the fourth day, he spotted him—long fingernail, frock coat with the tails that parted behind. He was strolling through the camp in a southerly direction.

Benson trailed him to the pond. The man stopped at the water's edge, then squatted on his heels. As Benson watched, he put his hand into a pocket, drew out a rock, and tossed it quietly into the water. He waited until the ripples had settled then took out another rock and threw it into the pool.

Quietly Benson slipped up behind the man and stood there for a few minutes. "You'd better be careful," he said at last.

The man froze. His head swiveled round and his dark eyes examined Benson with distrust.

"What is it that I have to be careful about?"

"You don't have to be afraid of me," Benson said. "But if some of these other men see you throwing rocks in the pond, they may be able to guess you're getting rid of stones from a tunnel. Any of them could be an informer—or even a Yankee spy in prisoner's clothes."

The man thought for a moment. Then he said, "How do I know I can trust you?"

Benson told him how they had dug under Hospital No. 2 together without ever getting a good look at each other.

The man threw the rest of his rocks into the pond and then stood up. "Walk with me a little way," he said, "and tell me what you want."

"I want in on your tunnel," Benson said. "I'm a good digger and a hard worker and you can move faster with me in your party."

"One thing in your favor," the man said, "is that you found out about our tunnel yourself. So there's no point in my trying to hide it from you. And as long as you know about it, we'd be protecting ourselves by having you work on it. But I'm only one man in this group, and I'm not one of the original diggers. I'm a Johnnie-come-lately like yourself. I'll have to speak to the others first and see if it's all right with them. If they say it is, then you're in."

"Sounds fair to me," Benson said.

"MEET me before dinner tonight at the same place down at the pond. I'll have an answer for you then."

The two shook hands.

Benson was waiting at the meeting place when the prisoner, Washington Traweek, arrived late that afternoon. "They said you could come in," Traweek said, but you'll have to swear an oath not to betray our tunnel to any one. Is that agreeable to you?"

Benson nodded.

"Tomorrow morning," Traweek said, "you come at eleven o'clock to the tent in the northeast section of camp third from the east end in the second row of tents from the fence. We'll be waiting for you."

"I'll be there," Benson said.

The following morning, when Benson arrived at the tent, Traweek was waiting for him with several members of the digging party.

Jack Scruggs, one of the "sick sergeants" who tended the ill prisoners in the tents, handed Benson a Bible. The men, including Benson, kneeled. John Fox Maull, a heavyset six-footer who had been in Carter's Battalion of the Jeff Davis Artillery, was the man who had conceived and started this tunnel. He administered the oath of secrecy to Benson. Ten minutes after Benson had taken the oath, he had turned his shirt and trousers inside out and was down digging in the tunnel.

The tunnel had already been pushed 12 feet in the direction of the fence when Benson joined the group. "How many feet do we have to go to reach the fence?" Benson asked when he emerged from his first digging session.

"Fifty-six feet more," said John Putegnat, a 19-year-old cavalryman. "We measured it *exact*—right under their Yankee noses."

"How'd you do that?"

"We was pitching rocks at the fence," Putegnat said, "right from outside the tent. There was a Yankee guard no more than ten feet from the fence inside the camp. After a while he got tired of watching us. So I tied a thread to one of the rocks and threw it at the fence. The rock hit the fence and dropped dead. We pulled the thread back slow each time the guard turned his back. When we got it all in, we measured it. It ran sixty-eight feet. That leaves us fifty-six feet of dirt and rock we still got to scrape our way through."

The opening of the tunnel was a shaft

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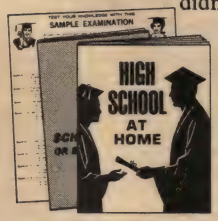

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"I know that our marriage won't have sexual problems, Harold. I don't believe in it."

that went straight down for four feet. It had been dug with a shovel stolen by one of the men while on a road detail. The tunnel leveled out then, and the men found they could no longer use the shovel—it was too big and clumsy—and had to dig with a knife.

To keep casual passersby out of the tent, one of the men was posted at the opening where he warned off strangers by saying a man inside was sick. Jack Scruggs, the "sick sergeant," who drew rations for the men ill in the tents, was able to get extra food for the diggers so they could maintain their strength.

Benson looked constantly for ways of improving the tunnel operation. One of the first changes he made had to do with the removal of freshly dug dirt. There was too much crawling just to get the debris back to the tunnel mouth. Benson worked out a system with a box which had two long cords attached to it. This was pulled back and forth from the digger to the mouth of the tunnel.

Work was progressing smoothly when—suddenly—disaster struck. Washington Traweek was picked up by the Yankee guards and led off to the prison commandant's office.

At first the men thought their tunnel had been discovered and called operations to a halt. Then, when no raid materialized, they discarded that theory.

It was Jack Scruggs, the "sick sergeant," who told them what had happened to Wash.

Traweek had been marched to Major Colt's desk at camp headquarters. There Mott Conklin, the sergeant of the guard, ordered him to stand at attention while Major Colt came around his desk, looked Traweek over carefully, then felt inside his pockets and shoes for signs of fresh, moist tunnel dirt.

"You're one of the tunnelers," Colt stated flatly.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sir," Traweek replied.

"Then I'll explain," the Yankee major said. "This morning Sergeant Conklin did a final check of the tunnel he discovered under the Hospital Number Two building before having a detail of men fill up the opening. He found a piece of paper in the tunnel—an order on the sutler for tobacco—with your name on it, W. B. Traweek."

The major paced back and forth, pinching his jaw between long bony fingers. "I understand you men turn your clothes inside out when you dig in your tunnels. That's when you probably lost this paper." Major Colt picked up a dirt-encrusted form for drawing rations at the sutler's store from his desk. He held it where Traweek could see it, and see his own name plainly marked on it.

"Must be some kind of mistake," Traweek said. "I think I traded that paper away for some crackers to another prisoner a couple of weeks ago."

"Very unlikely," Major Colt said. "But we're not going to argue. What I want from you are the names of the men who were digging that tunnel with you."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Major," Traweek said.

Major Colt smiled coldly. "Convince this prisoner, Sergeant," he told Conklin, "that I mean business."

Conklin and two Yankee guards fitted a strait jacket around Traweek's chest and arms. The straps were screwed down tighter and tighter until Traweek gasped with pain. After a minute or two of this treatment, he was released.

"What are the names of the prisoners who worked in the tunnel with you?" Colt asked.

"I'll see you in hell first, Major," Traweek replied.

AT that moment a Yankee officer, Captain Bennet Munger, stepped forward. "Let me have this boy for a few minutes, Major," he said, "and I'm sure he'll tell me everything he knows."

Colt nodded permission. Captain Munger led Traweek to a small room and closed the door behind them. He revealed that he was a Yankee teacher who had taught school in Summerfield, Alabama, and remembered having had Traweek for a pupil. It was not a lie to try to gain Traweek's confidence. Traweek remembered Munger.

"Make it easy on yourself, lad," Munger said, "and if you know them, give the major the names he wants."

"I swear," Traweek said, "it was dark. I could not see their faces. I did not know the names of the men who were digging under the hospital."

Munger accepted Traweek's story and convinced Major Colt that the prisoner was telling the truth. Traweek was put in a cell with another man—Crawford—

who had been captured the night the Yankees set the trap for the tunnel under Hospital No. 1.

That was almost the end of Jack Scruggs' story.

"What do we do now?" Maull asked. "Suppose we finish the tunnel. Do we leave Traweek behind in the camp jail after all the work he's done?"

"We'll break him out of the jail first," Benson said.

"Wait," Scruggs said. "Traweek gave me this to give you, Maull." He held a thick chunk of bread.

"What do I want this for?"

Scruggs grinned. "Break it open and you'll find out."

Maull tore the bread into two pieces. It came apart more easily than he expected and a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. Maull picked it up and read it. Then he looked at the others. "Traweek says that with a file he can fix it so as to get out when the tunnel is ready."

None of the tunnelers had enough money to buy a file in the camp black market or to have one smuggled in. Late that afternoon, however, the portly Maull visited the section of camp where prisoners fashioned rings, bracelets, and other bits of jewelry for sale to other prisoners and Yankee guards. He was able to steal a small, hard file which he brought back to the tent and carefully inserted in Traweek's piece of bread.

Maull handed the bread to Scruggs. "Give this back to Traweek," he said. "Tell him I've lost my appetite."

Two mornings later a note came back to Maull from Traweek in his cell. "Everything is all right now," he wrote. "My bars are filed through. I am ready to come out when you finish the tunnel. Let me know one day in advance."

The tunnelers settled down to steady digging. The tunnel was their master, the pivot around which everything else revolved.

One evening Benson came to the tent and found Traweek sitting on one of the bunks, grinning. With him was Crawford, his cell mate. Benson let out a yell of joy and slapped Traweek on the back.

"You didn't bust out of the camp jail, did you, Wash?"

"Nothing like that." Traweek chuckled. "Major Colt made me promise I wouldn't dig any more tunnels, and then he let us go out of the goodness of his black Yankee heart." Traweek nodded at his cell mate. "You know Crawford. He was in my cell. If you're agreeable, along with the other boys, I'd like him to take the oath and dig with us."

Crawford was sworn into the group, and the tunnelers went back to work. One thing that troubled them was just how far the tunnel had gone. Were they near the fence or not?

To settle the issue, Traweek went into the tunnel with one end of the thread they had used to measure the distance from their tent to the fence. When he returned, he said, "Strange! I went as far as the thread would let me go—and I still didn't reach the head of the tunnel. That should mean we've reached the fence and passed it."

Benson said, "If we'd reached the fence, we would have hit one of the fence posts already. If we'd gone under the fence, we would have heard the sentry marching on the platform right over our heads. Instead he sounds some distance away."

The tunnelers looked at one another. It was dawning on them that they didn't know exactly where they had dug to. For all they knew, Traweek remarked, "We could be coming up inside Major Colt's office."

Benson borrowed a ramrod from a prisoner who owned one. Traweek carried it to the head of the tunnel and thrust it a couple of inches above the ground. Then they saw they had reached a point about 18 feet from the fence.

They put a stone over the barely preceptible hole in the ground and went back to the tent where they talked the situation over.

"I don't see," Putegnat said, "how we managed to drift so far off course the way we did—and got over on the right instead of toing in a straight line."

"We're all right handed," Benson said. "When you get up at the head of the tunnel, you're cramped for space. So you lie on your left side, and dig with the knife in your right hand. That's what we've been doing. And without realizing it, we've been digging in a long curve to the right."

"That sounds reasonable," Traweek said, "but it doesn't get us any closer to the fence. How do we make sure now that we're going in a straight line and not around in circles? We want to hit that fence in the smallest amount of time by the shortest route possible. But how?"

THE solution, it appeared, would be to find a way of signaling to a man in the tunnel from above ground without attracting the attention of the guards. Someone finally suggested a stick, with notches cut in its ends, top and bottom, running in the same direction. This was made, and a man in the tunnel ran the stick up through the ramrod hole. The men above ground turned the stick until the notch on the bottom of the stick, inside the tunnel shaft, pointed at the fence too. Then the man in the tunnel marked the new direction and started digging.

In order to get fresh air to the digger, the ramrod hole was widened to a diameter of about three fingers. The hole was covered with stones during the day and uncovered at night. At that point the tunnel was dug out left and right on both sides to make a chamber underground. This the men called their "ventilator." Traweek widened it so a digger could rest there instead of crawling all the way back to the tunnel mouth.

The pace of digging became more intense. Finally, the last few yards were assaulted in a steady digging marathon by the two strongest workers: Wash Traweek and Berry Benson.

Early in the predawn hours of October 6, 1864, Traweek was digging in the tunnel when his knife struck something hard with a dull, wooden sound. He pushed himself a few feet back down the tunnel and called out to Benson.

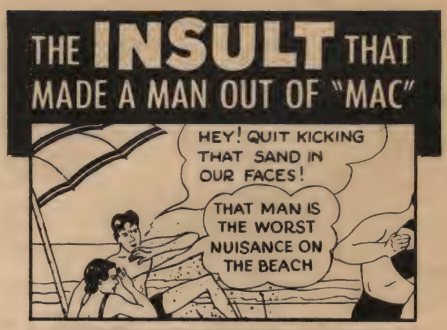
"I've hit a fence post," he cried.

"Change places with me," Benson said. "I want to take a look."

The exchange was made, and Benson crawled forward to the head of the tunnel. He put his hands out and fumbled with the dirt in front of him, his fingers searching the wall. Then he felt it, a different texture from the earth and rocks, something round and splintery. He worked around it with his knife, cleaning away the dirt and rocks until the object was revealed for what it was without any doubt—the rough, irregular, rounded surface of a wooden shaft.

They had reached the fence.

Benson lay there for a few moments, every muscle and bone in his body aching, physically exhausted, savoring the moment. And as he lay there, the silence was broken by a steady thumping sound. At first he thought it was the sound of his own heart beat. But the sound became louder. For a moment, it seemed to be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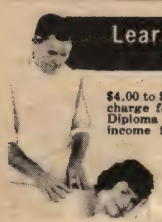

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in the tunnel with him. Then it began to recede. And Benson realized he had heard the footsteps of the guard overhead, pacing his beat on the elevated platform.

The two backed down the tunnel and told the news to the others. It was decided to punch through the final few feet of the tunnel when night fell. They would get out of the camp around midnight. Once outside, they planned a rendezvous at a barn they could see north of the prison.

They drew lots to determine the order in which they would go out. Traweek won the draw and was slated to be first. Crawford was second, Maull third. The others—Scruggs, Malone, Putegnat, and so on—would follow in order. Benson was next to the last on the list.

The next morning of October 6, Benson walked from the tent into bright sunlight. Strolling to his barracks, he assembled his escape equipment: two pocket knives, half a mess kit to be used as a cooking utensil, a pocket compass, and some strong cord with which he planned to fashion a bridle if he could steal a horse when he got out. The compass had been bought for 30 cents in the camp black market.

That night, October 6, 1864, the tunneling party assembled in Maull's tent. Benson went into the tunnel first and Traweek followed him. Benson would finish the digging job and Traweek would send the dirt Benson dug out back down the tunnel in the box. The dirt would be dumped inside the tent that last night instead of scattered around the camp.

Benson hacked away at the earth wall in front of him with his knife, but it was slow going. It took him about two hours to go a yard and a half—just enough so that he got past the fence and was sure he was outside the prison. He certainly didn't want to come up in the middle of West Water Street. When he figured he was beyond the platform on which the sentries paced their rounds—where the tunnel opening would come out concealed in the shadows—he started to dig upwards.

The first few inches were still compacted earth. Then it changed to a pebbled texture. Benson put his knife aside and began to gouge out the earth with his fingers. Small stones and dirt fell on him. Finally his hand broke through to the surface and a stream of cold, fresh night air blew down on him and into the tunnel.

"TRAWEEK," he called in a whisper, "come up and get some air!"

"You've broken through!"

"I sure have."

The two men changed places. Traweek stayed but a moment at the end of the tunnel and then came back to the ventilator. Benson went forward to finish the job. He carefully gouged out the earth around the small hole he had made, leaving a thin shell a few inches thick between himself and the surface. This shell would be easy to break through for the first man out. Next, Benson dug a hole straight down in the bottom of the end of the tunnel so that, when they broke through the shell to the surface, the earth would have a pit to fall into and not plug up the end of the tunnel.

The tunnel—68 feet long, a cylindrical shaft just wide enough in diameter to permit the passage of a man stretched out, sliding along four feet below the surface of the earth—was now finished. It had taken from 9 o'clock on the night of August 24 to a little after midnight on Oct.

Back in the tent the men got ready to go. Each man assembled the small pile of equipment he would carry with him on his journey south.

A few minutes before 3:30 A.M., on October 7, Traweek said, "All right, Crawford, it's time we got moving. Let's go."

Traweek went first into the tunnel. He would go the length of the shaft, break the shell, and emerge outside the prison—if all went well. Crawford went into the tunnel second, and Maull followed him shortly after.

BENSON was exhausted from the digging. He knew it would take Traweek quite a while to crawl down the tunnel, break through the crust to the surface, and then make certain it was safe to emerge outside the prison. There didn't seem to be any point in sitting around and waiting anxiously for his turn to come. He might as well get some rest. Asking the man ahead of him in the exit order to wake him before they went into the tunnel, Benson rolled up his coat and used it as a pillow. In a few minutes he had dozed off.

Some time in the early hours of the morning, Benson awakened. There were still three men besides himself in the tent; they were arguing excitedly.

"What's happening?" Benson asked.

One of the men turned to him. "The first six men are still in the tunnel." he said. "They're struck there."

"That's not possible, Benson said. "They'd suffocate in the tunnel. There's not enough air in there for six men."

"I tell you it's true," the man said. "I heard them. Go in and see for yourself, if you don't believe me. If I'm wrong, yell back to us, and we'll follow you out."

"Yes," one of the other men pleaded, "you go in ahead of us, Benson."

As soon as he heard that, Benson knew that these men had panicked. They had never done any digging; their sole contribution to the project had been to get rid of rocks and dirt. They were afraid to go into the tunnel, and there was nothing Benson could do about it. The black hole in the earth had paralyzed their minds and wills. He might be able to get them moving, and he might not.

"All right," Benson said, "I'll go first."

He let himself down into the hole in the floor of the tent and then crawled forward into the tunnel. He knew every bump in the floor and the ceiling by now, and he moved forward rapidly. By the time he had reached the ventilator chamber he could feel the cool air blowing into the tunnel from the opening at the

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end. He knew then, as he had suspected, that the first six men had gone through. He called back down the tunnel to tell the others, then went on. He took the left turn after the ventilator and followed the angle toward the fence. In a few moments he could see the glow of the night sky where Traweek had broken through to the surface. He scrambled the last few feet to the end of the tunnel. The fresh night air smelled sweet to him.

Benson raised himself cautiously, wriggling his head and shoulders out of the hole. He was in the shadows of the elevated sentry walk. Directly across the street from him was the observation tower, 30 to 40 feet from base to platform. Guards on the platform could look over the fence and across the camp. A few feet from the base of the observation tower three Yankee guards crouched around a fire, warming their hands against the night chill.

Benson boosted himself all the way out of the hole and then crawled to his right, away from the guards and toward the northeast corner of the camp. There he stood up and waited for a few minutes in the shadow of the sentry platform, working up the courage to make his break and walk out into the open, away from the camp.

Forcing himself not to break into a run, he stepped out. He crossed the street, expecting a bullet in the back at any moment. But nothing happened. He reached the other side of the street and started walking east.

Before he came to the end of the block, he vaulted over a sidewalk fence into a front yard. Suddenly, a dog rushed him. He raced for the fence behind the house and scrambled over it just ahead of the dog's snapping jaws. Finding himself in a lane, he started running. He kept on, working his way north and east to the edge of Elmira, where he began to climb a high hill the prisoners had been able to see from inside the camp. Finally he reached the barn the tunnelers had set as their meeting place. Approaching it cautiously, he whistled softly. There was no response.

"Traweek!" Silence greeted him. "Maull! Putegnat! Scruggs!"

All was quiet. Benson crawled forward and slipped into the barn. No one was there. He was on his own.

As daylight grew, Benson plunged into a forest and pushed on as fast as he could go. As soon as he felt he was safely away from the immediate area of the camp, he headed due west.

Hiding and sleeping in empty schoolhouses, farm sheds, under churches, and in culverts when he was caught in the open at night, he traveled through the unfamiliar countryside by day. He took his directions from his compass, a rough penciled sketch map, and the road signs and mileposts he encountered on his way. He passed undetected through the village of Big Flats and the town of Corning, then turned south, passing into Pennsylvania near Lawrenceville. He lived off the country, eating apples and nuts, drinking water from streams, stealing and cooking an occasional chicken. Eventually he covered his tattered uniform with bits of civilian clothing he stole from clotheslines.

By October 13, he was in Williamsport. He left the town, following the railroad tracks to the Susquehanna River. Then he paralleled the river, walking the railroad tracks until he became footsore. As night fell, he stole a rowboat and oars and began a restful ride downstream. Abandoning his boat as the sun came up, he slipped ashore. By 7 A.M. on Friday, October 14, he was in the railroad yard at Northumberland. There he hid aboard a lumber train for what he hoped would be a long ride south. But the train went only a few miles, and then its engine was detached at Sunbury.

Although the ride had been a short one, Benson was quick to see the advantages of railway travel. He could move some hundred miles at a clip toward the Confederate lines, if only he could pick the right train and stay out of Yankee hands.

At Sunbury, Benson mixed with the crowd in the railway station. When an express pulled in and there was a rush of people to climb aboard, Benson went with the crowd. He stayed on the platform of a car, watching through the glass door as the conductor came down the car collecting fares.

Just before the conductor reached the door, Benson went down the steps of the car. Putting his left foot on the bottom step and holding on to the car rail with his left hand, he flattened himself against the side of the car.

After he heard both car doors slam shut and knew the conductor had passed, he pulled himself back and sat on the steps. When the train arrived in Harrisburg, he learned another train was leaving for Baltimore in an hour.

At 1 P.M., Benson was aboard the Baltimore-bound train. Again he went to the platform at the end of the car. As soon as he saw the conductor approaching he went down the steps, and flattened himself against the side of the car.

This time he had not been quick enough, however. He felt a tap on his shoulder and swung his head around.

"What are you doing out there?" the conductor asked angrily.

"I'm going to York."

"Where is your ticket?"

"I don't have any."

"Get inside."

The conductor hooked his fingers on Benson's arm and pulled him back into the car. He eyed his odd assortment of unmatched clothes suspiciously.

"You're stealing a ride, aren't you?"

Benson knew he might be turned over to the police. Once in the hands of the police, his identity would be quickly established. And then it would be a quick trip back to Elmira and solitary confinement.

"I live in Harrisburg," Benson said. "I received a telegram my sister in York is dying. I didn't have money for the fare, and I wanted to see her one last time."

"YOU should have told me," the conductor said gruffly. "You might have knocked your brains out on a rock bank—hanging on the outside of the car. Go inside the car and take a seat. We'll be in York soon. You can ride until then."

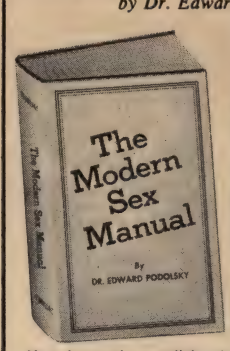
Benson took a seat and dozed until York. When the train pulled into the station, he was tempted to stay aboard and continue on southward. But he did not dare.

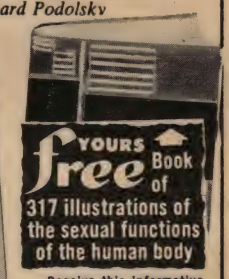
Benson struck out south from York on foot. By Sunday, October 16, he was at Cockeysville, Maryland, within 15 miles of Baltimore. There he saw a cattle train loaded with beef for Grant's army pull into the railroad yard to take on water. Federal soldiers rode shotgun on the tops of the cars.

Figuring that a bold front was the best way of concealing the fact that he was an escaped prisoner, Benson started running as the train began to move and pulled himself up on the ladder of the last car. He climbed to the roof of the car, nodded

THE MODERN SEX MANUAL

by Dr. Edward Podolsky





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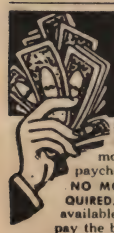

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to the Yankee guard, and sat down next to him.

"Where are you headed for?" the soldier asked.

"Baltimore."

"Live around here?"

"Yes. Out in the country a few miles from town."

"Were you here when the Rebels came?"

"I sure was." At the time he had been a prisoner in the Old Capitol Prison in Washington.

"Must have been something," the Yankee guard said.

"Yes it was," said Benson.

At 11 A.M., Benson jumped from the train as it slowed to enter Baltimore. Brazenly he walked through the city, passing Sunday pedestrians on their way to church and police on patrol. He went to an address he had learned about in the prison camp. It was the home of a woman sympathetic to the Confederacy. But nobody had heard of her when he arrived there. All he could do now was to get out of the city as quickly as possible.

By dusk Benson was walking southwest out of Baltimore. He passed through Ellicott's Mills and then the town of Unity. His immediate goal was Leesburg, Virginia, where he hoped to obtain help at the home of Judge Gray, a Confederate sympathizer.

On the night of October 18, Benson crept up on a Yankee cavalry troop bivouacked at a crossroads. He watched the Yankee soldiers build cooking fires and make coffee, then skirted the encampment, slipped through the pickets standing guard, and continued on his way.

Late that night he heard the rushing waters of the Potomac River and knew he was close to the Virginia border. Leaving the road, he cut straight across the fields toward the sound of the river. On the way to the river, he caught a grazing horse and bridled it with the cord he had brought from Elmira. The horse refused to take to the water, however. After a long struggle Benson abandoned the animal and hid in the woods.

All day, October 19, Benson lay in a small depression in the forst, covered with branches and twigs he had pulled over himself, listening to the sounds of cannon fire some miles away. After night fell, he swam the Potomac. When his feet touched ground, he was in Virginia. But he still was in the border area of North and South, a region continually swept by troops and raiders of both sides.

Benson was put up for the night and fed by a Confederate sympathizer near the river. Then he walked on to Leesburg and stayed there two days with Judge Gray. On Sunday evening, October 23, he blundered into a house where a detachment of Colonel John S. Mosby's Rebel raiders were encamped.

At first suspicious that Benson might be a Union spy, Mosby's men questioned him closely. They were tough men, and if he failed to pass their test he knew he would be hung.

"What's your regiment?" one asked him.

"1st South Carolina," Benson replied.

"Where is it now?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it's in Richmond," one of the Rebels said.

"What are you doing up here?"

"I was a prisoner of war. I escaped from Elmira."

The raiders studied him closely. They still weren't sure about him. One of them walked slowly to the fireplace, poked at the embers with a short, razor-edged knife.

"They send you straight to Elmira from the front?" he asked.

"No," Benson said. "I was a couple of days at Point Lookout. I broke out of there but then I was retaken. I was in the Old Capitol for a while, and then I was sent north to Elmira."

"Who'd you see at the Old Capitol while you were there?" the man at the fire asked. "Any of Mosby's men, for instance?"

Benson tried to remember.

"I knew Ben Crowley and Sam Underwood," he said at last. "They were both Mosby men, and they were at the Old Capitol Prison the same time I was."

The man at the fire sheathed his knife and grinned.

"He's all right, boys," he said. "Crowley and Underwood enjoyed the hospitality of the Old Capitol."

The interrogation was over. Benson heaved a sigh of relief.

The next morning Mosby's men saddled up to move out on a raid. Colonel Mosby himself had a few last words for Benson before they rode off.

"Stick to the Blue Ridge as you move south," he warned. "There are Federal patrols all over the area. You have to be careful when you come to the gaps or you may run into one of them."

Mosby and his men rode off and Benson continued on his journey south. On Thursday evening, October 27, he walked down a dusty country road into the arms of an advanced sentinel of General Bradley Johnson's cavalry. He had made contact with regular troops of the Confederate Army at last.

BENSON was feted by General Johnson and his staff, then given a pass to New Market to report to General Jubal Early. In New Market he ran into an old friend, Robert Hitt of the 12th Georgia Battalion, and learned for the first time that he long ago had been given up for dead by his family.

"They found a body on the beach at Point Lookout the day after you must have escaped," Hitt told Benson. "Michael Duffy of your regiment, who was exchanged later, thought it was you."

General Early gave Benson a pass to Richmond. He rode a stage coach to Staunton, then took a train to Richmond. There he sent a telegram to his father, saying he was alive and well and had just escaped.

Benson's regiment was south of Richmond in Petersburg. The train ride lasted an hour. In front of the Spottswood Hotel in Petersburg, Benson ran into one of his regiment's officers, who took him to his unit area. There, at the end of a company street, he saw his brother, Blackwood, facing the other way and cooking a meal over a fire.

As Benson went down the street, men recognized him and exclaimed in astonishment: *"There goes Sergeant Benson!"*

When he was within a few yards of his brother, a man cried: "Corporal Benson! Your brother's here!"

Blackwood Benson spun around. He was stunned when he saw the brother he believed to be dead. But not for long. Running to him, he joyfully pounded him on the back.

Sergeant Berry Benson was home after digging his way through a tunnel 68 feet long and then traveling some 600 circuitous miles—much of it in enemy territory—in 20 days, averaging an incredible 30 a miles a day.

The day after he returned, Berry Benson was put on a scouting patrol with his brother, Blackwood, to seek out the enemy. Sergeant Benson had returned to the war. ◆◆◆

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By J. M. Smith, *President, National Radio Institute*

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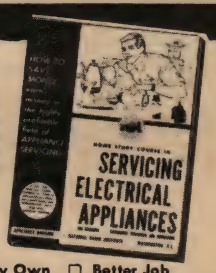

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THE SUBWAY SAVAGES

continued from page 21

vado. Alice, who had succumbed to his persistent pleas for a date, was both thrilled and highly nervous. She was only eighteen, slender, big-breasted and shapely, but there had never been any doubt in her mind about what sort of date Tony Goya would be, what he expected of her. His walk, his talk and his manner proclaimed the demanding male.

Even now, as he swaggered back to join her and the other young couple at the scoring table, he was spilling over with confidence. His grin was almost—well, dirty.

The other couple, a hip twosome, the sort of people she expected Tony Goya to run around with, were more interested in each other than in the bowling game. The other boy made a face when Tony's perfect strike emptied the alley of pins.

"Ugh!" he said. "We're dead."

His date, a blue-eyed blonde whose unkempt hair was spilling over her forehead, smiled vacantly. *"Ooooo,"* she cooed. Tony shrugged and slid into the cushioned seat beside Alice. His hip brushed against her thigh.

"Very good," Alice said, nervously.

He draped his arm expansively along the back of the booth, one arm encircling her shoulders.

"It's a gift," he laughed.

Alice cleared her throat.

"Tony, it's getting pretty late. That's five games we've played already, and I have to get home."

He turned to her, a smug grin on his face. The other boy was moving to the foul line, fingering a ball. His date was lipsticking her mouth. Casually, Tony Goya stroked the hair neatly brushed back from Alice's ears.

"What's your hurry?" he purred smoothly, his jaws working steadily on the gum. "We're gonna have a nightcap first. Isn't that right, Avis?"

Avis, the vacant blonde, nodded vigorously, watching her date release the ball at the line. The ball went into the gutter and she dropped her lipstick, clapping her hands, squealing uproariously. Alice shuddered at the sound, acutely aware of Tony Goya's right leg pressing urgently against her.

TONY laughed out loud. "You're dead, Lino, and we're out of the wood. Come on! I'll buy us all a drink."

Alice Keenan smiled a nervous smile. She was afraid of how Tony Goya made her feel. Her heart was beating hard, and every time he touched her, electricity raced through her.

Well, just one more drink and she'd make him take her home. After all, it was only their first date. . .

An hour passed.

A hazy hour, with Tony's face close to hers. Tony saying things in a low, hushed voice. Avis and Lino were on another planet. Kissing outrageously in the dimly lit booth of the cocktail lounge of the bowling alley. There were four more beers on the polished formica top of the table.

The beer made Alice feel funny. Giddy, sort of. She wasn't so sure she liked beer.

Tony's arm was around her waist, pinning her to the booth, his hand stroking her thigh, his leg intimately rubbing hers. It made her goosebumpy. Her stomach was on fire. She knew she should stop him but she didn't want to. It made her feel so good—*he* made her feel so good.

"Tony," she whispered. "It's very late. I really have to get home."

"Okay, kitten. If you gotta, you gotta."

He winked, sliding out of the booth and holding out both hands. Alice stared up at him. Avis and Lino kissed on, oblivious of them. Tony took the hands she held out to him like an automaton. Deftly, easily, he spun her up against him and walked her gently toward the lounge doors. All around Alice, the lounge tinkled, laughed, and tittered. Glasses and juke-box music clashed, neither winning.

In a secluded corner of the night, she wasn't sure just where, he was kissing her. She twisted away from him, forgetting how their footsteps had led them to the entrance doors of the Bedford Park Boulevard station.

He was breathing in a funny way, his arms burning her, his mouth almost savage now. In a blur of sudden fright, she tried to ward him off.

As inexperienced as she was, she knew what he wanted from her.

"Come on, come on," Tony whispered hoarsely. "What are you fussin' for?"

"Tony—"

"Come on—" He pressed against her.

"No," Alice said.

"Why not?"

"Tony—" Alice dropped her eyes, nervously. "I think you've got the wrong idea."

"Yeah? I think *you* got the wrong idea."

"Well, I'm sure you've got a lot of other girl friends."

"So?"

"Well, I'm sure they all like you." He was making her fidget, making her unsure of herself. Especially since the warm sensation in her stomach just wouldn't go away.

Tony shrugged, biding his time. "Why not? There's nothin' wrong with me. I take good care of them."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Means I—" his smile was wise—"make them happy."

She looked at him boldly, then lowered her eyes again.

Tony chuckled. "I'm a great believer in happiness. Some people are afraid to be happy. You know that? Some people are actually afraid. You know what happens to people like that?"..

"What?" She sensed somehow she shouldn't have asked that question.

Tony paused, then smirked. "They stay home."

Alice tried not to bite her lips. "Look, if you don't want to take me home, I can go home by myself."

He shrugged again, easily. "Who said anything about not takin' you home? I'll take you home."

"Well, then, let's not miss the train—" She was anxious now, eager to get going before his brain took another sudden turn.

"All right." He turned, allowing her to leave the corner of the mezzanine. She hurried forward. With a nonchalant air he shuffled after her.

The subway platform was dark and windy. Alice's slacks gleamed in the half-light, accenting the curves of her young body. Tony closed in on her. The platform was completely deserted. The Bedford Park Boulevard station was an empty stage in the wilderness of the city.

Tony interlocked his fingers and stretched, the muscles of his lithe body flexing. No train was coming. He sauntered after Alice as she walked slowly and somewhat stiffly toward the darker end of the wooden platform.

"How come you have to be home so early?"

"EARLY! I have to go to work in the morning. Don't you have to work?"

"Sure. So what? I can do that job at the A & P with my eyes closed. Who needs sleep?"

They had reached the unenclosed railing at the rear of the wooden walk. Alice stopped, leaning against it, staring into the night below. The dark tracks stretched into the infinity of the next station, a dim light seemingly miles away.

"What about your folks?" Alice asked, softly.

Tony stiffened subtly. "What about them?"

"Nothing. I just wondered—"

He frowned. She was still watching him nervously. He didn't like that, it offended his pride.

"Okay, kid," he said gruffly. "I'm taking you home, and there's nobody around to see. Whadda ya say?"

He put his arm around her waist. She tried to recoil but he held her.

"Come on—" he urged.

"Tony." She twisted her head away. "Please."

"Come on." He grabbed her now, forcing his body against her pliant hips.

"No!"

"Say, what is it with you? Who you saving it for?"

"Nobody," she said in a dead voice.

"Then what?" he demanded. "You trying to make a monkey outa me? If I knew you was like this, I'da never called you even. Lemme tell you something, girlie. You wanna get along, you better grow up! Fast!"

He ignored her, turning away in digust to lean on the railing. She watched him, embarrassed, frightened, sorry. It was all so new to her and she didn't want to do or say the wrong thing.

Call it love, call it newness. Alice suddenly said in a soft quiet voice: "Tony. . ."

"Whaddya want?" He didn't turn around.

"I don't have to grow up, Tony," Alice said in a determined voice. "I really don't."

"That's what you think!"

"Try me . . ." Alice Keenan said and crossed over the bridge into womanhood.

He turned to look at her. She stood waiting. The sudden grin on his face marked him for the man he was. He came to her, clasped her body and kissed her hard. She shuddered and then yield-

"Come on," Tony said as he grabbed her, forced his lean body against

ed. His strong hands swept over her, opening the pullover jacket. His fingers slid over her curves and hollows. Trembling, she tried to check him, but there was no will power left in her. Bonfires were blazing, fires that had been banked too long. He continued to fondle her.

The platform was a dark arena of silence and empty night. There were no other mortals in the world.

"Not here," she whispered.

"Then where?"

"I don't know. You should know. . ."

Now, suddenly, electrically, came the distant thunder of an oncoming train. The ties clattered, carrying the sound. Alice shuddered again.

"All right," Tony said quickly. "We'll go someplace."

"Where?"

"There's plenty of places." His vagueness left her breathless.

"Where?" she whispered fiercely, still lost in the strange fires that traveled over her flesh. .

"How about your place?"

Alice couldn't help it. She laughed. "With my mother and father? I'll probably get my head knocked off as it is for coming home so late."

He peered around, his eyes gleaming. "What about the lobby?"

She stared at him, suddenly posing with a smirk at his sudden lapse of authority and male initiative.

"Is that the best you can do?"

Tony Goya's face hardened. "I'll show you what I can do!" With that, he grabbed her roughly and held her in a kiss that welded their figures into one solid mass of desire. As they closed, the train plunged into the station, pounding, clattering, cars rattling, lights streaming from the windows.

Neither of them had eyes for the derelict sleeping on the cane seat. Tony led Alice to the rear corner of the rear section. There was some seclusion there. The door closed. The train started, rolling with a sudden jerk.

As they sat against the corner bulkhead, Tony slipped his arm around Alice, drawing her to him. He kissed her now with brazen abandon, utterly immersed in her softness and pliancy.

The train ran along the tracks, penetrating the darkness and the night. . .

THE Wilks family crossed Mosholu Parkway to the east side of Jerome Avenue, heading toward the elevated Mosholu Parkway station. It was a curiously silent, grim journey. Neither of the Wilkses had spoken since they had said goodnight to Helen's mother. Bill Wilks was carrying the sleeping Susie, hugging her as if something awful had happened to her. Helen trailed behind, rushing to keep up with his angry strides. A large striped shopping bag, filled with Susie's birthday presents, dangled from her right hand. Bill's annoyance with her was too obvious to go unnoticed. Even now, with the darkness of the city broken only by intermittent street lights, he had shifted Susie to his other shoulder, managing a tight look at his wrist watch for the tenth time in the last half-hour.

He scowled at Helen darkly now, striving like a Hercules against the rock of irritation.

"Do you know what time it is? It's five after two."

"I'm sorry, honey."

"Why din't you make a move to leave earlier?"

"Well, honey, you know how Mother is. She wanted to make this birthday party for Susie, and she's all alone now, Bill—"

"I know, I know." His voice was muffled for Susie's benefit, but even its controlled timber could not hide the harsh anger in him. "But two in the morning, with a four-year-old child! We won't be home before three-thirty. I've got to get up at seven, so now I'm going to start the new week with a big fat three and half hours' sleep!"

They had reached the subway stairs. The elevated structure loomed above them. Somehow alien, somehow remote and unfriendly, despite all its lights and promise of transportation to a safe harbor—home.

The platform was deserted except for a few people, loitering toward the middle and far end of the long wooden structure. Bill Wilks ignored them, scanning the tracks desperately for the approach of a train. There was none. Grimly he moved toward the end of the platform where the last car would stop. He shifted Susie to his other shoulder. Funny how a kid that weighed no more than thirty pounds wringing wet could get to be a ton at two in the morning.

Down the dark tracks the stabbing beam of an approaching train pierced the night. The sudden clattering of wheels against rails and moving couplings filled the atmosphere.

It was a single-door-type IRT train with six cars but it made enough racket to fill the world. The cars shot past them, a zipping kaleidoscope of windows and stanchions and stirrups, lined with ads and solitary passengers. It lumbered to a full stop. Doors hissed open.

The middle door of the last car stood before the Wilkses. There was a sign on the door that said: THIS DOOR NOT WORKING. Bill Wilks hurried to the open door, which was forward, entering with Susie in his arms and Helen trailing behind. The rear doors of the last car of a single-door-type IRT train are never opened.

The Wilkses settled themselves, Helen sitting at the corner bulkhead. She placed the shopping bag between her feet and her husband's. Susie, on Wilks's lap, was fast asleep again.

"Did you give her a pill?" He peered into the little peaceful face.

"No."

"Why not?" He was irked anew. "You know she gets train-sick."

"Because we have to try it some time, Bill!" Helen snapped impatiently. "She's sleeping now. I don't think she'll get sick."

Bill Wilks looked at his wife and then turned away hopelessly. His eyes found a shining placard advertisement across the aisle. A cigarette ad with a half-naked girl smiling at a bronzed lifeguard on some far-off, exotic beach. It was so unreal and so out of place that he glared at the blatant falsity of the lie of time and tide.

He was thoroughly annoyed with his wife. Thoroughly annoyed with life.

The six-car train hurtled along the tracks, ploughing along on its changeless voyage downtown. The last car rocked gently and the bum up the aisle slept like a dead man. . .

Sam Beckerman was angry. Never in his sixty-odd years had he been so angry. And with the anger came that unbecoming bitterness that makes the old ones so wretched in the presence of the young.

That it should come to pass in the apartment of his own son was a terrible injustice. The indignity of it had turned his blood to fire. But that the explosion should have come in front of his sweet, dear wife Bertha and his now disloyal son and *nebbish* of a daughter-in-law! That was the crowning calamity. All Kingsbridge Road should hear of his shame in his hour of need!

"Well!" Sam Beckerman thundered from the center of the living room, watching his shirt-sleeved son take the bad news so calmly, so nice-as-you-please from his armchair seat. Poor Bertha, so patient, so cheerful, was huddled fearfully on another armchair, and his son's wife was perched nervously in the corner, just hovering. "Will you do this thing for me? This thing I ask?"

I Don't know what else I can tell you, Dad." His son, so sloppy and careless with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his loosened tie! "I just don't have that kind of money—"

"What do you want me to do?" Sam Beckerman roared. "Beg? I won't beg!"

"Sam, please." His wife muttered sadly from the depths of her chair.

"Dad," his son began. "I don't want you to misunderstand me, but—"

Sam Beckerman turned his back on his son, his rage making his eyes glisten with tears. To be refused! By his own flesh and blood!

"Come on, Bertha, get your coat! We're going home!"

The sudden silence in the living room was frightening. His daughter-in-law rose shakily from her chair. His fool son tried to smile weakly. His wife rose, still shaking her head. Sam Beckerman's daughter-in-law opened her hands helplessly, a generation away in understanding and wisdom. His son was no better.

"I can't help you now, Pop. And that's all there is to it."

"Don't talk to me, good for nothing! Your mother and I are going home!"

That was the final word he had for his son.

His last action was to slam the door violently as Bertha dutifully followed him into the outer hall, her arms filled with their coats.

The muffled roar of the elevated platform train filtered into the gloom of the corridor from the half-raised window on the landing.

Sam Beckerman's teeth were clenched. Tears shone in his eyes. He had said no more as Irma said good night to Bertha and his nogoodnik son had offered to drive them to the station. A car ride yet! You ask for money and they offer you a car ride! The young ones were so selfish, so unfeeling when it comes to the parents and to the old.

The car ride to Kingsbridge station was strained and deadly. Bertha Beckerman sat next to her son as he drove the Volkswagen. Sam Beckerman, defeated in his refusal to accept the ride, sat like stone in the back seat. Within minutes, the Volks had reached the vaulted stairway of the station. Mrs. Beckerman kissed her son as he helped her out of the front seat.

"Thank you, dear," Bertha Beckerman said.

Her son nodded gloomily. "Good night, Mom. Safe home."

"You too. Thank Irma again. For everything."

Sam Beckerman snorted loudly and climbed out of the car. Bundled up in coat and felt hat, he looked stocky and

her pliant hips. "What's with you, anyway? Who you saving it for?"

powerful. His furrowed face was still mottled and angry. Bertha Beckerman began to climb the elevated steps.

"Be careful on the stairs," her son called.

She waved and Sam Beckerman moved up behind her. He did not look at his son. He had no more to say to disloyalty personified.

"Goodbye, Dad."

Sam Beckerman ignored his son and followed his stout wife up the stairs. There was an aura of resignation and grim defiance about him. His son sighed and started the car again.

THE Beckermans climbed solemnly up the stone steel-grilled steps.

"You couldn't at least say good night to him, Sam?" There was no malice, no reproach in Bertha Beckerman. Just the worn weariness of a woman who had lived a long life and experienced much. "He drove us to the station."

Sam Beckerman broke his long silence.

"He drove us to the station. A monumental sacrifice. So why couldn't he drive us all the way home?"

Down below, after a wait of a few moments, Sam Beckerman's son sighed helplessly, spun the wheel of the Volkswagen and turned around, heading for home.

". . . a bum! That's all. A rotten bum! Don't tell me no!"

"Sam, please—"

Sam Beckerman had paused, just below the crest of the climb, to fix his wife with a resentful glare.

"So what did I ask him for? A million dollars? I asked him for a lousy five hundred bucks to get my teeth fixed so I can eat like a human being! I ain't entitled to that? You mean to tell me he can't afford it?"

"Afford it, I don't know." Bertha continued to the next step. The topmost one. "But he has his own problems, Sam."

"What problems? He's got a good job, ain't he? He's got a nice apartment, he's got a nice wife, he's got nice kids, he's young—what problems, for crying out loud? He drops more than that at the track in a month! For God's sake, Bertha! Listen to what I'm telling you!"

"Sam, you listen to me. You're getting yourself all upset—"

The rumbling noise of the train pulling into Kingsbridge station silenced him. Piloting Bertha and fumbling for tokens, Sam Beckerman said no more. The turnstiles clicked and the elderly duo had to move their old bones quickly. They entered the last car, not surprised to find the Sunday train a short one. Subways were nothing new to the Beckermans. Sam Beckerman had never owned a car. He had always had bad eyes but scorned both eye-glasses and all mechanical things.

The Beckermans fumbled past the sleeping derelict and found an empty section near the closed middle doors that weren't in operation. They noticed the little girl, sleeping now in her mother's arms. Susie Wilks was heedless of the change. Bill Wilks had transferred her to Helen's lap at the last station; then folded his arms to relieve them of the strain of carrying the little girl.

Tony Goya and Alice Keenan were still shut off from the world at large in a cocoon of whispering, hugging and kissing.

The train clacked along, a steady rhythmical sound in the silent fastness of early morning.

The Beckermans had joined the Wilks family and the derelict and Alice Keenan and Tony Goya in a date with destiny.

They too would become part of the incident. . .

Any invited guest would remember forever the Carmatti home in the Fordham Road section of the Bronx. Although it was far from affluent, the household overflowed with the joy of living. The combination living and dining room contained a well-used mahogany table that took up the whole center of the room. It had been the setting for a meal such as Private Class Felix Teflinger had never known in all his twenty-one years.

Antipasto, lasagna, two kinds of sausage, and he couldn't remember how much wine and garlic bread.

The furnishings of the Carmattis were Old World, all right. Dim, shabby and ornately genteel. Tassels and drapes and stuffed old chairs. But now that the large table had been cleared of the fantastic meal, leaving only the coffee cups, glasses and another bottle of red wine, Felix Teflinger felt that glow of contentment that can come only from a wonderful repast among people one liked.

They were all sitting around now. He and his buddy, Private First Class Philip Carmatti and Phil's parents. The love and affection the Carmattis felt for each other was obvious. It was a happy home; it had always been a happy home. It didn't take a college diploma to see that.

Philip Carmatti at twenty-one—same age as Felix—shot off wholesomeness like sparks. He had imagination, Phil did, and all that deep-rooted urgency and drive you'd expect from a big-city boy.

Felix Teflinger, who spoke with a Southern-by-Western drawl, was a tall boy with a cracker-barrel simplicity and a wry sense of humor that had always set him apart. Even now, with one arm in a cast and sling, a walking wounded, he was a person you looked at twice. The country-boy look was deceptive.

Philip Carmatti glanced at his watch.

"We've really got to go, Mom. Felix has to get down to the bus terminal yet."

This information elicited a flurry of protests from the older Carmattis, but in no time at all the two young PFC's had said their goodbyes and left. . .

The subway tracks were isolated, empty, rolling ribbons of steel reaching into the distance.

"What are you going to do when you get out of the Army?" Carmatti asked.

"Oh, Ah don't know. Work on a farm, maybe. Filling station. Ah ain't got no special plans. How about you?"

Philip Carmatti rubbed his hands together, dark eyes sparkling. He leaned forward in his seat, staring at the stone floor beneath their feet.

"Oh, I can hardly wait to get out. Go back to school. Then law school. Then fifty thousand a year. Maybe a hundred. Why be pikers?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Slowly now, came the noises of the approaching train.

They both rose, straightening out their uniforms, conscious of themselves as soldiers—something the Army had instilled in them with hours of drilling and telling. The train was rolling in, whistling the air through its slits and couplings. It lumbered past them, flashing its windows, occupants and brightly lit interiors.

It lurched to a halt.

The last car paused before them, the one with the non-working middle door. Teflinger peeled off to the rear door while Carmatti headed for the right one, almost from habit.

In surprise, Carmatti realized that Teflinger had chosen the wrong route.

"Felix!" he yelled. "Over here! The rear doors, don't open!"

Unabashed but grinning sheepishly, Teflinger hurried to reach safety. He made it, and the forward door closed and the train lurched forward once more.

They both moved to the middle of the front section on the east side, sitting down under a partially opened window. They began to read the car cards, losing themselves briefly in the gaudy ads lining both sides of the coach. There was nothing spectacular to see at that time of night anyway. No girls, at any rate.

Just a couple of married people with a sleeping kid in their laps.

Just an old bum sleeping it off on his dead end.

Just a young guy necking with his date.

PFC's Philip Carmatti and Felix Teflinger, a big-city child and a country boy, had taken their seats for the coming drama.

Up-front seats for the incident. . .

Harry Purvis, with a fixed and dutiful smile on his face, listened as his host held forth in the center of the party which now seemed endless. The drink in Harry Purvis's hand was a duty, too. Something for his wife, Muriel, who sat across the room, listening avidly with a broad smile on her good-looking face. Muriel still looked good at forty-two, but at forty-five, Harry Purvis, who had been emasculated by his wife too many years ago, too many times, just didn't give a damn any more. As he didn't give a damn for parties with seven or eight couples he didn't care about and cold buffets and hail-fellow-well-met host who just had to be the life of the party.

The fool was carrying on in a loud voice, a drink-loud voice, and Muriel was sitting, pretending to enjoy herself, just because she was a victim of the social ladder.

"No, wait a minute," the host boomed. "Let me finish! So we happen to be passing a Lincoln dealer, and Claire says, 'Why don't we take a look?' So idiot me, I don't even suspect, I figure all right, what's the harm to look?"

Everybody guffawed, glasses tinkled and Harry Purvis restrained a yawn. Muriel, buried in the very midst of the group, was laughing too. Just like her. Acid-tongued, direct-from-the-witch's-brew Muriel.

". . .so you know," the host was saying. "If she thinks I'm gonna pay six thousand dollars for a Lincoln Continental she's out of her cotton-pickin' mind! So what happens? Would you believe it—I couldn't get her out of the car until I bought it! Couldn't get her out of the car! So now we'll be eating hot dogs for the rest of our lives!"

THE joke over, there was uproarious laughter and clapping of hands. The group disintegrated as the laughing host rushed to usher a departing twosome off the premises. Purvis had finally caught Muriel's eye and pointed to his watch.

She pinned him with an indifferent, almost contemptuous look, and then simply turned her face away.

Harry Purvis raised his glass to his lips, a defeated smile on his wan face. . .

About an hour later, the host was at the apartment door with them, a foolish smile on his drunken face.

"And listen, don't be such strangers from now on." His wife, a pert-faced blonde in a miniskirt that showed too much of her beefy legs, was smiling too.

Muriel Purvis nodded. "We won't. Good night, dear."

"Wonderful party," Harry Purvis shook hands with his host. "Thanks a lot, Jerry."

Muriel and the hostess touched faces.

Jerry waved. "Take care."

The door closed on their still smiling faces.

Harry and Muriel Purvis, without a word to each other, started down the tiled hall to wait for the elevator. . .

The Burnside Avenue station had two or three people lounging on the platform, waiting for the train. On the wooden bench at the rear end, the Purvises were sitting, locked in a stony silence that had persisted since they had left the party.

There was no sign of a train.

Harry Purvis could hear his wife breathing softly. He stirred, irritated with another situation, another bad night. There had been so many of them lately.

"All right," he rasped. "What did I do now?"

"Nothing." There was a pause. "That's the trouble."

He looked at her, waiting, but she was offering nothing further. He turned front again and sighed.

"I suppose eventually you'll get around to telling me what that means."

Now she turned to stare at him pointedly. This time, he looked straight ahead. She waited one more moment before beginning her quiet, direct, baiting game.

The one he could always count on.

"Do you know how much Jerry Sawyer is making?"

"Oh." He got it now.

"Do you?"

"No, I don't, and I'm not interested."

"He's making eighteen thousand five hundred dollars a year."

The statement was a proclamation of worth. No, a testimonial.

"Good for him!"

Muriel was not through with him, yet. As a martyr, he knew that.

"Did you notice the dress Marie was wearing tonight? And the coat?"

"Look, Muriel." Purvis could not hide the weariness in his voice. "If I knew you were going to react this way, I never would've gone to the party."

"Why not, lover?" she said sharply. "They're all our old friends; we haven't seen them in ten years. What're you afraid of? That I may open my eyes and see what the rest of the world is doing while you're picking your nose?"

"Look, Muriel." Again, the tired, beaten patience he had to draw upon to duel with her. "For the ninety-ninth time, I'm not a big money maker."

"You can say that again."

"And never will be."

"So what are you, proud of that?"

He shook his head.

"I'm just saying. Build bridges, I won't: I'm just a small harberdashery man. I've got a little, little place in the world and that's good enough for me. Now, you've had fifteen years to get used to the idea. If you could only accept the idea, I think you could be a happy woman. I think we could find some happiness together."

Her smile was etched in acid.

"Don't give me any speeches, lover. Please. I know them all by heart. You're not kidding it's the ninety-ninth time."

Harry Purvis threw up his hands.

"What else can I do?"

"I'll draw you a diagram some day."

He had no answer for that. Again, she had gotten in the last word.

"Do you know," she continued, "there wasn't one woman there tonight who didn't have at least three children?"

That brought him back, sharply.

"Well, don't look at me, toots. I went to the doctor, and he said *I* was all right."

She was suddenly busy with her purse, casually inspecting her face in the mirror that was behind the covering flap.

"Yeah, yeah," she said. "I know."

He looked at her, getting angry.

"I went to the doctor and he said I was all right!"

"So he said." She snapped the purse shut. Quietly, not looking at him. "Let him come visit us one night."

The shock on his face turned to digust. He shook his head, bewildered, as she rose, turning her body toward the far-off beacon of an approaching train. He watched her. So cold, so resolute. So remote. So—hard!

He shuddered, though it wasn't that cold, and stood up, too. The train was getting larger, looming, filling the tracks. Now it came hurtling on, charging past them, streaming by until the last car checked to a halt.

Muriel Purvis entered the middle door on the east side. Harry Purvis followed her, reduced once more to the slave role. The really second in command.

They found seats in the center of the car, directly across from a middle-aged couple, huddled close together.

Sam and Bertha Beckerman. .

Muriel Purvis sat down as though she was slumming, and Harry Purvis, aching inside, sat next to her.

The six-car train lunged on toward One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Street.

Clackey-clackety-clack. . .

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD
OF BLACK KNIGHTS
Discussion Program Tonight
Rev. Edward Anderson Bullock
"Patience and Fortutude: Still Our Most
Powerful Weapons"
9 P.M.
OPEN DISCUSSION AFTERWARDS

That's what the announcement board said, and staring at it from his seat, Arnold Robinson knew the damn sign had lied again. Why didn't the rest of the couples, sitting around having their coffee, listening to this fool talk, know he was no more than that? Just another civil rights fool with no new ideas or even good *old* ones!

Arnold Robinson restrained his impatience. God, he wanted to laugh out loud!

The meeting hall still held a dozen or so couples, all still listening to the Reverend Edward Anderson Bullock and that cat was holding forth right now, even with the official meeting over, sipping his coffee and pontificating in a mellifluous, holier-than-thou voice.

". . .I have no doubt that this is the year of decision. The civil rights legislation we have seen has had enormous effect, despite the pessimists—"

Arnold Robinson squirmed, flinging a glare at his wife Joan who, sitting beside him, had her fine eyes riveted on the preacher boy. Man, the trouble Negroes let themselves in for listening to Educated Negroes!

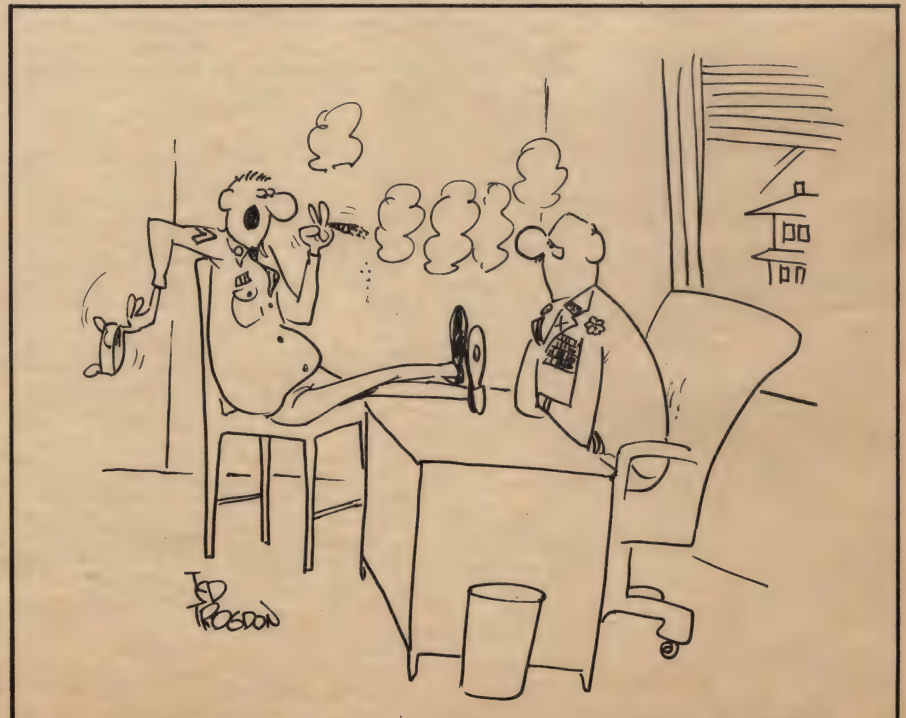
". . .I believe future legislation will be even more successful. I believe our program of peaceful demonstrations on the issue of integration—"

Buckwheat cakes! When was the man going to take the tiger by the tail and say something that had some guts to it? Not Rap Brown talk, but something *sensible* and constructive?

Nobody else seemed to mind. The other couples were all listening, smiling their approval, drinking their coffee. Arnold Robinson squirmed some more.

He was a large, fortyish man, relatively uneducated and quick to resent passionately slurs and racial slights. All his life he had been respectable, but it hurt him to hear this kind of talk. He looked at his wife Joan. She always kept her cool, Joan did. A real beauty who somehow managed to hold it all in, smile and roll with the punch. It was that voice of hers, like a singsong melody. The way she was so calm with the kids, too. Right now, she was listening to the preacher like he was expounding Gospel. It was more than Arnold Robinson could bear.

". . .of discrimination in labor, in housing, cannot help but elevate our cause in the hearts and minds of all intelligent



"And what other little goodies have you got for me if I re-enlist, baby?"

"I wanna stay and see this," Arnold Robinson said to his wife. "Can

people. And with God's help we will persevere until the day will come when. . ."

Reverend Bullock was droning on and that was enough for Arnold Robinson. He turned to Joan, nudging her, gathering his coat off the back of his chair.

"Let's go."

She was startled by his move. "What for?"

"Cause I have better things to do. Let's go!"

He rose peremptorily and started for the door. Reverend Bullock paid no heed and sonorously continued on. Shaking her head, Joan Robinson excused herself from the company and followed her husband out of the hall. ". . . the whole nation will realize that black. . ."

Joan waited until they were on the subway platform before she spoke. "What you walk out of that meeting for?"

"Meeting! Huh!" He pounded a fist into a palm. "Another hurry up and wait outfit." He cackled, a ghoulish imitation of Reverend Edward Anderson Bullock. "De next hundred years gwine be easier, brothuh. Be patient, praise de Lawd! An hallelujah! What a crock!"

Joan shrugged. "Made sense to me."

Robinson snorted. "You know what'd really make sense? Like we done in the Army. "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!" Remember that one? That's what the theme oughtta be. Hit them first, hit them hard and reeducate them later. Not us—them!"

"Dearie," she sighed again. "You so full of hate these days, it makes me sick just to listen to you."

"Yeah? Well, just as long as it makes them sick first! Let them hear it! Let them hear it from all of us! And feel it! And get busted up by it! And get afraid! And then maybe, just maybe we get somewhere!"

"We getting somewhere, dearie. There's all kinds of things happening. And you know it. Just by waiting—"

The clatter of an oncoming train almost drowned out the sudden explosive way he interrupted her.

"Nothing!" he shouted. "Nothing's happening! And I ain't got time to wait! And you ain't got time to wait! Cause we only coming by this way once! Just once! One lifetime! And you can march, and you can picket, and you can legislate from here to hell and back and you'll never see the day! *The* day! Cause I got news for you—when you in a war, you got to fight! And when you want a revolution, you got to be revolutionary! And when you want changes you got to spill blood! That's the only way to do it! A white man look at you crosseyed, he's got a one-way ticket to the graveyard! That's the way to do it!"

NOW she was shrill and angry, too. Her eyes flashed. "And you got a one-way ticket to prison, you damn fool!"

"Yeah? " he muttered, running down. "Well, if I can take care of a few whites in the meanwhile, maybe it'll be worth it!" He trembled, nodding his head twice. "Maybe it'll be worth it!"

Joan Robinson shuddered, turning her attention to the train coming in. It pulled to a slow stop, the booming noises breaking the quiet of the night.

They entered the forward door of the last car. Arnold Robinson looked digustedly at the drunken bum snoozing, one leg draped into the aisle. The trouser leg was torn, bloody, and stained with vomit.

Unluckily, their seats were just across from the bum. Robinson gloated at his wife. "There's your white man for you."

Joan Robinson was cool again. "He could have been black just as well, dearie."

"But he ain't!" Arnold Robinson said fiercely. . .

The pool hall, about one block from the elevated subway station, was half-dark and almost empty. It was so late now that almost all players had gone home. Everybody that is, except Joe Ferrone and Artie Connors.

The pool-hall owner, a small middle-aged men in vest and bow tie, was dousing the lights at the remaining tables. As each table darkened, the shadows lengthened over the establishment. Joe Ferrone paid no heed, his swarthy face intent on his next shot. There was something lithe and animal-like about his moments, though his manner was casual and not impulsive. His dark eyes glittered as he lined up his cue stick, gauging the white ball where it lay among a scattered pile of balls.

The owner had almost reached their table.

Artie Connors, lounging against the wall and watching his partner shoot, was drinking from a small, flat bottle of wine. The bottle was almost empty. Artie, lighter than Joe, was fidgety and restless. He looked like somebody on drugs. His semi-idiotic manner wasn't nice to see.

In tandem, Ferrone and Connors looked like the two punks they were. Psychopathic, sadistic and brutal.

"All right," the owner wheezed, "what do you say, fellas? We're closing up."

Ferrone's cuestick flashed and the ball rifled toward a target. "Wait a minute," he said, without looking at the owner. "We ain't even finished yet."

"Now, come on, boys. Be nice. I told you we were closing up twenty minutes ago." The owner reached up for the overhead light, a dangling green lamp.

Connor's who also wasn't looking at him but watching Ferrone's shooting, said calmly, "You turn that light out and I'll tear your arm off."

The owner's hand froze in mid-air. He looked at Connors, who was intently watching the balls carom about the baize-cloth table. The owner's partner, another middle-aged man who had been busy at the other tables, came over to see what the trouble was. He showed a puzzled face.

The owner looked at his partner helplessly.

Joe Ferrone continued playing. Connors giggled, sipping from the wine bottle.

The owner and his partner had to wait until Ferrone continued his run of the balls. With Connors looking on.

Ferrone missed the last shot and straightened disgustedly. But unworridedly. Connors grinned.

"Ahhhhhh," Ferrone said, tugging his basque shirt down around his waist.

The owner moved quickly to turn off the overhead light. His partner relaxed.

"Okay, that's it, huh?" the owner wheezed again.

Ferrone tossed his cue carelessly onto the table. It rolled with a clattering sound against the balls.

"What are you closing up so early for?"

Connors added his own stick to the pile and joined Ferrone on the way out. "Where the hell is everybody?" Ferrone called out over his shoulder.

The owner angrily replaced the cue sticks in the high rack beside the table, something the players were always expected to do.

"Where the hell is everbody?" he echoed. "Everybody's home in bed! That's where you should be."

"Yeah?" Ferrone asked, over his shoulder again, from the dark depths of the threshold. "With who?"

Connors was still giggling as they left.

As they emerged from the entranceway, their hands tucked casually into the pockets of their too-tight jeans, they both surveyed the darkened street.

"Oh, man," Connors grunted. "Look at this. Like a ruttin' grave."

A block away, the gigantic shadow of the elevated station thrust up into the night sky. All the stores, restaurants, bars were closed. Jerome Avenue was in darkness except for a lone light burning in the corner candy store by the station.

Behind them, the owner and his partner locked the front door of the pool hall, then moved away with a last angry look at the two young punks.

Connors turned to Ferrone.

"What do you wanna do?"

"You got any money?"

"You kiddin'?"

"Oh, man," Connors blurted fitfully. "Don't ask me that! Something! Anything! You name it. I got ants, man! Just look at this grave!"

THEY started aimlessly toward the station corner. Ferrone swaggered. Connors walked like someone with pebbles in his shoes.

The mezzanine of the station proper was deserted except for the tired attendant in the change booth. There were the gates marked NO ADMITTANCE. Joe Ferrone and Artie Connors walked around this and blithely skipped through the gates toward the rear platform stairs on the downtown side of the station.

In his change booth, the attendant spotted the breach of law and his face blanched. He quickly opened his window and arched his head to peer through the grille.

"Hey, hey, hey!" he called out. "Where do you think you're going?"

Ferrone stopped, looking baffled and hurt.

"Where do *you* think we're going?"

"You got a pass?"

"What pass?" Ferrone was innocence personified. The attendant, an excitable type, who had spent too many years on the thankless job, grew crimson.

"Come back here! You can't go through there! You go through the turnstile, buddy!"

"Through the turnstile?" Ferrone bantered. Connors was leering like a chimpanzee.

"That's right!" The attendant was getting apoplectic. "Through the turnstile!"

Ferrone and Connors exchanged smirking grins. Ferrone shrugged, motioned to his partner, and they both playfully came through the turnstile. The wrong way—returning through the NO ADMITTANCE gates to the other side again.

"Okay, pop. You satisfied now?"

"You can get yourself arrested for this; you know that?" the attendant stammered.

"Yeah. Sure." Connors, taking no part verbally, was laughing.

Ferrone motioned again and he and Connors moved toward the rear downtown stairs. "You find the mayor, tell him all about it. Give him our regards."

With Connors giggling, they started up the stairs to the train level.

you imagine what people would say if these two punks were Negroes?"

The attendant glared after them, impotently.

On the deserted, lonely platform up above, Connors was imitating the attendant, using a girlish falsetto: "Hey, hey, hey! Through the turnstile, through the turnstile!" He restlessly high-jumped stretching his long arms to touch the slanting platform roof. The tracks were empty. Not a train for miles. Settling down, he went over to where Ferrone was sitting on the wooden bench, looking like a statue. Ferrone had his own flat bottle of wine out and was rubbing the neck.

Connors took out his own bottle, now draining it. He reached for Ferrone's.

"Hey, gimme a swig."

"Forget it," Ferrone said, without malice.

"Come on! I'm dry." Connors reached for the bottle. Ferrone moved away, cranking his body.

"That's tough."

Connors grimaced, got to his feet and circled the bench, fitfully. He gave up, went to the unenclosed railing and hookshot his own empty over it in the best basketball tradition. There was a faraway crash as the bottle crackled on the sidewalk far below.

From far down the line, a light appeared in the gloom. Ferrone saw it first and got to his feet. The light enlarged, the outline of a train bringing it closer. Now, the slow, low thunder of the wheels throbbed a rhythm of *click, click, click,* counterpointed with the whistling breath of the passage of a large body of great weight.

The train rushed by, slowing, filling the platform with muted thunder and racing wind. The last car slid to a stop before Ferrone and Connors. They ignored the middle and last doors and trooped through the forward one.

Connors marched up the aisle, snapping his fingers, his face an idiot mask of terror. Ferrone followed him. Cold, dark and hard. Saying nothing. His face expressionless. The doors closed and the Sunday train moved forward once more.

"Broop-broop-de-broop. . ." Connors hummed. A cigarette hung from his mouth. He dropped indolently on the seats in the forward section, east side, by the middle door.

The Wilks family saw him and heard him. Even sleeping Susie stirred uneasily in her mother's arms.

Sam and Bertha Beckerman saw him and heard him. And winced.

Tony Goya, for all his interest in Alice Keenan, jerked erect with a start, looking around. Alice Keenan huddled to him, wondering what had happened.

PFC's Philip Carmatti and Felix Teflinger stiffened, recognizing the face of danger.

Harry Purvis and Muriel Purvis looked annoyed and disgusted, and made a point of looking the other way, not wanting any contact with two specimens of modern youth.

ARNOLD Robinson turned a triumphant face on his wife Joan. A knowing, happy smile creased his face. He shook his head, clucking to himself.

Only the human derelict slept on, undisturbed, out of touch with this new reality.

Every head, of course, had turned, at the spectacle of Joe Ferrone and Artie Connors taking over the center of the car. The center of the stage.

But even beyond that unison of movement, an immediate tension and nameless fear had gripped the car. It was electrifying and unmistakable. Something was going to happen! The incident was about to unfold. The incident that had to happen.

The Sunday train roared on to meet its destiny. . .

The 167th Street Station was only a few minutes away. Artie Connors was still restless. Oblivious of his effect on the passengers, all of whom were acutely aware of the enemies in their midst, Connors lifted himself from his seat and stretched his arms.

"Oh, man—this ride is like slow. I mean *slow!"* It was then that he first noticed the derelict. The unconscious bum sleeping it off on the seat.

His fool's face split in a grin. "Hey, Joe!"

Ferrone eyed the bum and then Connors. "Who's that, your father?"

"That ain't my father, man. That's *your* father."

"Yeah?" Ferrone grinned. "So go wake him up."

Connors poised above the bum for only a second, then leaned down and yelled into the sleeping ear, "Hey! *Happy New Year!"*

The bum did not stir or give any sign of life.

Connors convulsed, his eyes rolling with amusement. Then he imitated a screaming artillery shell into the bum's defenseless ear. *"Eeeeeeeeoooooo-BOOM!"*

Again, there was no movement, no response from the bum. He didn't stir an inch.

Connors gaped. "Oh, man, look at this. Is this for real?" Vehement now, he crouched over the bum, shaking him, flicking a hard finger at the drunken face. "Hey! Hey, bum! Hey, wake up, bum! What are you—dead? Hey, bum! Wake up!" He might have been shouting at a stone wall. Bewildered, he turned to Ferrone. "Oh, man—this car's like dead!"

Ferrone's hard eyes glittered.

"Man, you don't know how to do it. You give him a match and he'll wake up."

Connors had returned to shaking the derelict. "Hey, bum! Hey, bum! Hey bum, you want a hot foot?"

Again the bum was motionless.

Connors leered. "Yeah? Okay." He produced a pack of matches, tore one off, stuck it to one side of the derelict's scuffed shoe that dangled in the aisle. He lit the match with another one.

Helen Wilks and Bill Wilks, struck to the core by this sudden display of callous brutality, watched, mesmerized by the little drama going on.

"Oh, brother," Wilks breathed fervently. "This is what you get when you go home at two in the morning."

Tonya Goya and Alice Keenan were fascinated, too. They had finally stopped their nonstop kissing marathon to get interested in something besides themselves.

Angry and bitter Sam Beckerman, seeing the drunk about to be abused, whined, "Look at that! Look at those punks!" Bertha Beckerman's fingers tightened on his arm, fearfully.

Muriel Purvis, mildly outraged, poked Harry Purvis in the ribs. "Why don't they leave him alone?" she asked in a low voice.

Harry Purvis favored her with a wide-eyed shrug.

"How should I know? What are you asking me for?"

PFC Phillip Carmatti was nervous about what was going on. PFC Felix Teflinger was merely surprised and curious that such things could be in a big city.

Joan Robinson fidgeted. Arnold Robinson was chuckling deeply in his chest. "There's another white man for you, baby."

The flaming progress of the lighted match moved toward the inner sole of the bum's shoe. A deep, comatose groan escaped from the derelict's lips. A half-muffled noise. The burned foot lurched. The match went out. Yet, the bum had done no more than utter a groan. He was as fast asleep as ever.

Connors blinked in surprise. "Oh, man, this guy needs an atom bomb!" Gleefully, enjoying the new game, he tore two more matches from the pack, ready to keep going.

SAM Beckerman, watching, trembling with rage, was ready to explode. Bertha Beckerman held onto his knee tightly. Suddenly, he broke free of Bertha Beckerman's restraint and jumped up violently. His furrowed face was mottled with rage.

"Hey, you! You bums! Stop that! I'll call the police! There are decent people here! Leave that man alone!"

Joe Ferrone eyed Sam Beckerman.

"You talking to me, mister?"

"Yes, you! You scum!" Beckerman shouted.

Bertha tugged at his arm, trying to make him sit down. "Sam, please. . ." He ignored her.

There was a ghastly silence now, all eyes on the new development. Ferrone kept staring at Sam Beckerman. Connor's face tightened. There was murder in his eyes.

Ferrone slowly walked up the aisle to the Beckermans. "What did you call me?" Ferrone gritted at Sam Beckerman.

"Please, please." Bertha Beckerman was panic-stricken by his manner. "He just got excited. Sam, sit down, sit down!" She tugged vainly at his coat.

"Leave me alone!" Sam Beckerman shouted, standing his ground.

"Sam, please!" Bertha Beckerman almost screamed the words. Ferrone towered before Sam Beckerman, seething with compressed fury. His eyes blazing.

The other passengers watched, waiting.

"You better sit down, pop," Ferrone ordered, "before I spit on you!"

"Please, please," Mrs. Beckerman implored. "He's an old man—sit down, Sam! Sit down! You'll kill me yet—" She moaned loudly, wailing to the world at large.

Sam Beckerman glared at her.

"What are you getting hysterical for? My God, you didn't see what they were doing?"

"Never mind, never mind—it's not your *business,* Sam!"

Ferrone looked down at her with hard approval. "That's right, lady. You better sit down, Sammy, before you give your old lady a stroke."

Beckerman weakened, standing back, allowing Bertha to pull him down. "Don't you get fresh with me!"

"Fresh?" Ferrone sneered mightily. "You're lucky I don't kick your ruttin' teeth in for calling me that!"

"Yeah?" Sam Beckerman quavered. "We'll see about that."

"Yeah?" Ferrone rasped. "Why, you gonna do something, pop?"

"Never mind what I'll do. Just don't think you can get away with everything. Why don't you grow up and behave yourselves? For God's sake—" Beckerman could not hear the weakness in his own

voice. The sound showed he had already surrendered to the brute force. "Where do you think you are? There are decent people here!"

Bertha Beckerman was beside herself. Her Sam wouldn't stop talking. "Sam—please God—"

"I'll call the police!" Sam Beckerman shouted.

"Yeah? You will, huh?" Ferrone smirked.

"Don't worry!"

"I ain't worried."

"Don't be so smart—I'll call them!"

"So go ahead and call them. I ain't stopping you. Go ahead and call them!"

Sam Beckerman hesitated. "Yeah?" he muttered.

"Yeah! You want me to call them for you? I'll call them for you." At the top of his lungs, with his dark head thrown back, Joe Ferrone yelled. *"Hey, police!* All right? You want me to call them again? *Hey, poliiiiice!"*

Beckerman quaked with frustration, thinking of his son Solly and money that couldn't be gotten from one's own son and the whole terrible business of people, treating other people badly. He looked about helplessly. His eyes fell on Tony Goya. Tony Goya, sitting with his arms around a pretty girl, watching but doing and saying nothing.

"You!" Sam Beckerman shouted. "Why don't you do somethin?" You're young! Do something!"

"Me?" Tony Goya blurted.

"You young kids—you're all a disgrace—" His eyes included all of them. "You should be ashamed of yourselves! Self, self, that's all you think! Like animals!"

"Sam," Bertha gasped. "For heaven's sake—"

But Beckerman was still zeroing in on Tony Goya as a target for his wrath. "You! You're his age! Why don't you stand up and do something?"

Tony Goya reddened. "What are you getting on *my* back for?"

Joe Ferrone strode to where Tony Goya was huddled with Alice Keenan. His mocking eyes swept over them. A thin smile was on his mouth.

"Hey, man," Ferrone said to Tony Goya "you don't feel like standing up, do you? Huh?"

Tony affected a wise-guy smile. A one-of-the-boys look.

"Look, I don't know nothing, mac. I don't see nothing."

"See that, pop?" Ferrone paused to grin back at Sam Beckerman. "He's too busy. He's got his girl friend." Now, his eyes roved back to Tony Goya. "Right?"

Tony nodded, watching him carefully. He was still uncertain which way the wind blew. You had to be careful. Ferrone was giving Alice Keenan's shapely body and pretty face the once-over, not too lightly.

"THAT your girl friend? What's the matter, pal? I'm asking you—that your girl friend?"

"Yeah," Tony said, halfheartedly.

"Yeah?" Ferrone looked directly at Alice. "You his girl friend?" She stared at him nervously, unable to answer. The train was slowing down again, nearing the 138th Street station.

"Not bad, pal," Ferrone said admiringly, watching Alice Keenan's round hips and full thighs. "Not bad at all." He held out his wine bottle to Tony.

"How about a drink, pal?"

Tony Goya said, "No, thanks," very carefully.

"How about you, girl friend?"

She shook her head, not understanding him at all. Or Tony, for that matter. Ferrone took a noisy swallow and then casually sat down next to her. She shrank closer to Tony.

"Look," Ferrone raised his eyebrows as Tony Goya suddenly showed some spunk. "What do you say, huh? I mean—we're not bothering you, right?"

"No, no," Ferrone admitted. "You ain't bothering me. Just trying to be friendly, that's all. I mean, we understand each other, right?"

This only served to make Tony Goya more uncomfortable.

"That right?" Ferrone repeated.

"Yeah, that's right," Tony agreed, still going along.

"Sure. That's what I thought." He took another swallow from the wine bottle. "How is she?" He nodded toward Alice Keenan. "A good neck?"

The color drained from Tony Goya's face.. Now he knew what he had feared for the last five minutes.

"I'm asking you a question, fella—is she a good—"

"Look," Tony Goya said quietly. "Take it easy, will you, mac?"

"What's the matter?"

"I love everything about you . . . your soft brown hair . . . your limped blue eyes . . . your green slimy fins . . . "

"Just take it easy, huh?"

"I didn't say nothing," Joe Ferrone said innocently. "I was just asking.

He offered the bottle again to Tony Goya. Only this time he stretched across Alice Keenan's full bosom to do so. Subtly but very plainly, his hand brushed against her breasts. She was too pertified to move or say anything.

Tony caught the move. He shook his head, fighting himself. Ferrone shunted the bottle to one side. His eyes focused deliberately on Tony Goya.

"Sure you don't want a drink? I mean, as long as we understand each other.

Tony shook his head again.

Ferrone sighed.

"See, what I want to know is—how is she in the clutch?"

Alice Keenan went crimson. Her head turned toward Tony Goya to see what he would do.

Tony was nervous, unsure of himself. The grace in the bowling alley, the confident, lithe animal of the hallways and lobbies, was now talking low, looking around, wordlessly appealing to the other passengers for help.

"Look, take it easy, will you, please? This is a nice girl."

"Oh, yeah?" Ferrone's raised eyebrows were mocking him. "So how come she's with you? I mean, as long as you're able to nuzzle her on the subway, I figure anything goes, right?" He leered suggestively. "Ain't that right, honey? I mean if you're looking for action, you can always come with me and my buddy. I mean, if you really want a workout, you know? Were you going to say something, pal?"

Tony Goya couldn't say anything. He was glaring impotently, trapped by his own cowardice.

FERRONE'S voice was husky with contempt as he smiled at Alice Keenan. "I can see you go for the strong, silent type, honey." He got to his feet, grinning. "Well, if you change your mind, give me a call. The name's Joe Ferrone. I'll know what to do with *you.*"

He tilted the wine bottle, sipping some more. He saw the Wilks family staring at him.

"How about you, mister?" He poked the bottle at Bill Wilks. "You want a drink?"

"No," Bill Wilks said in a small, tight voice.

Joe Ferrone shrugged grandly and ambled back down the aisle toward his partner Artie Connors.

Alice Keenan had withdrawn her hand slowly from inside Tony Goya's protective arm. She dropped her eyes, unable to look at him. Tony lowered his head and shot a glance at her. She didn't say a word. Her humiliation was complete. But Tony Goya had suffered the greatest defeat of all. Alice Keenan would never feel the same way about him again.

The train whined and slowed, wheels grating. The 125th Street station was dead ahead. Ferrone checked the windows, nodded to himself and offered his bottle to Muriel and Harry Purvis. Muriel glared at him. Harry Purvis wagged his head too rapidly in the negative. The car lurched to a full stop. He decided to remain at the middle of the car, leaving Connors to take care of the forward door.

Joan Robinson was ready to leave. It was their stop. Good old Harlem, and home. "Let's go, dearie."

To her surprise, Arnold caught her hand, bringing her back to the seat. He was still sitting, not moving, and she didn't like the funny look on his face.

"No," he said. "I wanna stay and see this."

"You crazy?" She was pop-eyed with disbelief.

He held her back, murmuring in her ear as privately as possible. "Can you imagine what they'd say if these two punks were *black?"*

He looked at Joe Ferrone with admiration. Joan Robinson felt a cold chill on her spine, a fluttering of something in her stomach.

"I wanna see this," Arnold Robinson breathed fervently. "I gotta see this. . ."

Joe Ferrone sat down again in the middle of the forward section of the car. He was just across from the two young soldiers. He eyed them speculatively but said nothing.

Connors reached for Ferrone's bottle. "Hey, give me a swig. . ."

Ferrone passed it to him, casually studying the soldiers across the way with renewed interest. Particularly, Felix Teflinger with his country boy look and his arm in a sling.

Teflinger was staring back at him. Curious, interested, and apparently unabashed.

Connors swallowed noisily and returned the bottle to Ferrone. He began to drum

on the seat between his legs. "Hey, let's go! Let's go!" His restless, impatient gaze fell again on the derelict. He slid out of his seat over to the drunk and pulled one of the dangling shoes off. The bum had holes in his sock. "Man, that cat's still out." He sailed the shoe into the vestibule.

The train suddenly jolted, stopped briefly, then moved ahead again. Connors was shaking with laughter as Ferrone took another long pull at his bottle. Now he spoke up loudly to PFC Felix Teflinger.

"How about a drink, General?" PFC Philip Carmatti jumped as if Ferrone had thrown a shoe at them.

"No, thanks," Teflinger said softly.

"S'matter?" Ferrone jeered. "Don't they drink in the Army no more?"

"Yeah, they drink." Teflinger's unhurried voice, accent and all, was almost lazy.

Ferrone bristled.

"So? Have a drink!"

"No, thanks."

Ferrone enlisted Connor's aid. "Boy, some Army we got, huh? If you're in the Army, General, I'm glad I ain't in it."

"Tell you the truth, son—Ah'm kind of glad myself."

Ferrone looked at him sharply.

Teflinger smiled. "Why don't you boys just settle down, huh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ah mean you had your fun. Why don't you all just stop rocking the boat for awhile?"

"I ain't rocking a boat." He drank again. A short one this time, looking at Connors. "You rocking a boat, Artie?"

Connors looked at Teflinger with anticipation.

"Nah. I ain't rockin' no boat, man."

PFC Carmatti nudged Teflinger. "Don't mess with them, Felix," he said in a cautious undertone.

"Ah ain't messin' with them," Teflinger whispered back.

Ferrone pinned him with a look. "Where you from, soldier-boy?"

"Me? Ah'm from Oklahoma."

"Yeah? Is that supposed to be a big deal?"

Teflinger shrugged. "No, not specially."

"That uniform supposed to be a big deal?"

"No. Not specially."

"I mean, is it supposed to mean you're better than us or something? Like your feet don't stink?"

"No," Teflinger said calmly. "Ah don't think we're better than you, son. However, Ah do think we're a little quieter.

FERRONE permitted himself a grudging smile.

The Robinsons were watching. Joan Robinson was uneasy. Arnold Robinson looked downright entertained.

"You're really cute, boy scout," Ferrone was intent now. "You know that? You're real cute! What do they call you back home, you all?"

Carmatti, *sotto voce,* pleaded with Teflinger.

"Look, they're looking for a fight. We better grab another train."

Teflinger looked at his watch. "Ah can't, buddy. Ah got to catch that bus now."

"Huh?" Ferrone barked. "What do they call you back home?"

"Well, Ah'll tell you," Teflinger drawled. "My name is Teflinger. But my friends call me Felix." He smiled. "Ah guess you can have some fun with that now, huh?"

"Felix! You're kiddin'!"

Connors was wide-eyed. "You mean like Felix the Cat?"

"Yeah," Teflinger sighed. "Ah guess so."

"Oh, man, you're too much!" Connors shouted with laughter.

A glow showed through the windows of the car. The pale gleam of the 116th Street stop. Ferrone favored Felix Teflinger with a hard smile. The soldier's self-possession was beginning to bother him. A cool cat, hard to ruffle. There was so little to work on.

"Yeah, man," he admitted grudgingly. "You are too much. Too, too much! You know that?"

The train was braking again. The door slid open. He could hear Connors shouting, "Full car! Full car!" chasing prospective passengers away. Just as well.

Ferrone's temper quickened. He spoke faster now, with wilder, quicker urgency.

"Hey, what do they teach you in the Army? They teach you how to fight?"

"Yeah, they teach us how to fight."

"Yeah? Looks to me like you don't make out too good, huh?" Ferrone leered down at the arm, useless now in cast and sling. Teflinger nodded, his head bobbing as the train crawled away from the station.

"Sure looks that way, don't it?"

"I mean, you look kinda lopsided. On the wing." He drained the last of the bottle, wiping his mouth with pleasure. "I can fix that for you. Even it out, you know?"

Connors' eyes glittered as he watched Ferrone tangle with the soldier-boys.

Teflinger was still smiling easily.

"Ah'm sure you can, son. But Ah like it this way."

"Yeah? Hey, let me ask you something. They teach you how to be tough in the Army?"

"Yeah. Ah guess so."

"I mean, are you a tough guy now? I mean, if they taught you, you must be a tough guy, huh?"

"Naw," Teflinger said, slower than ever. "Ah ain't too tough. Ah'm the peaceable type, son."

"Yeah?" Ferrone looked mean now. "Well, uh, what do they teach you to do if somebody like throws something at you? I mean, like the enemy. What are you supposed to do?"

"Throws what?"

"I dunno. Anything. Like this here!"

Without taking his eyes of Teflinger, he abruptly flung his empty bottle over his head through the partially opened window above him. Teflinger instinctively ducked. So did Carmatti. The bottle shattered against a tunnel pillar but the train was moving so slowly that some of the glass fragments rained back in, bouncing over the two soldiers.

There were gasps of terror from the others. Helen Wilks cried out in fear. Mrs. Beckerman screamed. Arnold Robinson whooped with pleasure.

Ferrone was bright-eyed and happy. "What are you supposed to do, soldier-boy? Duck?"

Teflinger slowly straightened in his seat, stunned. There was a kindling of fear in his eyes as he looked at Ferrone.

PFC Philip Carmatti, very shaken, found his voice.

"Say, what—what's the matter with you? You want to *kill* somebody?"

Ferrone grinned at Teflinger.

"S'matter? I missed him, didn't I? What are you supposed to do? Come on, soldier-boy—show me. Show me how tough you are. What do you say? You two against us two. Just for laughs. Huh? I just wanna see how tough you are. Whatayasay?"

Arnold Robinson gleefully watched Felix Teflinger. "Oh, man—that Southern boy don't like this attall! He ain't used to this!"

Teflinger eyed Ferrone grimly.

"Ah'd like to accommodate you, son. But Ah got a busted wing here."

Ferrone shrugged. "One hand behind my back. Just bare knucks. Whatayasay?"

"No, thanks, son."

"What are you—yellow?"

"No. Ah just figure you can beat me to a pulp either way. Ah know it and you know it. So what will it prove?"

Ferrone had his triumph. His eyes gleamed.

"You better believe it!"

"Ah do," Teflinger remarked calmly.

FERRONE suddenly lost his temper. He looked away biting his lip, his eyelids twitching. He was a tower of frustrated evil.

"You know, I don't like you," he told Teflinger in a low, deadly voice. "I don't like the way you talk. I don't like nothing about you. You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to really grind you up, man, so don't talk to me no more! You understand?"

"Ah'm just trying to—"

Ferrone leveled a finger at him.

"You just keep your ruttin' mouth shut, that's all! You hear me?"

"Look, all Ah want to do is—"

"You shut up!" Ferrone roared, trembling.

PFC Felix Teflinger shut up.

"I don't want no more smart answers." Ferrone was breathing hard now. "You just watch your step, boy scout. Just watch your step."

Sam Beckerman was rising, ready to take his leave of the insane situation. "Come," he motioned Bertha, taking her cold hand.

"Sam, I'm afraid." She held back.

"Come!" he commanded.

Harry Purvis took this action as an opportune cue. "Come on," he whispered to Muriel. "We'll go too."

"Not me," Muriel Purvis said righteously.

He was astounded. "What's the *matter* with you?"

"Never mind. I am *staying* on this train!"

He was stupified. She had said it in no uncertain terms.

The Beckermans made their way down the aisle. The train was lumbering to a stop. They had to pass Joe Ferrone to get to the doors.

"Where you going, pop?"

Beckerman stepped around him, tugging Bertha.

"Please—we have to get off—our stop—"

Ferrone blocked him, holding his arms wide.

"What for?"

The forward door opened. Connors, planted at the vestibule, glanced at the doorway. No one entered.

Sam Beckerman galvanized, trying to go around Ferrone again. "Look out! The door's opening!"

"What door?" Ferrone asked idly.

"Will you get out of the way?" Sam Beckerman tried to push past him.

"Sam—" Bertha Beckerman begged again.

"Oh, you mean that door?" Ferrone pointed, smiling. The door rode shut. With a final sound, like the end of the world. The sound had taken on a newer, far deadlier meaning.

"We want to get off!" Beckerman shouted, pushing past him. "Hold that door!"

The train began its slow crawl forward. Sam Beckerman's body sagged.

"Aw, gee, pop," Ferrone whined. "I'm

sorry. Was that your station?" Bertha Beckerman stood stock-still, not knowing where to turn for help.

"Please," Sam Beckerman controlled himself with great restraint. "That's enough. Enough's enough. You can have the whole train to yourselves. We want to get off—"

Ferrone allowed himself to look surprised.

"You want to get *off*? Why didn't you *say* so?" He stepped out of the Beckermans' path. "Hey, Artie—get the door! They want to get off!"

Connors vanished into the vestibule. Ferrone joined him. Sam and Bertha Beckerman looked at each other.

"See?" Ferrone said. "We'll even hold the door for you, Pop."

Connors had jammed one of the derelict's shoes into the west door pocket, between the rubber cushion and the metal side of the car. Ferrone was doing the same thing with the other shoe in the east door pocket. Beckerman sprang forward, arms out to stop them.

"What—stop! Stop it! Stop it—"

Connors shook him off with little effort. "Look out, pop. Before you hoit yourself."

"Oh, my God!" Bertha Beckerman blurted. "They're jamming the doors! They're jamming—" The rest was drowned out as the passengers reacted. Harry Purvis got to his feet uncertainly. But nobody really made a move forward to see what was going on.

Ferrone turned quickly to the connecting door.

"What about this one?" he asked Connors.

"That's stuck, man!"

They left the Beckermans helpless in the vestibule and strolled back into the car. Everbody watched them come, then averted their eyes.

"So long, pop," Connors added, giggling.

Sam Beckerman strove to dislodge both of the shoes rammed into the doors.

"Sam, Sam. . ." Bertha Beckerman was crying. Sam Beckerman threw up his hands in defeat and stood at the head of the aisle to confront Ferrone and Connors.

"How—how long do you think you can keep us all locked up in here?" he shouted.

He was breathless and trembling.

"I dunno, pop," Joe Ferrone said flatly. "We got all night!"

The train rolled slowly underground. The passengers, trapped, said nothing.

Bertha Beckerman did her best to calm Sam down and pulled him back into the car.

"Sam, please," she wailed. "Sit down, dear. Sit down, dear. Sit down. It's all right. It'll be all right, dear . . ."

HE glowered at Ferrone and Connors.

"You *better* sit down, pop," Ferrone told him. "Before you fall down."

Connors giggled. The Beckermans plodded wearily to their seats.

Helen Wilks was dumbfounded. "But why?" she asked her husband. "Why are they locking us in?"

"Do they have to have a reason with them?" Bill Wilks gazed at her helplessly.

PFC Teflinger caught Carmatti's eye. "What now?"

"There's just a few more stops to Grand Central," Carmatti said in a low voice. "There's bound to be cops there—"

"Hey, hey," Ferrone yelled playfully to the soldiers. "No talking in class!"

Teflinger ignored him. "What about the emergency cord, Phil?"

Carmatti blinked in surprise. "*You* want to take a chance, buddy? By the time that one conductor figures out where it came from—"

"Just for that," Ferrone wagged his finger mincingly, "You'll have to stay after school, Felix!"

Connors broke up, laughing.

Joan Robinson was both frightened and angry with her husband, Arnold.

"Now we ain't *never* getting off!"

"Don't worry about it," he chuckled. "He just spinning his own noose. Sit back and enjoy it."

The train slowed for the 103rd Street station. It seemed to be puffing like an exhausted animal.

There was a rush and a spout of compressed air. Vapor filled the station. Sam Beckerman kept his eyes on the jammed doors. They did not budge. He could hear the sound of doors opening and closing in the other cars. He winced painfully, his eyes bleak and sad.

He turned back to stare at Joe Ferrone, mindful that the car was moving again.

"Do you know what they can do to you for this?"

"Yeah, sure, pop. I know."

Sam Beckerman was stunned by his clamness.

"Do you know, pop? No? I'll tell you. First they take me down to the station house, see? Then they book me, see? Then I say hello to all the cops there, see? Then they rough me up cause I'm a wise guy, see? But you gotta go through this before you get to the headshrinker, see? Then when I get to the headshrinker, he gives me an ice-cream cone cause I'm underprivileged and misunderstood, see? Then they send for my old man and my old lady. And then *they* get it in the neck, see? You understand? Pop, I done the whole bit already. So now you know why."

"Why?" Beckerman said slowly. "I would really like to know why."

Ferrone laughed. "I just told you, pop. Because I figure I owe my old man and my old lady another shot in the neck! You dig?"

Beckerman could only stare at him. Suddenly, he felt like a very old and beaten man. He nodded slowly, sadly.

"Yes. . . yes . . . I dig. . ."

"Bingo!" Ferrone yipped. "Give the man a cigar!" He looked around, gaily. "All right, who's got the cards? I mean, until the cops come. Huh? Nobody?" He spotted Arnold Robinson grinning at him. "How about you? You got some cards?"

Robinson was amused. "Wish I did."

"How about some dice? You got any dice?"

"Can't help you."

"Yeah?" Ferrone laughed. "Sho nuff?"

"Sho nuff." Robinson smiled, not offended.

Ferrone studied him for a long second, finding his great cheeriness somehow offensive.

"What are you grinning at?"

"Nothin'." Robinson showed his teeth. "I'm with you, Jack."

"You're with me?" echoed Ferrone warily.

"That's right."

"Why? Whataya mean, you're with me?"

"Just what I say. I'm with you. Anything you want to do's okay with me. You wanna knock some heads together, you just go ahead. It's okay with me."

"Yeah?" Ferrone said.

"Sure."

"Why?"

Robinson spread his hands. "Just saves us the trouble of doing it later on. That much less to do. When the day comes."

"What day?"

"*The* day, Jack. *The* day!"

The Beckermans and the soldiers were listening, puzzled and disapproving.

"Yeah?" Ferrone said slowly.

"That's right."

"That's why you're with me, huh?"

"That's *right.*"

"Yeah—well, uh—who in the hell asked you?"

"Nobody asked me. I'm just telling you." He poked a dark finger eagerly. "I'm with *you.*"

96th Street station showed through the dim windows of the car. The train wheels slowed, whining again.

"Yeah? Well, suppose I don't want you with me. Did you ever think of that?"

"That's okay.' Robinson shrugged cheerfully. "That's up to you."

"That's right." Ferrone leaned toward him, a crooked smile on his mouth. "And I don't want you with me! What do you think of that?"

THE train stopped.

"Okay," Robinson said, some of his smile fading.

"You wanna know something, buddy? I wouldn't have you with me if you were the last man. You know that? I'd rather have a dead dog with me than you."

Arnold Robinson's control began to slip. But he tried to smile again.

"That's okay, too."

"Yeah?" Ferrone sneered openly. "That's good." He got to his feet. "You know why?"

Joan Robinson's hand dug nervously into her husband's, gripping the wrist on her lap. The train jerked, settled down, then slowly moved forward.

"You wanna know why? Cause I don't like *black.* What do you think of that? Huh? Whataya think of that?"

Arnold Robinson's act had ended. He sat trembling, fighting for control. His wife's nails bit into his wrist, hanging on.

"Okay, Jack," he murmured. "You made your point."

Ferrone was furious.

"Naw, naw—you start shooting off your mouth—I didn't make no point! I just wanna tell you! I don't like *black.*"

Robinson flinched. Joan wouldn't let go his wrist.

"Cause black's, like dirt! It like smells, you know?"

Arnold Robinson wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Being black was bad enough. Not being a man was worse.

The Sunday train roared on toward the 86th Street station.

Muriel Purvis, her eyes flinty and cold, flagellated Harry Purvis with a look. The Arnold Robinson humilation had been the last straw.

"Are you going to do anything, Harry?"

"Will you stop?" he hissed. He couldn't wait for the damn ride to end. It couldn't go on forever. The wild kids would get tired and give up. Then they could all go home.

"All right," Muriel Purvis said.

Another stop was indicated by the broken speed of the train. Muriel Purvis took the time to lean calmly forward past her husband. She called down the aisle:

"Say, you! Sonny boy! You just unlock those doors and be damn quick about it, you hear me?"

Harry Purvis was bug-eyed with amazement. "Muriel!"

Connors' idiotic, triumphant smile became a grimace of surprise and

Everyone in the car turned their heads, looking with awe and surprise at the Purvises. Artie Connors and Joe Ferrone, huddled at the mouth of the vestibule, glanced at Muriel Purvis, too. They looked at each other in surprise. The train was stopping, but the jammed end doors did not open, thanks to the shoes.

"You talking to me, lady?" Ferrone asked.

"Yes, you!" Muriel Purvis pointed a shapely finger in his direction. "You with the stupid face! I'm talking to you, sonny!"

Nobody was getting on at 86th Street. The train rumbled to life again, moving out.

Harry Purvis was apoplectic. "Are you crazy!"

Ferrone and Connors slowly got to their feet and walked down the aisle, Ferrone moving lithely, Connors trooping along idiotically and leering wildly.

"What did you say, lady?" Ferrone said.

"You heard me!" Muriel Purivs snapped imperiously. "You just unlock those doors and let these people out or you're in for a lot of trouble!"

"Oh, lady," Ferrone mocked, "you scare me!"

"—and I'll see to it," she said determinedly, "I promise you—"

Connors giggled, his eyes dancing.

"You can't do nothing, lady. Forget it," Ferrone said.

"Oh, yeah?" Muriel Purvis flared up anew. "Well, you better be scared. Because I have your name, sonny boy!"

Harry Purvis was desperate. "What the hell's the matter with you, Muriel—"

"You got my name?" Joe Ferrone frowned.

"That's right!"

"What's my name, lady?"

"Joe Ferrone," she said smugly. "You made a big mistake, sonny boy. And I'll know exactly where to find you. And so will the police! So don't you fool with *me!*"

Ferrone grinned, marveling at her nerve.

"Oh, man!" he said softly to Connors. This one's a tiger, you know it?"

"Yeah, man," Connors chortled. "A real live one!"

Harry Purvis tried to make peace. "Look—don't pay any attention —she's upset—" He whirled on his wife. "Will you keep your mouth shut, for crying out loud?"

"I will not! Just who do you think you are to disturb everybody like this? You're nothing but a stupid child who ought to be spanked, you know that?"

PFC Felix Teflinger watched Muriel Purvis with awe. "What's that—some kind of a nut?" he whispered to Philip Carmatti.

DARKLY smiling, Ferrone had come closer to Muriel Purvis.

"Would you like to try it, lady?"

"You don't scare *me,* sonny! I can take care of *you* with my eyes closed! Both of you!"

"Oh, man!" Artie Connors whooped, delighted with the remark. Ferrone was smirking.

Harry Purvis was sweating, trying to hold Muriel down. "Will you *stop?*"

"You know something, lady?" Ferrone laughed. "I bet you can at that."

"You bet I can!" She misunderstood him and got huffy again.

"But you know something else, lady? Maybe we can *take care* of you."

"Look, fellas," Harry Purvis pleaded. "She doesn't know what she's saying—"

Ferrone ignored him, his eyes lidded.

Muriel Purvis pressed on. "Do you really think you're big enough, little boy?"

"Will you shut up?" Harry Purvis roared.

The train was slowing again, jolting to a stop. The 77th Street station. But none of the passengers paid any attention now. Their eyes were riveted on the spectacle of Muriel Purvis making a fool of herself.

"Yeah," Ferrone said, staring at Muriel Purvis. "I think I'm big enough. Don't you think I'm big enough?"

A sudden flicker of understanding shone in Muriel Purvis's eyes. It was almost a coquettish look. "No, I don't!" she snapped.

The train clattered to a halt.

"No? How about Artie here? You think he's big enough?"

"No!" she shouted, her face going scarlet.

Ferrone and Connors exchanged looks, their eyes laughing.

"No?" Ferrone pursued the point. Taking the overhead hand stirrup, he leaned closer to Muriel Purvis. "Well—uh—how about both of us together, lady? Would you like to take us on that way?"

Muriel Purvis's attractive face suddenly froze. Her eyes were transformed into two chips of blue ice. Without lifting her gaze from Ferrone, she delivered another message to her trembling, ineffectual husband.

"Are you going to let him talk to me that way?"

Harry was unable to speak. She turned on him and yelled shrilly, "Are you going to let him talk to me that way?"

Her husband exploded. His features twisted into an agonized defense.

"You're damn right I'm going to let him talk to you that way! Because you're an idiot! What do you want! Maybe you really want me to give you up to them, is that it? Is that what you really want?"

She looked at him, shocked, her expression changing. Then she delivered a stinging slap with her open palm against his cheek. Ferrone and Connors doubled over with laughter.

The rest of the car reacted with shock. The soldiers, the Robinsons, the Beckermans, Tony Goya and Alice Keenan. The Wilks family. It was another amazement in a night of amazements.

"Oh, man, what a shot!" Ferrone roared. "Did you see that, Artie?"

Connors nodded, giggling fiercely. "Oh, lady, you're too much!"

Ferrone went him one better. "Oh, lady, you're *too, too* much!"

He placed a mockly sympathetic hand on Harry Purvis's shoulder. "Oh, man—you got problems!"

Flushed and quivering, Harry Purvis knocked the hand away. "Get your hand off me!"

This only made Ferrone laugh harder. He shook his head, waved a hand in dismissal, and went back toward the rear of the car. "Oh, man! Anytime, lady! Anytime at all!"

Bill Wilks protectively pulled the striped shopping bag closer to his feet, making room for the boy. Ferrone's passage led him past the seat where Tony Goya and Alice Keenan sat in stiff, awkward silence.

Ferrone's eyes fell on Tony Goya. "Hey, you see that shot, pal?" He swung viciously at the air just in front of Tony Goya's face. Goya flinched. "Pow! Right in the kisser!"

Ferrone leered at Alice Keenan. "Hey, girl friend. Would you do that? Would you give him a pow right in the kisser? Huh?"

She stared at him, white-faced.

He turned on Bill and Helen Wilks. "Would you do that, lady? Would you smack your husband like that?"

Helen Wilks glared up at him nervously.

He persisted, talking now to Bill Wilks. "Would you let her smack you like that? Huh? Would you let her smack you like that ?"

"Get away from us," Bill Wilks muttered.

"I just wanna know. Would you let her do that?"

"Look—" Bill Wilks was very tense. "Get away from us, will you?"

SUSIE suddenly opened her eyes. Wide awake, curled on her mother's lap. She saw the lights, Ferrone, heard the noise. She began to cry.

Ferrone lowered his head toward her. *"Wah!"* He laughed. Susie cried louder now. Helen Wilks tried to comfort her, forgetting Ferrone for the moment. But Susie's cry, gathering strength and volume, filled the car.

Wilks was sweating. "Stop bothering the child."

"I ain't even touching her."

"Just leave her alone!"

Ferrone's playfulness had ebbed. He shrugged, grinning.

"What's the matter with *you,* dad?"

Wilks, still fearful but driven, said, "Just get *away* from us!"

Through the sooty windows flashed pillars, signs and gleaming tile again. 68th Street. The train lurched to a full stop. The passengers could only stare at Ferrone again but PFC Teflinger had a different expression on his face. An appalled, angry expression.

"I ain't doing nothing," Ferrone said, easily enough. "I like kids."

"Well, get your own then!" Wilks wasn't fighting him, just begging him desperately to move on, to bother someone else. Susie, frightened and upset, was still sobbing.

Ferrone reached down to tickle her cheek. "See? I ain't doing nothing. Hi, sweetheart. How you doing? See? I just wanna say hello to her. I *like* kids. How you doing, sweetheart?"

His broad hand caressed Susie's cheek. Bill Wilks's hand reflexively shot out, grabbing Ferrone's wrist.

"Don't touch that child!" he yelled.

Helen Wilks was terrified for him. She moaned, "Bill—"

Ferrone calmly disengaged Wilks's hand. But his face was deadly.

"Now, you just take it easy, man. I ain't gonna eat her up. I ain't gonna eat her . . ."

Again, apprehension sat in the car. A horrible calm, a terrible lull. As if some great storm was about to begin.

The train started another slow, rhythmic crawl from another station, another platform. An endless, changeless routine of this very extraordinary evening.

Felix Teflinger hunched forward on his seat. His face was set in powerful lines.

Bill Wilks was sitting in a pool of his own seat, quivering, but ready to move again. But wanting to put off total commitment for as long as decently, humanly possible.

"How old are you honey?" Ferrone asked Susie playfully. "Huh?"

Susie, her eyes as big as half-dollars, was too frightened to answer. Ferrone

pain as Teflinger's club arm rose and fell in quick, short blows . . .

frowned, snorted at Bill and Helen Wilks.

"What's the matter? Don't she talk?"

He was about to tickle her under the chin again.

"You touch that child again and I'll kill you!" Bill Wilks said hoarsely.

"Bill!" Helen Wilks cried.

"You'll what?" Ferrone asked, staying his hand.

"Get away from here!" Wilks was hysterical now. "I mean it!"

Ferrone shook his head, his eyes glinting. "You ain't gonna kill me, man." His eyes saw the striped shopping bag, propped between Bill Wilks's knees.

"What you got there, honey? Birthday presents? Now, ain't that nice."

PFC Felix Teflinger was at the height of his tension and outrage. He moved on his seat. Carmatti flung him a worried look.

"Ah tell you, son, I've had enough of this—"

"We're almost there, Felix. Almost there! Don't mess with these guys, I tell you."

Ferrone had interested himself in the shopping bag, ignoring the sweaty, hysterical Bill Wilks. But Wilks, poised with fear, was ready to act.

Ferrone bent to the striped bag. "How about showing me what you got? Did you get a doll, sweetheart? Huh? What did you get?"

Bill Wilks half-rose to move against him when there was an interruption—the only timely one of the entire ghastly journey.

"Hey, you! You leave those people alone, hear?"

PFC Felix Teflinger was on his feet, standing in the center of the aisle. Tall, defiant, the slung arm held rigidly at his side.

Ferrone looked up, the shopping bag and the Wilks family forgotten. His smile was wicked and happy.

"Uh-oh. Here comes Felix the Cat. Did you ever see Felix the Cat, folks? There he is!"

"You just sit down and be quiet!"

"Or what?" Ferrone was licking his lips.

"You just sit down and be quiet!"

"Or *what?*" Ferrone asked again. Wanting the answer he knew was coming. He had wondered when the boy scout would make his move. This was pretty damn well it.

"Or," Teflinger's voice rose to an angry shout, "Ah'll *put* you down!"

"Felix," Carmatti begged, reaching for him. "Take it easy—"

Bill Wilks half-sat down again, watching Teflinger. He was hesitant. He had expected to tangle with Joe Ferrone and now had received this amazing reprieve. Somebody else wanted to do the fighting for him. It was bewildering. Still, he could feel only great relief.

THE wide terminal of the 59th Street station showed beyong the slowing windows of the train. A passing kaleidoscope of pillars, signs, tracks, tile. No people, though. It was just too early in the morning.

"Okay, soldier-boy," Joe Ferrone smiled maliciously, straightening out of a crouch. His hands flexed. "I was wondering how long you'd take." He beckoned with one arm, violently. "Come on and put me down!"

Teflinger frowned, hesitating.

"Come on!" Ferrone shouted. "Come on, soldier-boy! Let's see what they taught you!"

Teflinger still hesitated as the train jarred to a stop.

Ferrone looked savage. With one eye on Teflinger, he seized Wilks shopping bag and tossed it down the long aisle, strewing its contents over the floor. The toys spilled, a ball began to roll aimlessly until it was stopped by Sam Beckerman's foot, and a bright teddy bear sprawled wantonly at the base of a pole.

"Let's *go*, soldier-boy!" Ferrone yelled.

Bill Wilks sprang to his feet. Teflinger started down the aisle. The train began to move again. Suddenly, there was a flash of light and a click of sound. It was black magic. Ferrone's hands had been empty one second, and now—

A shining, wicked-looking switchblade knife jutted from his right hand, held down and out, the sharp point trained toward PFC Felix Teflinger.

Wilks halted, rooted in his tracks. Helen Wilks and Bertha Beckerman screamed, almost in unison. Teflinger stood stock-still, looking at the knife.

Ferrone advanced down the aisle.

Wilks dropped back to his seat, literally hauled there by his crying, frightened wife.

"Come on," Joe Ferrone said with great relish. "Come *on!*"

The Purvises moved fearfully from their own seats. Out of the way.

"Felix, no!" Philip Carmatti implored from the safety of his seat.

Now came another frightening sound. A duplicate of the first. *Click!*

All eyes turned on the vestibule where Artie Connors stood. A switchblade knife shone from his hand. His idiot's face was a mask of frozen hilarity. Joan Robinson uttered a stifled scream. Arnold Robinson looked on speechless.

"Come on, cut it out, you guys!" Carmatti's shout was half whine, half tough guy. "Cut it out!"

Teflinger stood between the two switchblade knives. His grim smile was humorless.

"You call this a fair fight?"

Ferrone kept on advancing. "No. Do you? It's fourteen against two. And I'll *still* take you on! Come on, soldier-boy. You asked for it!"

From both ends of the car, Connors and Ferrone closed in on Felix Teflinger.

The train, gathering speed, raced on.

Philip Carmatti was up in his seat, holding onto the back of it. Afraid to move, afraid to do more than talk.

"You guys are crazy?" he blurted in a frenzy.

Nobody in that car disagreed with him.

PFC Felix Teflinger backed up the aisle away from the advance of Joe Ferrone. Only to halt because Artie Connors was closing in behind him.

The next station, only a few minutes away, was nearly reached when Ferrone made his move.

He leaped down the aisle, lunging, the switchblade tip rocketing toward Felix Teflinger. The soldier, cut off at the non-working middle door, desperately thrust his broken sling in a blocking move. Amazingly, Ferrone's knife thudded into the cast, sticking.

Ferrone's face twisted in rage and he quickly pulled the knife back. But not before Teflinger had smashed his other fist in a hard blow to the head. Ferrone sprawled backwards, slamming into the laps of the Purvises.

Now Connors reached for Teflinger.

In an instant, he was on top of the soldier. There was a flash of steel as Connors roared with glee. A gash appeared on Teflinger's cheek. Blood oozed out on his lean face, trickling down his jaw.

"Felix!" Carmatti shouted again, still not budging from his seat.

The train touched the 51st Street station, waited a moment, and moved on. Grinding, clacking, picking up speed. And still no one moved to help. There was no aid to be had from the platform either. Not with jammed, immovable doors.

Connors savagely jabbed the knife at Teflinger, coming in close. Teflinger revolved, ducking, and then came in close. Instinctively he wielded his own broken arm like a club. The plaster-of-Paris cast, heavy as a rock, was a powerful weapon. Teflinger swung his arm like a flail, battering Connors in the face. The idiotic, triumphant smile changed to a grimace of surprise and pain. Following through, Teflinger was unrelenting. The club arm rose and fell in quick, short blows. After one last smash at his unprotected head, Connors went down, rolling into the aisle, unconscious and out of the fight.

Ferrone came bulling back, growling. His swarthy face was blazing. The knife shot out again, ripping at Teflinger. The soldier danced out of the way, moving from the middle door, circling into the aisle. Ferrone scrambled after him. The knife made short, fierce, stabbing thrusts.

THE passengers, in their separate positions, retreated, the women screaming, Susie whimpering. The ones standing, petrified with fear, were motionless as statues. Their dazed eyes followed this incredible battle.

No one was moving except Bill Wilks, who, insanely, was retrieving the discarded contents of the striped shopping bag, his eyes wide with terror as he stole glances at the fight.

Teflinger's whole right sleeve was bloody and slashed to shreds. Again and again, Ferrone went for his face, the switchblade's gleam reflecting the lights of the moving car. Now the knife plunged into Teflinger's exposed side. He cried out in pain, and Ferrone cackled triumphantly. Teflinger stayed on his feet and Ferrone came on, hard.

They locked in a clinch, struggling, twisting in a fierce dance of violence.

Carmatti, looking on, was paralyzed with panic. "Good God Almighty—" he moaned.

Ferrone drew back, raised the knife high, and plunged it downward—a last mighty effort. Teflinger moved like a whippet, the heavy arm cast flailing upward. It landed solidly on the side of Ferrone's skull. Ferrone stopped, stunned. The knife wavered in his hand. Teflinger remorselessly hit him again with the club arm. Ferrone went down, still hanging onto the switchblade knife. Again, Teflinger hit him. Again and again. The cast made short, whacking sounds in the stillness of the car.

Ferrone did not get up. He lay very still.

Teflinger sagged against the middle door. His face was ashen, bloodless except for the gash threading crimson down his chin.

There was a new, terrible silence. Everyone was watching him with baited breath. Nobody moved.

"Felix—" Carmatti began.

Teflinger straightened slowly, swayed, then collapsed against the non-working door, sinking to a half-sitting position on the floor. Carmatti rushed to him.

"Felix!" Breathlessly, Carmatti fumbled at his friend, examining the wounds, exploring the ripped and bloodied uniform. "Where—How bad is it?"

The train was charging into Grand Central Station along the shining express tracks, zooming toward the high platform on the west side.

Teflinger gasped, turning a baffled face up toward his friend.

"Where—where were you, buddy? Where were you . . . when the lights went out. . ."

Carmatti's face looked pained. "Felix, I—everything happened so fast. I mean —why didn't you tell me you were going to make a move? Give me a signal or something? Before I could do anything —It all happened so fast, kid!"

"Yeah," Teflinger gasped again, breathing hard. "Real fast. All of thirty minutes. . ."

Grand Central loomed. The train came to a heavy halt, as if this were indeed the big stop. The most important stop.

"I'll get help!" Carmatti blurted, unable to look at Teflinger any longer. He rushed to the forward vestibule. Teflinger remained where he was, breathing deeply.

Carmatti desperately attempted to pull the stuck shoe from the west-door pocket. He frantically pounded on the locked door.

"Help! Help!" His voice was anguished, with more than just the situation. Proud memories of Poppa Carmatti and Mama Carmatti and home and law and the Army were all mixed up with his own baffling inability to help a friend in trouble. Violence had made him a failure and he knew it. He would have to face that awful truth no matter how many law books he cracked. "Help! Police! We've got trouble here! We're got trouble in the last car! Get the police!"

Ferrone and Connors, still prostrate in the aisle, were beginning to groan.

Carmatti had finally used the emergency cord. Then he had managed to dislodge the shoe jammed in the door pocket. Shouting hysterically, he had drawn a crowd of curious onlookers. Their voices buzzed with curiosity and interest from beyond the car windows. Faces peered through the glass, looking, straining. And at last, Carmatti was coming back, excitedly leading two uniformed cops and some kind of official conductor.

"That's them!" Carmatti shouted, pointing to Ferrone and Connors on the floor. The copes nodded, then quickly hauled the two punks to their feet. The conductor joined them, his face pained, his eyes miserable. Ferrone and Connors, dazed and bleeding, staggered to their feet. Their eyes were fixed on the floor. Their swagger and bravado had vanished.

One cop, hanging on to them both, led them rapidly out the car's forward door. The crowd parted to let them through. The remaining cop squatted beside Teflinger, looking him over with a practical eye.

"They hurt you bad?"

"Enough. . ."

"Think you can walk?"

"Yeah. Ah guess so. . ."

"Come on. Let's get you looked at."

Carmatti helped the cop lift Teflinger to his unsteady feet. "Here, lean against me, Felix."

Supporting him closely, Carmatti and the cop assisted Teflinger down the aisle. The passengers, all of whom had wanted nothing more than to leave the train, remained seated. Teflinger paused for a moment to look back at them. His honest face was rueful. There was a hint of mockery in his eyes.

"Ah want to thank you ladies and gentlemen for your kind help and support . . ."

They all watched him bleakly. No one said anything.

He stared at them for a long moment, and then the mockery turned into bitterness, amazement and disgust that had kept company with Felix Teflinger since Ferrone and Connors had boarded the train. How many years ago was that?

"What kind of people are you?" PFC Felix Teflinger said and turning, limped out of the car and out of their lives forever. PFC Philip Carmatti, guilty and hang-dog, watched his friend being led away by the cop. He did not follow too quickly.

The passengers looked at each other silently. Some lowered their eyes. Some looked away. Some watched Teflinger walk past the dirty windows, the cop helping him, Carmatti tagging along a few feet behind. Some stared at their feet. There was a shame in the faces. And guilt. And sorrow. And realization, perhaps.

Suddenly, there was a jolting lurch of the train. The human derelict, who had slept through the incident, toppled off his seat. He fell heavily into the aisle. He lay there perfectly still and didn't move or make a sound. His eyes were closed, his mouth slack. For all anybody knew, he was really dead.

A moment passed.

Sam Beckerman helped his wife, Bertha, to her feet and led her down the aisle. He had to step over the derelict to get by. He did so. The Beckermans left the car.

ARNOLD Robinson and Joan Robinson looked bleakly at the drunk, then gingerly left their spot and walked around him to the exit door. They disappeared onto the platform.

Tony Goya and Alice Keenan shuffled down the aisle gloomily, still islands unto themselves. They barely noticed the bum's body as they left. Their thoughts were elsewhere.

Muriel Purvis abruptly rose and brushed her dress into even, neat lines. She marched down the aisle. Harry Purvis trailed behind her, sorrowfully. They both stepped around the body of the bum on their way out.

The Wilks family gathered itself together and restored the last of the birthday presents to the striped shopping bag. They trooped down the aisle, slowly. Wilks was especially careful, for he was carrying little Susie, snuggled in his arms, hugging him tightly. Helen Wilks, expressionless, left the car first.

The drunk or bum or derelict, or whatever he might be, remained on the floor of the car. The car was now empty, the way it had been when he'd staggered in so many hours ago.

A long moment passed.

Now came the sounds of scuffling feet, low voices, and the movement of human bodies.

Some five new passengers materialized in the last car of the six-car Sunday train. It was now almost midway toward the dawn of a new day. The passengers scattered throughout the car. All of them avoided the prostrate figure lying on the floor of the center aisle.

One man, intent on his morning edition of a newspaper, tripped over the bum, cursed, and recovered, continuing to his chosen seat. The rest of the passengers settled themselves down. One of them, a young teenager in a turtleneck black shirt and leather jacket, was whistling tunelessly. His hair was long and untrained, dangling over his forehead. He had a long scar on his left cheek. It shone dully in the pale yellow lights of the car.

The doors closed, sliding with a tired hiss into their pockets.

Outside, the weary conductor peered out from the gap between the third and fourth cars. He stepped down from his ledge again and readjusted the metal guard chain. He disappeared into the fourth car, mulling over the grim business of the night.

Kids. The crazy things they did for laughs!

The train shuddered with a jolting, jerking movement and then straightened out, moving slowly away from Grand Central Station.

Inside the last car, the derelict's body gently swayed with the rocking movements of the car.

Nobody paid any attention to him.

The train gathered momentum, plunging into the thick darkness of the long, long tunnel up ahead. The wheels clacked, the air whistled with a rush of sound and the coaches clattered, hollowly as couplings touched.

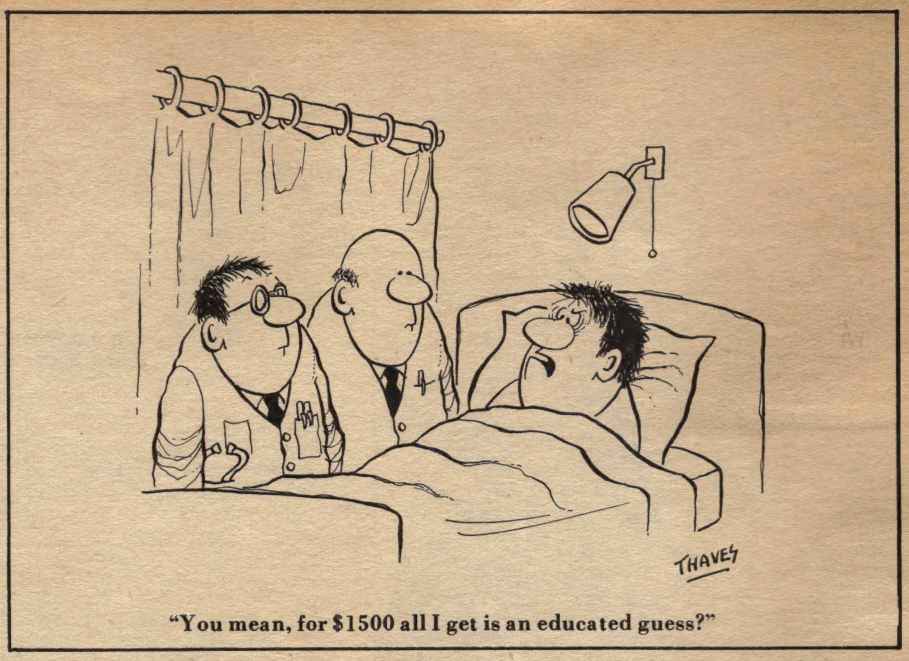
After all, the newspapers were full of Vietnam, race riots, bloody page-one murders, and man's total inhumanity to man.

The last car disappeared into the dark tunnel.

Hurrying toward the next station.

Hurrying toward the daylight.

Hurrying, perhaps, toward another incident. ◆◆◆



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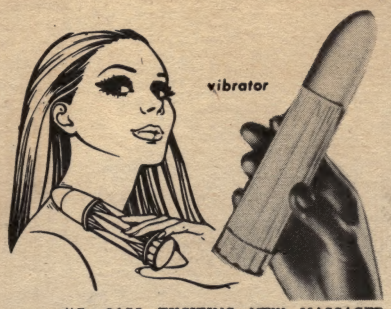

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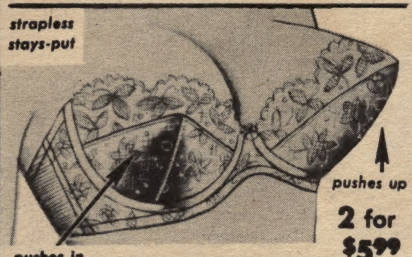

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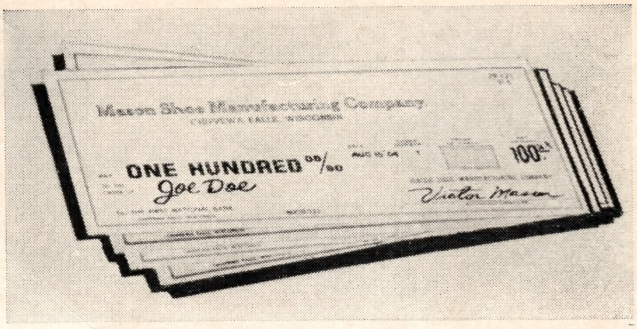

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